JEWISH FLAG DAY OBSERVED IN HUB TODAY

Organization's Anniversaries Are Celebrated as Volunteer Workers Offer Fund Flags

Boston Jewry joins today in the nation-wide observance of the Jewish National Fund flag day with volunteer workers offering miniature reproductions of the Zionist at strategic flag stations throughout the Greater Boston area.

Many organizations also celebrate anniversaries tonight, tomorrow and during the coming week. Yesterday special services were conducted in Greater Boston synagogues and temples in observance of the Sabbath, to honor Henrietta Szold, founder of the famous Jewish women's organization.

Prominent Jewish leaders of New England will be guests tonight at the thirtieth anniversary banquet of the Chelsea Y. M. H. A. in Temple Emanuel, Civic leaders were also expected to be among the guest speakers.

Another important anniversary will be celebrated Monday, Dec. 10, with the annual meeting of the League of Jewish Women's Organizations in Beacon House, Beacon street, Brookline. The occasion will mark the retirement of Mrs. Elly Feibelman, president of the organization for the past 15 years.

The eightieth anniversary of Temple Israel will also be celebrated Dec. 7, 8 and 9 with special services on each day.

Yesterday morning services were held throughout Greater Boston in honor of the Hadassah for its work in this country and in Palestine.

Mrs. Abbot J. Epstein spoke at Temple Ohabei Shalom; Rabbi Louis Epstein at Kehillath Israel; Rabbi Harry Levi at Temple Israel; Rabbi Joseph Soloveitchik at Beth-El, Dorchester, and Rabbi Benjamin Grossman at Congregation Beth Hamdrash Hagodol, Roxbury.

Are the Sunday Advertiser Comics Popular?

HERE'S THE ANSWER to any question of the popularity of the Boston Sunday Advertiser 20-page Comic Section in colors. The supply of buttons, symbolic of the famous funnies, could not begin to equal the demands of Young America as the Boston Sunday Advertiser truck preceded the Santason parade last Thursday. (Photo by Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Photographer.)

Rabbi Lazaron Will Speak Here

Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron of Baltimore, Md., nationally-famous spiritual leader, distinguished author, and 1933 winner of the Gottheil Medal, will be the principal speaker at the sixth annual Chanukah celebration of the United Jewish Brotherhoods of Greater Boston Wednesday evening, December 5, in the Kehillath Israel Synagogue. Fifteen Brotherhoods, headed by Gabriel M. Stern, represent a total membership of 6000 people. Groups from Cambridge, Chelsea, Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Malden, Somerville, Lynn, Beachmont, Brighton, and Boston proper are participating.

Tanker Swept by Hurricane

Battling a hurricane, with the decks awash and the progress of the vessel delayed south of Bermuda, the American tanker Malacca, Capt. George Papayanis, docked yesterday from Caripito, Venezuela. There was no damage from the storm. The Malacca, originally scheduled for New York, was diverted to Boston by wireless. Her cargo consisted of 2,004,302 tons of crude oil.

SEARS TOYLAND OFFERS CIRCUS

Invitation has been offered to all Greater Boston children to come to the Sears-Roebuck store during the pre-Christmas season and broadcast over Station WEEI, the tiniest radio broadcasting station in the world.

In addition to this feature the stores are presenting two real circus clowns and a miniature theater for the entertainment of both young and old.

Jack and Jill, the Sears-Roebuck "Babes in Toyland," who are broadcasting each day over Station WNAC, also present a program of wholesome entertainment for the children.

N. Y. Transit Line Defies Labor Board

New York, Dec. 1 (INS)—Refusing to reinstate 21 employees recently discharged, the New York Rapid Transit Corporation, subsidiary of the B. M. T., today defied the national labor relations board and challenged its authority.

2 Penniless, Hungry Boys Win Runaway 'Pal' Pledge

New York, Dec. 1 (AP)—Two hungry, penniless boys who for five days refused to identify themselves because they feared they would be separated tonight confided in an officer who had won their trust by a pledge they could remain together.

They were, they said, William and James Morgan, 15 and 12 years old, of 1211 Goddard avenue, Bridgeport, Ct.

"Jim is my pal," said William earnestly to John J. Phelan of the Children's Society, the only person to whom he would talk.

"Please, sir, we don't want to be separated. That's why we came here."

Food and kindly treatment had failed to unseal their lips. Only Phelan's promise broke their silence.

The boys, heavy eyed from lack of sleep, were stopped Monday on a downtown street corner. Queries as to their identities were met with negative shakes of their heads.

"We ran away because they tried to send Jim to an orphanage," William told Phelan. "I was living with my mother. Jim was with an aunt."

Roy Turk, Song Writer, Is Dead

Hollywood, Dec. 1—(INS)—Roy Turk, writer of many popular songs, died today. Among the many songs Turk wrote were: "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day," "Walking My Baby Back Home," "Contented," "Mean to Me," "Love, You Funny Thing," "I Don't Know Why," "When the Blackbirds Meet the Bluebirds," and "My Sweetie Went Away."

He came here from New York to write music for motion pictures.

Writ on Poderjay Delivered by U. S.

Vienna, Dec. 1 (US-INS)—The last affidavit needed for the extradition to the United States of Ivan Poderjay, former Yugoslavian army captain, wanted in New York for questioning in connection with the disappearance of Agnes Tuverson, New York lawyer whom Poderjay married bigamously, was turned over to the foreign ministry by the United State legation today.

CHANUKAH FETE IS CELEBRATED

Beginning today and continuing for eight days Jewry will observe the holiday of Chanukah, the Feast of Lights. In the synagogue and Temple as well as in the home, the first candle will be kindled on the eight-branched Chanukah candelabra, and each succeeding day will see another candle lighted.

The Chanukah Festival commemorates the struggle for religious freedom carried on by the Jews in ancient times under the leadership of Judas Maccabeus and his followers against the Syrians.

This year, 15 brotherhoods of the various synagogues and temples throughout Greater Boston will celebrate the Festival with one huge joint function, to take place at the lighting of the fourth light, on Wednesday evening, December 5. All over the country, similar festivals are planned.

FIGHTS HIS RESCUER

Providence, Dec. 1 — Struggling against heroic efforts of a fellow worker to rescue him, Manuel Amaral, 50, a fisherman, drowned in the Seekonk river today.

JOURNAL PAYS OFF A MILLION OF ITS BONDS

N. Y. Evening Paper, of Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., Pays $468,750 Interest

Universal Service

San Francisco, Dec. 1—The New York Journal, which has the largest daily evening circulation of any standard sized newspaper in the United States, today is redeeming a $1,000,000 block of its first mortgage and collateral trust 6½ per cent bonds of the 1934 series.

Payment will also be made of $468,750 semi-annual interest on the outstanding bonds in this issue.

The New York Evening Journal is one of the 12 nationally known publishing properties that compose Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., the others being:

Chicago Evening American, Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, Detroit Times, San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco Call-Bulletin, Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles Evening Herald-Express, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Oakland Post-Enquirer, American Weekly Magazine and American Newsprint Corporation.

Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., has just declared its eighteenth consecutive quarterly cash dividend on the company's Class "A" 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock. The dividend is payable December 15 to stockholders of record December 1.

Parking Fines Show Decrease

Illegal parkers paid a total of $7013 during the month of November in Central Municipal Court, a drop of nearly $2000 from the October total, Clerk William P. Collins revealed yesterday.

His figures show that 2106 first offenders under the "no-fix" parking law paid $6318 in fines. There were 131 second offenders who paid $655 and four third offenders who paid a total of $40. During the month of October, the first in which the law operated, a total of $10,005 was received in fines from offenders in all three classes.

Announce Troth of Scituate Girl

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Keating of 2 Hinckley road, Milton, and Scituate, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Evelyn Keating, to Peter Gerald Fallon of Hyde Park.

Miss Keating was graduated from the Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley, Mass., and at present is enrolled at the Leland Powers School of Boston. Fallon was graduated from Boston College and is enrolled at the Boston College Law School. No date has been set for the wedding.

ERA Chorus in Music Festival

A music festival will be held tonight in Somerville High School auditorium by the Somerville Civic Orchestra and Greater Boston ERA chorus. The affair is sponsored by the Federal Relief Administration. Marie Carmosine will conduct. Overtures and serenades from operas will be played. A feature will be a song of Thanksgiving by 100 professional singers under the direction of Frederick Lamb.

$15,000 in Seized Liquor Disappears From Warehouse

Government-seized liquor valued at $15,000 has vanished from the U. S. Appraisers Stores at Atlantic and Northern avenues, United States Marshal John J. Murphy was informed yesterday.

The disappearance was noted during an inventory of the stock prior to public auction in compliance with federal court order.

The vanished liquor was in amount between 300 and 400 cases and part of 3576 cases seized aboard the British rum runner Amacilia which was taken by the coast guard off New Bedford in December, 1932.

Rare bourbon and rye whiskies and expensive brandies made up the amount vanished.

LEGION BANDS IN GARDEN TILT

Legionnaires and Sons of the Legion will take part in a colorful band and drum corps contest at Boston Garden this afternoon under the auspices of the state department of the American Legion.

One of the features of the contest will be the drill contest among squadrons of Sons of the Legion from Cambridge, Chelmsford and Milton for the "Edward Mitten Trophy" donated by the Jordan Marsh Company.

Among the corps which will compete are: The Beverly White Crusaders; Malden Boys of '69; Rockland, Weymouth, Old Dorchester "Hornets"; Plymouth, Lynn, Walpole, New Bedford and Cambridge.

The national championship Marlboro drum corps, although not entered in competition, will put on an exhibition. Drum majors will compete and a man formation will conclude the spectacular affair.

Frisco Mayor Raps Airmail Curb Bill

San Francisco, Dec. 1 (US-INS)—Pacific coast cities are entitled to the best air transportation possible, Mayor Angelo Rossi made this declaration today in voicing disapproval of Section 15 of the Black-McKellar bill, which he said would cripple air mail activities of regularly established coast lines. The section prohibits a transcontinental operator, carrying mail, from holding a contract on another route. The mayor said:

"If, as past experience has indicated, the best service is obtained by a transcontinental operator also flying on the coast, then it is our contention that the law against any transcontinental air line also flying on the Pacific coast with the mail should be repealed."

A determined effort to secure repeal or modification of the bill by Congress will be made before March 1, 1935, when it goes into effect.

Mrs. Edith Sanger Divorced in Reno

Fitchburg, Dec. 1—A Reno divorce was obtained by Mrs. Edith Crocker Sanger, member of the socially prominent Crocker family, wealthy paper manufacturers, who charged Prentice Sanger, of New York, with cruelty, according to word received here today.

Mrs. Sanger was the daughter of the late Charles T. Crocker, who before his death was president of Crocker Burbank & Co., Inc. Her mother died last year.

The couple were married here June 17, 1908, at a brilliant wedding attended by Boston and New York society.

Since her marriage, Mrs. Sanger made her home in New York where her husband is a prominent architect, and a social registerite.

They have one child, Joan, 14.

YD Chapters Set for Military Ball

With representatives from YD chapters in New England in attendance, the YD military ball will be held at the Copley Plaza Friday night.

An enlarged committee, of which Gen. Charles H. Cole is honorary chairman and Albert W. Barnard, general chairman, has charge of the arrangements.

Invitations have been sent to all officers of the 94th division, reserves; to regular army officers in and around Greater Boston and to Spanish veterans and officers of the various veterans' organizations.

Capt. Timothy J. Mulcahy is chairman of the Reserve Officers committee.

Wreck Buoy to Be Replaced

A change about Dec. 14 will be made in the characteristics of the lighted bell buoy marking the wreck of the barge G. W. Patterson, which was sunk off East Chop, Vineyard Haven harbor, Nov. 10, in a collision with the Norwegian steamer Gezina. The color of the light will be changed to white and the buoy will be painted black and numbered 23-B.

OIL BARGE HITS ROCK

Striking a rock in Narragansett Bay and tearing an eight-inch hole in one of her plates, the tank motor barge Lamanaia, in the Boston oil trade, was hauled out on the marine railway at Fairhaven for repairs.

MODEL SHOWS COLONIAL LIFE

Complete even to a winter's supply of firewood and a tiny bootjack at the kitchen door, a small but perfect replica of a Colonial homestead was placed in display yesterday on the fourth floor of the R. H. White Company.

The furnishings show how a household was conducted by the early Colonists, the rooms being lighted by minute bayberry candles and heated by fireplaces of the great central chimney.

Built on a scale of one inch to the foot, the model is the work of two Holliston amateurs, Miss Jean Lasier and Daniel Chase, the latter an authority on early New England architecture.

The model was chosen for exhibition in the Massachusetts building of the Brockton Fair, and Dr. Arthur W. Gilbert, commissioner of agriculture, described it as "outstanding in design, workmanship and detail."

The builders spent nearly two years in assembling the materials and completing the model.

BELA KUHN IN DENMARK

Copenhagen, Denmark, Dec. 1 (US-INS)—Bela Kuhn, Hungarian Communist, who established a red regime in Budapest at the close of the World War, was reported in Copenhagen today to organize Communist activities.

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Coal Range	$9.95	Coffee Table	$1.00
Odd Dresser	$6.95	End Tables	79c
Cabinet Gas Range	$9.95	Lounge Chair	$6.95
Electric Radio	$4.95	Bedder Chair	$1.98
Baby Carriage	$3.49	Studio Couch	$4.98
Kitchen Chairs	95c	Linoleum Per Yard	29c
Circulating Heater	$12.50	Dining Table	$2.98
Bed Springs	$1.98	Safety Cabinet Oil Burner Bottle Container	$1.95

Many one or few of a kind items. All merchandise listed here was in stock when this ad went to press!
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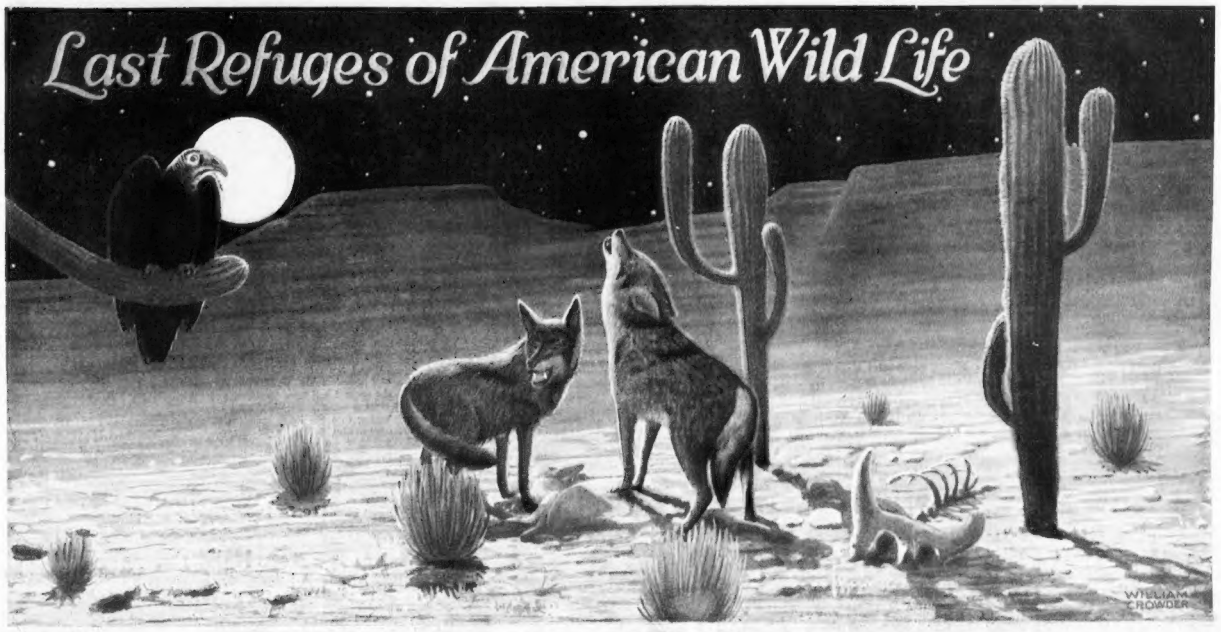
Sunday, Dec. 2, 1934

Last Refuges of American Wild Life



Black Vulture Roosting on a Desert Cactus and Small Arizona or Mearns Coyotes, One of Which Is Howling at the Moon.

SOME of the strangest specimens of the vanishing American wild life are found in the great deserts of the Southwest. But they are growing scarce, for man is steadily conquering the desert by irrigation and other scientific agencies. Many species of these interesting creatures will become extinct before long.

On this page are illustrated some of the most interesting desert animals. No more typical scene of American desert life could be imagined than the one which shows a black vulture with a red head roosting on a cactus bush and the coyote howling at the moon.

The Arizona or Mearns coyote, as depicted by the naturalist-artist, William A. Crowder, belongs to the smallest but most handsomely colored branch of the family. He eats rabbits, rats and gophers when he can find them, but for long periods lives only on cactus and desert plants.

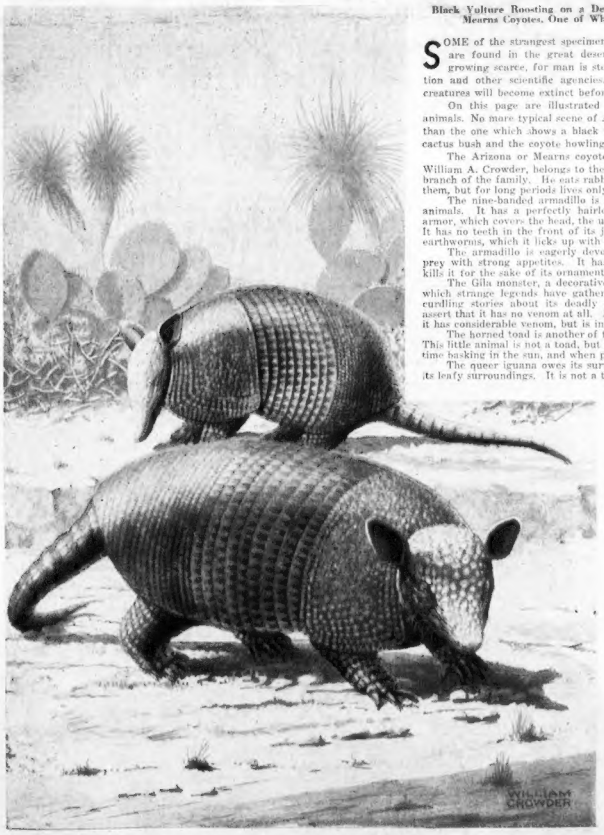
The nine-banded armadillo is one of the most curious of American animals. It has a perfectly hairless body, protected by a bony scaled armor, which covers the head, the upper parts of the body and all the tail. It has no teeth in the front of its jaws, and feeds on insects, spiders and earthworms, which it licks up with its long tongue.

The armadillo is eagerly devoured by coyotes and other beasts of prey with strong appetites. It has also a ruthless enemy in man, who kills it for the sake of its ornamenti shell.

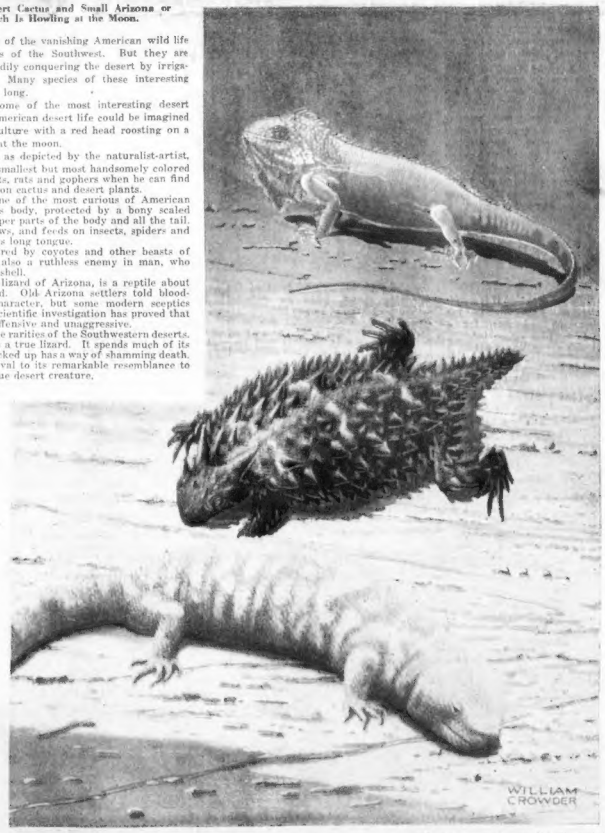
The Gila monster, a decorative lizard of Arizona, is a reptile about which strange legends have gathered. Old Arizona settlers told blood-curdling stories about its deadly character, but some modern sceptics assert that it has no venom at all. Scientific investigation has proved that it has considerable venom, but is inoffensive and unaggressive.

The horned toad is another of the rarities of the Southwestern deserts. This little animal is not a toad, but is a true lizard. It spends much of its time basking in the sun, and when picked up has a way of shamming death.

The queer iguana owes its survival to its remarkable resemblance to its leafy surroundings. It is not a true desert creature.



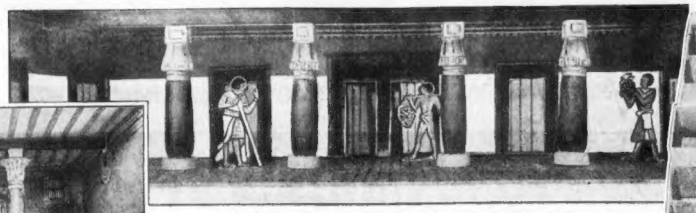
The Curious Nine-Banded Armadillo, a Toothless Animal That Lives on Ants and Insects.

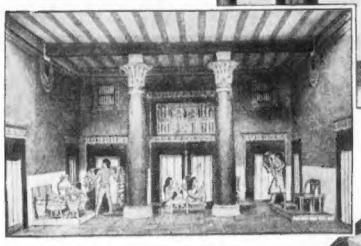


Gila Monster of Arizona (Below), Horned Toad (in the Middle), and Iguana (Above).

Model Home—of an Egyptian Who Built It 3,000 Years Ago

Below—The Great Central Hall of the Egyptian House of 3,000 Years Ago, as Reconstructed in Miniature by the University of Pennsylvania Archeologists. It Was Used for Banquets and Feies.

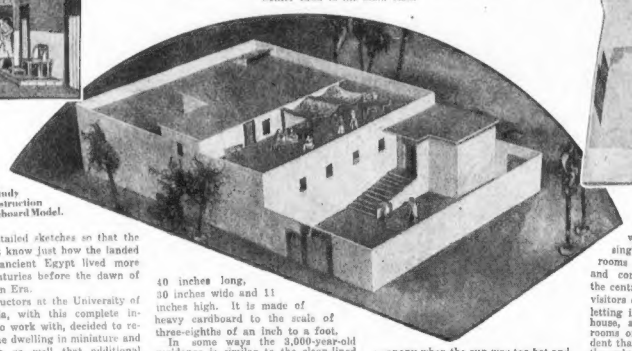




The Entrance Hall to the Model Egyptian Home. The Doors in the Center Lead to the Main Hall.

A View of the Entire Architectural Scheme, Showing the Smaller Rooms Surrounding the Central Hall.

Right—Penthouses Were Not Unknown in Those Days, as Can Be Noted by a Study of the Construction of This Pasteboard Model.



ANYONE who didn't know that the professors and students of the University of Pennsylvania are a serious and hard-working lot would have been mystified, a few weeks ago, to come upon a dozen of these seekers after knowledge apparently engaged in the childish business of designing and building a pasteboard doll house.

The job which occupied them, however, was about as far removed from the toy factory and the kindergarten as it could be. It was the making of an accurate model of a dwelling occupied by an Egyptian nobleman and his family more than 3,000 years ago, when King Tutankhamen was at the height of his power.

The ruins of this remarkably well planned domestic establishment were dug out of the sand at Tell-el-amarna not long ago by archeologists from British and German universities. These scientists made careful measurements, took many photographs and drew hundreds of detailed sketches so that the world might know just how the landed gentry of ancient Egypt lived more than 10 centuries before the dawn of the Christian Era.

The instructors at the University of Pennsylvania, with this complete information to work with, decided to reconstruct the dwelling in miniature and do the job so well that additional models could be made from it to be supplied to colleges, museums and individuals interested in such things.

The photographs on this page show the completed model, which is about 40 inches long, 30 inches wide and 11 inches high. It is made of heavy cardboard to the scale of three-eighths of an inch to a foot.

In some ways the 3,000-year-old residence is similar to the clean-lined modern homes that architects are designing today. One outstanding point of similarity is the sun deck on which the swarthy nobleman and the members of his menage took their ease beneath a canopy when the sun was too hot and, undoubtedly, enjoyed their sun baths in the early morning and late afternoon.

The main feature of the house is the great two-storied central hall which was approached from a single-story entrance hall. Both rooms are masterpieces of beautiful and comfortable simplicity. Across the central hall from the portals where visitors came into it were double doors letting into the inner quarters of the house, and especially to the several rooms of the harem. It was no accident that this door to the seraglio was the only way into it; the master could keep his eye on the door from his throne-like chair in the main hall.

Every such dwelling had one or more shower baths — small rooms where slaves poured cool vases of water down on the master and the members of his family.

The architects of ancient Egypt showed remarkable judgment in the planning of such houses. They did not include kitchens with the living quarters, bedrooms and bathrooms because Egypt was a hot country, as it still is, and the business of cooking would have made the house uncomfortably hot and, perhaps, a trifle odorous. The kitchens with their ovens of clay and stone were in separate buildings some distance removed from the main house. The food was cooked there and brought in by servants.

Twins Puzzle Their Teachers

THE faculty of Macalester College, in St. Paul, Minnesota, welcomes good-looking and studious young women like Henrietta and Margarete Wahlers, shown in the photograph at the right. But it would make the lot of the teachers a little less confusing if the Wahlers sisters were not about as perfect a pair of identical twins as can be found on a college campus, or off it.

The girls are freshmen, take the same subjects, room together and occupy adjacent seats in all their classes. Once in a while they dress differently but most of the time they wear clothes that are exactly alike in every detail, which adds to the confusion of everyone except the twins themselves.

The teachers never know when they call on Henrietta whether Henrietta is rising to recite, or whether Margarete, being better prepared, is pinch-hitting for her sister. And students, passing the girls on the campus, or dropping into their dormitory room, never can be quite sure that the twins aren't kidding them and posing at each other.

There is some foundation for this doubt because, not long ago, Henrietta posed for Margarete when the latter found it impossible to take her place in a group of students having their picture taken. Until the girl confessed the substitution no one suspected that there had been a shift of personalities.

The comely twins get a lot of fun out of the mix-ups their teachers and fellow students get into because it is impossible to tell one from the other, but sometimes they wish they were not exactly alike because it would save them a great deal of time now spent in explaining which is which.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Henrietta and Margarete Wahlers, of St. Paul, Minn., Freshmen at Macalester College, Where Neither Students Nor Professors Have Been Able to Distinguish One From the Other. They Are Seventeen Years Old.

Art of Hurricane Hunting

NO REAL hurricane bound for the United States now gets very far from its source in the belt of equatorial calms—the so-called doldrums—of the southern North Atlantic or the Caribbean Sea without being spotted by forecasters of the Weather Bureau.

The inauguration last year of the system of making direct calls to ships at sea for weather observations has greatly strengthened the bureau's hurricane service, according to E. B. Calvert, in charge of the Forecast Division. During the hurricane season, from June to November inclusive—the forecasters in Washington receive about 25,000 radio messages which make it possible for them to chart the course of most threatening tropical disturbances headed toward the North American continent and to issue timely warnings.

With the establishment of the direct communication system in 1933 the forecasters ceased to be entirely dependent on weather messages from ships that regularly ply the lanes of ocean travel. Using facilities provided by cooperating vessel owners, the Radiomarine Corporation, and the Puerto Rico Sugar Company, which has a powerful wireless station on the island of Puerto Rico, the forecasters can get in direct touch with boats in any zone from which information is especially desired. Tramp steamers, often sailing waters unfrequented by vessels running on fixed schedules, have proved valuable in responding to calls for observations in zones that could be reached in no other way.

Hurricane hunting, despite the progress that has been made in the art, is still a long way from being an exact science. This is because hurricanes have a way of doing the unexpected and roaring off on odd tangents just when it seems that they are certain to hit land ahead of them.

Convention of Tattooed People, But the Champion Didn't Attend

TOKYO.

DESPITE the fact that it is a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment and fine, for a Japanese to have his person indelibly inscribed with the tattooer's needle, a convention of tattooed people recently was staged in this city. The alert police did not molest the delegates to the conclave because every one of them was able to prove that he, or she, had not been tattooed within the past few years, since the ban has been in force.

As the photograph of some of the delegates shows, when an Oriental makes up his mind to get himself tattooed, he does a thorough job of it and covers himself with the sort of red and blue skin pictures that seamen carry around on their arms and chests.

But the convention was not all that it might have been because the grand champion of all tattooed men—a fellow who calls himself the Great Omi—either was unable to attend or just passed up the event as unworthy of his notice.

While the convention was in session and the human art galleries were getting their pictures in the newspapers of the Japanese capital, the Great Omi was touring the British Isles and astounding people who did not envy him in the least. Not for a million dollars would the average human being let himself be so "ornamented."

The Great Omi is one of the few tattooed men in the world who has permitted the artists with the needle to work on his face as well as his body. As two of the photographs show, there is hardly a square inch of Omi's head that isn't covered with a design that makes him look stranger and more savage than the wildest of the African medicine men, who go in for that sort of disfigurement.

Prof. Burchett, said to be the world's outstanding expert in the art of tattooing, supports Omi's claim that he is the most tattooed man in the world.

WIDE WORLD

The "Great Omi," Most Thoroughly Tattooed of Humans, Who Holds Forth in London. He Has Spent Most of His Life Decorating His Skin With Weird Designs.

ACME PHOTO

Six of the Many Delegates to the Convention of Tattooed People Recently Held in Tokyo. These Animated Japanese Prints Are Covered With Designs From Their Necks to Their Thighs but the "Great Omi," Now Traveling Through the British Isles, Found It Inconvenient to Attend the Conclave and Told Spectators That He Is the Grand Champion of All Tattooed People, Including the Human Picture Galleries of the Orient.

WIDE WORLD

The "Great Omi" Submitting Himself to the Needle to Put the Finishing Touches to the Bewildering Decorations of Head and Face.

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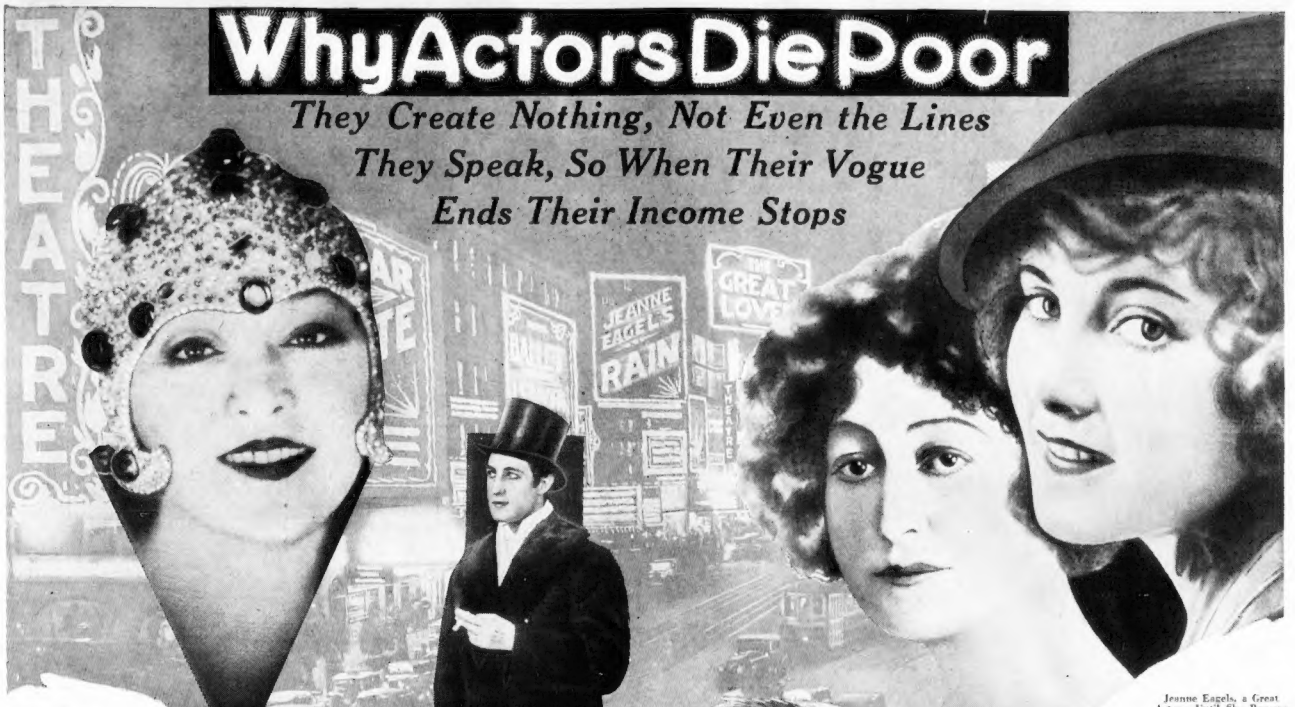
Why Actors Die Poor

They Create Nothing, Not Even the Lines They Speak, So When Their Vogue Ends Their Income Stops



Jenny Dolly, One of the Famous Dolly Sisters, Who Has Made and Spent Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars, but Who Recently Declared That She Couldn't Pay a Huge Fine Levied Against Her by the French Government, "Even if it was only a thousand dollars."

Jeanne Eagels, a Great Actress Until She Became a Slave of Liquor, Died Poor.

Mme. Matzenauer, Opera Star, Received $1,000 a Performance, but Not Long Ago Went Bankrupt.

Lou Tellegen, "The Great Lover," Who Made and Squandered a Fortune, and, Broke and Unable to Get a Job, Committed Suicide Recently.

Fritzi Scheff, Once One of the Most Famous Actresses on Broadway, Who Recently Applied to the Government for a Loan to Help Her Save Her Mortgaged Home.

Isadora Duncan, the Eccentric but World-Famous Dancer, Who Spent the Money She Made Even Before She Got It, and Who Died Practically Penniless.

WHEN Lou Tellegen committed suicide he was broke. So was Jeanne Eagels when she drank herself to death, so was Isadora Duncan, and so it seems have been most actors and actresses when they die.

Many more celebrities, like Frank Tinney and Eva Tanguay, are penniless. Ethel Barrymore, though born with the most illustrious theatrical name in the country, is seen in her 56th year, fighting off creditors and obliged to open in a new show this season and try again.

A triumphant and hilarious exception was Marie Dressler, yet this great star of the gay nineties was also down and out, without a cent, waiting for death. But death was so slow in giving the old actress her cue to enter heaven, that she grew impatient, crashed into Hollywood and made such a hit that she died earning more money than in the heyday of her youth.

Why do actors die poor?

Not long ago Lou Tellegen, the "perfect lover" of the stage, was one of the best-known men in the United States. Any surgeon, lawyer or engineer with half such a reputation, would have been rolling in wealth and had a hard time dying poor. Yet the most eminent actors manage it.

Had Tellegen been unable to get the education and polish that made him shine on the stage and gone to work at the age of 15 on a farm or in a machine shop, he would in all probability have been better off financially when, at the age of 50, he was no longer well enough to work. Yet everyone would have called him an unambitious lout had he chosen the humbler though happier course.

For some time he had feared he would become insane. Perhaps he was tormented, as he looked back on his life, by realizations of how easily he might have managed better. For instance, at the very height of his fame when he married Geraldine Farrar, if instead of wedding that prima donna and being exposed to ridicule by her peculiar behavior toward him, suppose he had opened a soda and hot dog shop, near some girls' college? The chances are that now he would be a retired, well-to-do, contented though forgotten man. Yet everyone would have called him an idiot who threw away a great destiny.

The public remembers the fabulous salaries these stage stars are supposed to have received and reason that there is no excuse for their ever becoming paupers. If a man makes $1,000 a week, that is at the rate of $52,000 a year or a quarter of a million in five years. They must be crazy spendthrifts. A few are just that. Jeanne Eagels' sudden triumph in "Rain," ruined her mentally. Instead of realizing that she was only a good actress who had the luck to be chosen to star in one of the greatest plays of her time, she actually believed that she made that play.

When a series of jolts told her that it was the other way around, she refused to accept reality, fleeing from it to drink and such erratic behavior that the Actors' Equity was forced to discipline her. Isadora Duncan was not made crazy by success. She was born that way, would have made an equally crazy cook or stenographer and have died broke in any event. Frank Tinney and quite a few others are examples of the adage about a fool and his money but nothing could be less true of the average actor.

Actors as a class, far from being extravagant, are geniuses at economy and can put a front of careless ease and prosperity on nothing at all, and keep it up longer than any animal known to science, except a hibernating bear. They have to. As a matter of fact, regardless of what the press agent says, the number of stage stars who get $1,000 in real money per week are comparatively few. Wilton Lackaye said that his salary was $10,000 a week and he stuck to it. Also he was stuck with it because it is said that he only got it on one occasion and for only two weeks.

No actor on the stage was ever employed at $1,000 a week, every week for five years straight. He is lucky to get 20 weeks in a season and there is a painful probability that he won't have another day's work for the next two years. That makes the $20,000, spread over three years, not quite $7,000 a year gross, less 10 per cent probably to an agent, less Equity and Lambs' dues.

The income tax hits the high-salaried actor right between the eyes. On his lucky year when he makes that $20,000, the sliding scale of taxes soak him on that basis instead of $7,000 which is his real average.

An actor of Tellegen's prominence must look like a million dollars all the time, which is more than a matter of clothes. If he owns a car it must be of some notoriously costly make, though not necessarily new. Pearl White when she was the great serial queen owned the most expensive make of car in the world but she thriftily arranged to rent it to the picture producer for whom she worked, every time a rich person drove across the screen, but that cannot often be done.

The eminent actor must always stay at the most expensive hotels where, however, he gets special rates. Sir Harry Lauder, the great Scotch comedian, when he first toured America, put up at the cheapest hotels to the horror of the big vaudeville bosses who had signed him up. They finally moved thrifty Harry to more expensive hotels by paying the difference. In later contracts they were careful to insert what is known as a "decent hotel clause." The actor gets professional rates from the hospital to the beauty shoppe, in most everything but the ten-cent store. This and all his other forms of thrift help a lot but hardly enough to make the necessary $50,000 front on a $5,000 income.

Schoolteachers get special rates, too, and have several months leisure every year, during which they can and do travel in bunches, at bargain rates. When the actor travels for business the company pays his transportation, but when he travels for pleasure, it must like everything else be done in style, as if he could afford it. Yet the schoolteacher in his or her life will earn more money than most of the stage stars they admire and envy. A schoolteacher has to do something pretty awful to be fired, while the actor's fate hangs on the whim of the fickle theatrical public. When a prima donna throws a tantrum and screams about her public, she means her bread and butter.

Everything seems to work against an actor's getting ahead of the game. In the first place he produces nothing. He merely speaks the words that are provided for him. He does not own the play in which he appears any more than does the sales clerk own the department store in which he works and is merely a salesman of the playwright's words. The department store goes on forever and a good salesman is sure of his job there all his working life.

The salesman of a dramatist's words knows that the play may fold up within a week of the opening. If it is able to give him seven months' employment before going out of business, he is lucky and all his life he may dream in vain of getting into the cast of a play that, road and all, will pay him steadily for two full years.

The author who writes the plays is in a very different situation. He has produced something permanent. When his show dies on the road, if it was a hit, it goes on living and paying him in other forms. Stock companies often pay royalties to the author and manager of a successful play all their lives. Then there are foreign rights, amateur rights, musical comedy rights, sometimes vaudeville rights, repertory rights for touring companies that find English-speaking audiences even in the cities of China and of course there are the screen rights. Occasionally, though rarely, the star of the stage play also does the screen version.

Anyone who has written one or two stage successes is fixed for life. One hit, the size of Abie's Irish Rose, makes an author rich. A successful author who dies poor is either very unlucky or very careless or both. Whereas the actor who does not is a remarkable person. The author, when he isn't actually busy in the theatre, can always employ himself profitably writing new plays. Being a literary person, he is exempt from dressing up, can live in any shack in the wilderness and travel on a cattle ship, without losing caste. He may drive a rattle-trap flivver and even that will not be held against him.

The actress must achieve stardom while she is young and beautiful which is a calamity for everyone. The playwright tears his hair because his empty-headed, flapper star cannot interpret his lines intelligently. By the time she is old enough to have some sense, the public usually doesn't want her any more. The male star is more durable. Old John Drew, almost blind with age was still going strong after wearing out three generations of leading women, including Billie Burke.

This feminine disadvantage is offset by the fact that actresses have unusual opportunities to marry wealth and achieve real security. Actors also marry wealth, but win no security because the heiress can and usually does boot them out, without alimony. A rich husband is a more reliable meal ticket than the public.

Nobody will ever attend a benefit for Mae West—at least it is about as unlikely as one for Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Mae is really an exception, she is out of the actor class being also author and producer, to say nothing of having graduated from the stage to the screen, where miracles still happen. If the public should tire of her face and figure and by some unlikely speculation she should become bankrupt at that same moment, it would be necessary for her to die at just that moment in order to die poor. The very next moment she would start getting rich again, writing and producing plays with other stars to speak her wise cracks.

Miss West's remarkable versatility was shown in the recent picture censorship drive. Like a football team the reformers all set out to tackle Mae first and hardest of all, but by adroit revision, she sidestepped them and put over another box-office touchdown. Other actors, like Ed Wynn, who write their own stuff, can probably go on forever.

Real exceptions to the rule are John and Lionel Barrymore, George Arliss and H. B. Warner, still going strong and unlikely to die poor, if they ever die—but they are all on the screen, where anything is possible. However, film stars go broke with the others. There was Charles Ray, star of the silent screen, who has attempted a comeback, but failed. Mme. Matzenauer, grand opera star, went through bankruptcy when creditors claimed she owed $50,000.

Of the Dolly Sisters who, like Midas, once had the golden touch, at least one is down and out, unable to pay a fine to the French Government for trying to evade duty on one of the many jewels she once owned. Fritzi Scheff, the most exacting and temperamental of the prima donnas and supposed to have been one of the big money makers, recently secured a distress loan from the Government. Many other former headliners are said to be asking radio and movie work with an insistance that indicates extreme need.

Kay Laurell had not reached the very highest constellation of stars but she was famous and died young, leaving a daughter and no money. Marion Benda, a Follies beauty, is still alive, still young but already broke. The queer thing about Marion is that she went on the stage determined not to do anything wrong or foolish. So she never drank, never went to rowdy parties, never compromised herself and tried to live on her salary. Her reward was that she went just as broke as any of the foolish beauties.

Recently Charles Dillon, great Music Hall comedian of London 30 years ago, died in the ward of a hospital after refusing to call a doctor on account of the expense. He had lost his vogue since the war and been growing slowly poorer and poorer. Paris is used to burying pauper stars with a grand gesture but recently it outdid itself by pinning the Legion of Honor on Marie Delna, once famous grand opera prima donna, as she lay in the hospital ward, dying of starvation and exposure.

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Why Proud Widow Nadasdy Became "The Wandering Countess"

The New Countess Maria Nadasdy, Student and Actress, Whose Marriage to the Young Count Impelled the Older Countess to Leave Home.

Below—Maria as She Looked as a Student, More Serious-Minded Than Her Mother-in-Law Realized.

Tana Augner, Who Married the Other Son of Countess Frances, and Who Caused Her Mother-in-Law Again to Desert the Family.

Count Paul, Whose Marriage to an Actress, the Second of That Profession to Become a Member of the Family, Was, to His Mother, "the Last Straw."

BUDAPEST.

THE Countess Francis Nadasdy has moved again and, in so doing, has added to her growing reputation as "the wandering countess."

Strangely enough the haughty and aristocratic widow of the late Count Francis is the sort of person who likes to stay put, but she flatly and emphatically refuses to do so until her sons — Count Francis, Jr., and Count Paul — and other members of her ancient house "come to their senses."

The proud dowager's idea of propriety and sound sense is based on the somewhat old-fashioned premise that members of the aristocracy should never, never get chummy with what Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan tunefully referred to as the "lower and middle classes"—and until her boys and others of her relatives quit that deplorable practise she will refuse to live with them.

It was Countess Thomas Nadasdy, her too-democratic sister-in-law, who sent Countess Francis flying from her comfortable town house in the Hungarian capital to live with her son, Count Francis, Jr., in the ancestral family mansion. The Countess Thomas shocked and angered her kinswoman by opening a sort of roadhouse where any one with the price could drop in for cocktails. This plebeian descent into commercialism was too much for the old Countess's pride and she said she couldn't bear the humiliation of living in the same city with a Nadasdy who would bring disgrace on the family name.

For a time the Countess found life very pleasant with the young Count Francis—until he confided to his mother that he was madly in love with Marin Rado, one of the prettier young actresses of the National Theatre. The Countess found it hard to believe that her son was serious and did everything possible to separate the lovers and thus save the noble house, as she put it, from "the taint of plebeian blood." When she failed and her son married the actress, she again packed her trunks and, in high dudgeon, went off to live with her younger son, Count Paul.

Paul, all unbeknown to his mother, was enamored of one Tana Augner, a pretty little dancer on the stage of the Moulin Rouge—a place of entertainment not nearly so highbrow as the National Theatre. On the day that Paul became of age, Tana Augner—whose father eked out a modest living as a carriage painter—became the Countess Paul Nadasdy. Her aristocratic mother-in-law knew nothing of this until informed over the telephone by the excited young bridegroom talking from the marriage chapel at city hall.

This was the final insult to the Countess Francis' already bruised and battered pride. She strode from the telephone to her rooms and commanded her maid to start packing. Days before the newlyweds arrived home from their honeymoon, the Countess was ensconced in a hotel suite and very, very angry at her sons and at the press for labeling her "the wandering countess." To all but her most intimate and sympathetic friends, she was out, or indisposed.

From time to time Counts Francis and Paul drop in on their mother and try to make her understand that times have changed and that only tradition-bound nitwits marry for reasons of blood, money and social position. It is the style nowadays to marry for love and the old-time barriers between the so-called nobility and the "lower classes" are down.

All their explanations get them nowhere. The Countess, try as she will, just can't understand why members of the nobility should marry out of their class for love, or any other inducement. As for her, she must remain a thoroughgoing aristocrat to the end, even if she has to wander from one end of Europe to the other to maintain her integrity and her ideals.

The Honorable Mrs. John Barran and Her Dachshund. Whenever the Mistress Wears Pearls, the Dog Does Also. The Pet Is Invariably Decorated With the Same Kind of Jewels Which His Owner Affects.

Dog's Jewels Always Match Those of Mistress

SNOUTIE, the pet dachshund of the Honorable Mrs. John Barran, is one of fashionable Mayfair's most pampered pets. This squat-legged, sharp-snouted dog is seldom away from his wealthy mistress, who has set something of a fad among the upper social strata of the British capital by dressing him up in jeweled collars to match her own famous collections of gems, some of which gained her considerable front-page publicity when she was one of the dashing twin daughters of Lord Ruthven.

In the picture at the left Mrs. Barran and Snoutie are seen sporting matching sets of pearl earrings and chokers. It may be that the dachshund doesn't appreciate the value or the beauty of the baubles that glow with iridescent beauty in his long ears and about his neck; perhaps he would find life more enjoyable if he could browse in some back alley and dig a bone from the unsavory interior of a garbage can. But he seems to find his high estate entirely satisfactory and to appreciate that he is a dog apart, thanks to the whimsy of his wealthy mistress.

The Honorable Mrs. Barran is said to have other expensive ornaments especially made for her elongated pet. It would not, for example, provide that stunning ensemble effect if Snoutie sported a diamond collar while she appeared in a necklace of rubies and emeralds. Nor would eye-filling esthetism be achieved if the maid inadvertently embellished the pup in tourmalines when it was madam's day to go forth in amethysts.

The former Lady Ruthven appreciates, and Snoutie seems to understand, the oft-quoted words of Michelangelo to the effect that "trifles make perfection, but perfection is not a trifle."

Robot of Isis Plays the Zither

AFTER seven years of spare-time work, Dr. Cecil E. Nixon, a San Francisco dentist, has completed a zither-playing robot shown in the photograph at the right. The ingenious dentist calls his creation Isis and has given her the appearance of a goddess of the ancient Egyptians. The form of his inanimate performer on the many-stringed zither is well chosen, for she is as mystifying to her audience as the goddess Isis was to her worshipful subjects 2,000 years ago and more.

Dr. Nixon's talented robot is no mere music box made in rather unorthodox form. Somewhere in it there are concealed a pair of mechanical ears that hear —and obey—the commands of the dentist and his friends when they crave selections on the zither.

If it is desired that "Isis" render "Love in Bloom" all that is necessary is the spoken request for that currently popular composition. Within a few seconds the wooden hands of the robot begin to move expertly across the strings and the strains of "Love in Bloom" are forthcoming. She, or it, is equally accommodating when someone tells her to play any one of several score of musical compositions.

Just how "Isis" performs such miracles is known only to Dr. Nixon who concealed inside her a complicated arrangement of wires, wheels, shafts, belts and magnets.

Dr. Nixon and the Robot Figure of the Egyptian Goddess, Isis, Which Plays the "Golden Cithern" With Mechanical Fingers.

Remarkable Shipbuilding Art of Ninth Century Revealed by Archeological Find

SCIENTISTS excavating the site of an old Norse community on the outskirts of Oslo, Norway, recently unearthed a relic which adds additional evidence that the Vikings were master shipbuilders centuries ahead of their time. The relic is the rotted prow of a Viking ship which, the archeologists believe, dates back to the ninth century. The artistic carving on the stout stem of the craft indicates that it was the handiwork of some ancient craftsman who gave his skill to the proud ships of his country eleven centuries ago.

Although there is little left of the ship except the curving prow and a few handhewn frames, it is possible to reconstruct the craft and picture exactly what it looked like when it was riding the northern seas filled with a company of intrepid Norsemen. Probably the ship was about sixty feet long and was propelled by long oars. It may, or may not, have had a mast stepped in its stout oak keel. Some of the Viking ships carried sails and others were propelled entirely by man power.

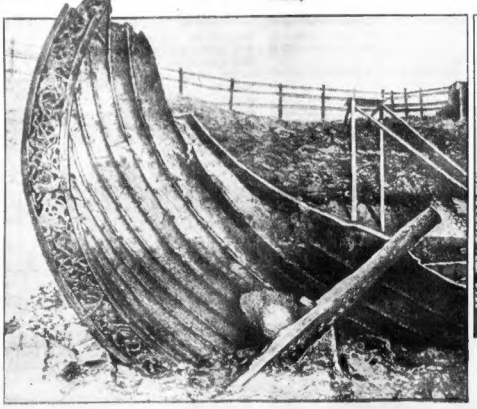
This interesting discovery —which will be preserved in one of the country's museums—reveals what every modern designer of boats, large and small, knows: that the Vikings, as far back as the third and fourth centuries, knew how to construct ships that were strong out of all proportion to their weight and speedy as well as seaworthy.

These ancient craft were double-enders, that is, they were sharp at the stern as well as the bow. They were wide beamed amidships, but they had a graceful sheer, forward and aft, like some of the speedy clipper ships of a much later time. Being thus designed, they cut through the waves neatly and dragged little water, and being wide and of comparatively shallow draft, they could ride all but the wildest of waves.

It was in such small ships as the recently discovered one that the Norse sailors voyaged from Iceland to Constantinople at a time when the sailors of other countries were creeping along the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean in much bigger ships that were not half so seaworthy.

Back in 1865 three Viking ships of the same type as that unearthed at Oslo were dug from the muck of a peat bog in Jutland. The largest of these boats, which probably were built in the fifth century, was more than 70 feet long. Its lines were practically the same as those still used in the most seaworthy of small boats sailing along the coast and in the fjords of Scandinavia.

The old Viking shipbuilders placed most of their trust in well-seasoned oak, which they used for their frames and beams, as well as for planking. The frames were securely fastened to the keel with heavy spikes of handwrought iron. The planks seem to have been held to the skeleton of the boat by rawhide thongs and by rope fashioned from tree bark.



At Left—An Old Norse Galley, Dug Up by an Archeological Expedition Near Oslo, Norway. It Reveals a Staunch and Artistic Craft of the Ninth Century.

—Above—

An Old Print Showing Norsemen of the Ninth Century in One of Their Small Boats, Leaving the Main Vessel, Prepared for a Sea Fight.

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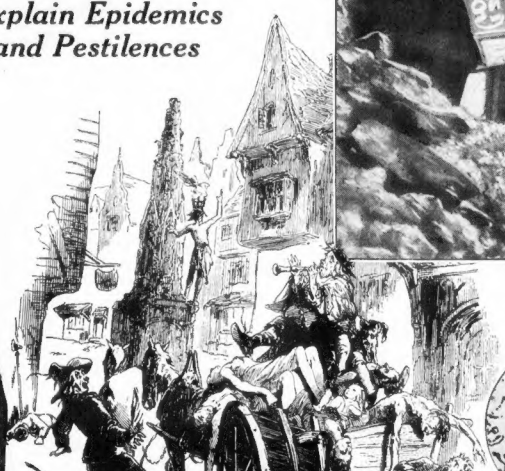
Why Disease Germs Are Worse One Year Than Another

"The Dance of Death," on the Walls of the Klingenthal, Basle, Painted in the Middle Ages During the Plague, and Showing Death Taking a Last Dance With All Classes of the Community.

Science Discovers an Invisible Tide in the Virulence of Microbes Whose Rise and Fall May Account for the Ups and Downs of Public Health and Explain Epidemics and Pestilences

Babies Have Been Generally Healthier Since This Old-Fashioned Habit of Kissing Them, and Often Infecting Them With Germs, Has Been Largely Discontinued.

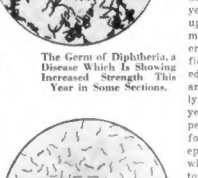


Drawing by the Celebrated English Artist George Cruikshank, Depicting the Outbreak of "The Black Death" in London in the Seventeenth Century—the Cart Loaded With the Dead Being Driven to the Burial Pits.

Coffins of Chinese Cholera Victims Being Dumped Into a Great Pit During the Last Outbreak of the Disease in That Country.

The Germ of Diphtheria, a Disease Which Is Showing Increased Strength This Year in Some Sections.

The Bacilli of Bubonic Plague, Called in the Middle Ages "The Black Death," Epidemics of Which Seemed to Occur Centuries Apart.



Microscopic Photograph of the Measles Germ, Which Increases in Virulence Every Second Year.

MOST thinking people have wondered why there is no outbreak of some disease or other for several seasons, and then, suddenly, there is a widespread epidemic of it from coast to coast; or, indeed, more or less all over the world. And intelligent people have wondered also why epidemics are more severe, more "virulent" at certain times, or less so, than in the last previous similar epidemic.

There seems to be an invisible tide among germs which, rising and falling, creates ups and downs of public health. Epidemics and pestilences can be likened to a tidal-wave of this rhythm. Science has recently learned some few things about this curious waxing and waning of the strength of the wicked little microbes that afflict humanity.

In modern cities every other year usually is a "measles year," in which large numbers of cases of this disease may be expected. Influenza usually rises and falls in about a three-year cycle. The disease of children called "summer complaint" also has a two-year or three-year period, although this disease now has been largely overcome by improved sanitation. In China, about every fourth year still is a "cholera year," with many more deaths from this disease than happen in the intervening years.

Still more mysterious are the occasional arrivals of especially severe epidemics. About every fifteen or twenty years one of the regular influenza years turns out to be extremely severe, so that there occurs a serious epidemic of this disease and of the pneumonia to which it so often leads, like the great epidemic of 1918 in America or the lesser one of 1928.

Infantile paralysis also shows a tendency to recur in severe form about every fifteen years, the last of these great disease waves being the one which crippled President Roosevelt. Before improved sanitation stopped the epidemics of typhoid fever, these too, happened at more or less regular intervals. In California, where vaccination against smallpox is imperfectly enforced, this disease still shows a tendency to be bad about every sixth year.

This year New York City is passing through a "diphtheria year," not only with many cases of this disease but with the disease in an unusually virulent form, so that children who take it are exceptionally sick and there is an unusually large number of deaths.

One theory is that disease germs change from time to time in virulence being far more vicious in some years and much less so in others. An ancient idea is that the weather of different years affects in some way either the virulence of the disease germs or the average resistance of the human populations. Still a third idea is that the whole population periodically builds up and loses mass immunity to different kinds of germs, much as vaccination gives several years of an almost complete protection against smallpox but does not last forever.

Periodic changes of social habits have been suggested, such as changes in food caused by hard times or the great increase of public kissing in America in the years since the war. Recently still another theory was suggested by Sir E. Hilton Young, British Minister of Health, who believes that the numbers of germs in the world rise and fall periodically from year to year, like the similar up and down waves known to occur in the numbers of wild animals.

In ancient days even physicians believed that rise and fall of epidemics were explained by demons. These supernatural creators of disease were believed to retire underground when not busy making people sick and to emerge again at intervals to cause an epidemic, usually because some one of them or some god who had influence with them had been made angry by neglect of his temples or by some other human act. A few of the Greek physicians, such as Hippocrates, had some inkling of the production of disease by natural causes but about as far as they could go in explaining epidemics was to blame these on the winds or on other features of the weather. There was, in fact, some real reason for the wind theory of epidemics, since winds from certain directions might tend to blow infected mosquitoes over a city and thus to cause an epidemic of malaria, one of the commonest diseases in ancient Greece and apparently one of the most dangerous.

But no one imagines that the winds in New York City always blow in any particular way during one of the alternate "measles years," or that either wind or weather has anything in particular to do with the present occurrence of an especially virulent kind of diphtheria. Weather undoubtedly does affect some diseases, such as colds or rheumatism. It may have significant effects, also, on the spread and survival of the more delicate kinds of germs, but modern scientific men realize that something beside either the weather or the underground demons must be found to explain the mysterious rise and fall of epidemics.

Changes of social habits also may be excluded as a main cause of the epidemic cycles. It certainly is true that promiscuous kissing has increased enormously in America in recent years, except for the one item of kissing babies. Doctors now urge that babies never should be kissed by anyone, and observance of this rule probably is responsible for a considerable part of the recent increase in average baby health.

It may be, too, that more kissing among adults has had some effect in increasing colds and other common diseases. It is urged in Italy and Germany that the substitution of the various kinds of Fascist salute for the handshake is an aid to health by decreasing the spread of germs. But the Chinese have been accustomed for generations to shake hands with themselves inside their long sleeves as a gesture of greeting, instead of shaking hands with each other, and yet the Chinese are by no means as free from disease as are the occidentals.

One matter which probably does have a good deal to do with the occurrence and disappearance of epidemics is the natural resistance or immunity of the population. One attack of smallpox, mumps or various other diseases usually protects the individual for life against another attack of the same disease. For most diseases this immunity is less lasting. Influenza apparently can be caught again a few months after the first attack. Another cold can be caught within a few days after the disappearance of a previous one. The common cold is one of the few diseases natural immunity to which seems to vanish almost immediately after the patient recovers.

It is probable that in ordinary communities most people are continually invaded by small numbers of the germs of many different diseases, including colds, influenza and many others. These continual small infections keep the average immunity of the population at a reasonably high level. Few people catch severe attacks of disease because nearly everybody is kept more or less immune to most diseases. Experts believe that this is the case, for example, with infantile paralysis. Occasional mild infections with this germ are believed to happen to most children and to many adults every little while. These infections are not severe enough to cause actual sickness. If noticed at all, they are regarded as slight colds. Yet they keep most of the public immune to severe attacks.

If anything keeps down the percentage of these regular mild infections for a year or two, the natural immunity of the population may decrease. A new arrival of germs then may start a severe epidemic.

This is believed to explain the curious fact that the time to expect a severe influenza epidemic is after there have been a few years with very little influenza. If two or three years of the successive peaks of this disease which ordinarily follow each other about every three years do not show up or are not well marked, experienced health officers get alarmed and look for another extremely bad influenza year. This happened just before the great epidemic of 1918, when for nearly ten years there had been almost no influenza.

The idea that the rise and fall of epidemics may be due to changes in the virulence of germs is supported by the fact that such changes do occur. For example, Dr. R. B. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, and his associates have managed to breed several different kinds of tuberculosis germs, differing in size, shape, kind of body surface, preferences for different germ foods, and also in ability to cause tuberculosis.

Many physicians have noticed that each epidemic of influenza seems to have its own special characteristics, differing more or less from other epidemics. Mr. Selwyn D. Collins of the United States Public Health Service has noted that the influenza epidemic of 1918 in the United States chiefly killed children and young adults apparently previously in perfect health. The epidemic of 1928 behaved in an entirely different manner and killed mostly victims who were 65 years old or older. Such differences in the character of influenza from epidemic to epidemic have been ascribed by some students to changes in the nature of the germ.

The distinguished British physician and biologist Sir Humphrey Rolleston once suggested that the disease now called typhoid fever is due to a kind of typhus fever germ which suffered some mysterious change or mutation a century or two ago. In ancient times typhus fever seems to have been common although it now is rare. On the other hand, there is no ancient account of any disease which can be identified as typhoid fever.

None of these theories is able, however, to account for the almost perfectly regular rise and fall of some diseases, such as the occurrence of measels every other year. This is true of measles both in the United States and in England, as well as in several other European countries. It is unlikely that different countries would be affected in the same way by weather changes, accidental changes of germs or anything of the kind. That is why Sir Hilton Young proposes his most recent theory of all, that of vast rising and falling tides in the numbers of the germs themselves.

Dr. C. S. Elton, a young biologist at Oxford University in England, has made it his business for several years to study the equally mysterious rises and falls in the numbers of British field mice, hedgehogs and similar wild animals. The mouse world, he finds, ebbs and flows in a cycle of about four years. A year of many field mice will be followed by a year in which most of the extra individuals die and are not replaced. Then come two or three years of about normal mouse populations, followed by another year of enormous expansion, with millions of young mice produced and let loose in the fields.

Biologists still do not know why these periodic rises and falls occur in animal numbers. Weather cycles may have something to do with them, or possibly the sunspot cycles acting either through the weather or in some more direct way. Or there may exist, as Dr. Elton is inclined to believe, deep-seated biological rhythms the workings of which are due to changes in the food supply, in the proportion of this which is eaten, in the prevalence of animal diseases or to other interactions between the animal population and its natural surroundings.

If cycles of this same general kind exist in the populations of germs it would be easy to explain the rise and fall of epidemics. On this theory, one of the mild three-year epidemics of influenza would coincide with a year when the germ cycle made the influenza germs most numerous. The occasional times of still greater epidemics at fifteen-year intervals or longer could be explained by accidental coincidences between a year of many germs and some other factor unfavorable to humanity, such as lowered immunity, bad weather, hard times and poor food or something else.

This is what Sir Hilton suggested in his recent address in the British Parliament, adding the further suggestion that biologists of the Health Department and elsewhere might profitably study this theory to discover whether or not the rise and fall of the germ cycles can be controlled or, if that is impossible, whether means can be devised to predict the bad germ years with certainty so that individuals or the government can take precautions.

Only a few weeks ago Dr. W. H. Schopfer of Switzerland reported to the Society of Natural History and Physics, at Geneva, that certain kinds of bacteria seem to need vitamins for their life and growth, just as is true of human beings. Perhaps the available amounts of the necessary germ vitamins, whatever these substances may be, vary from year to year so that in some years the older germs get more vitamins and raise more progeny, while in other years the vitamins are deficient and the new germ generations are less.

Anyway, Sir Hilton has given the germ biologists something new to think about, doubtless with advantage for the future health of mankind and the more complete conquest of disease.

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Gay Funeral For Undertaker Who Wearied Of Grief

FOR thirty-five years Porter M. Clark, a Galena, Kansas, undertaker, conducted funerals in accordance with the wishes of other folks, and at times he must have been pretty disgusted with their notions of what was the proper thing. By and large, he felt that the whole idea was wrong, but he had to keep the business going, and the safest way to do that was by giving the customers what they wanted.

Mr. Clark was a good undertaker—soothing, unobtrusive and efficient. Whenever he was in charge of a funeral, everything went off smoothly, without any embarrassing oversights or awkward hitches. With *him*, managing a funeral was an art, and even though he disapproved of all forms, practices and customs that emphasize the sorrow of the occasion, he took pride in his profession and could always be depended upon to carry out instructions.

"Sooner or later everybody has to die," he used to say. "There's no getting around that. And when somebody goes, the ones who are left behind are bound to be all broken up over it. That can't be helped, of course. But what's the use of making it all the more distressing by harping on the sadness? Well, when I die it's going to be different."

It was different, too.

In his thirty-five years as an undertaker, Porter M. Clark had plenty of time to work out the details of his own funeral—plenty of time to make up his mind over just exactly how it should be conducted. In his day, he had directed a good many funerals, and not one of them was exactly to his liking.

Rain or shine, heat wave or blizzard, he wanted his funeral in the open. One trouble with an inside funeral was the oppressive sweetness of the flowers. So let it be in

Porter M. Clark Was Buried in the Manner Prescribed by Himself. There Was a 24-Piece Band, a Male Quartette, and Popular Music. A Gay Canopy Flopped in the Wind Above His Grave.

the open. If anybody wanted to send flowers, that was all right. That was their business. He had no objection to flowers—in fact, that was about the only detail of an ordinary funeral that did not thoroughly displease him. Except in a stuffy place, flowers were fine—they brighten things up considerably. But the main point he wanted kept in mind was the comfort of those who might come to attend the funeral. As *for himself*, in his eternal sleep he would be altogether at ease, no matter what the weather. But at all hazards, the guests must be made comfortable.

From time to time, he went over all of this with his wife, in a general way—funerals naturally being a popular topic of conversation in that household. And at length, feeling that the sixtieth year he was rounding out would be his last one, he gave her specific instructions.

So Porter M. Clark was buried in the manner prescribed by himself. The thermometer stood at 105 degrees, and a scorching wind flapped the scallops of a bright canopy that had been erected over the grave.

For two hours, Bob Touts's Webb City 24-Piece Band and Dow Booe's Harmony Four presented a concert of popular music—just how popular is revealed by the fact that state troopers were needed to control the traffic congestion on the highway that skirts the little cemetery, and handle the five thousand people who crowded the graveyard, in their eagerness to see Porter M. Clark's idea of the right kind of a funeral.

Porter M. Clark himself reposed in a glass coffin, where all could gaze at him. There was no weeping at the grave, no sermon, no long and tedious service—just plenty of good music. In accordance with his wishes, particular attention was given to the comfort of the guests. There was an abundance of chairs, numerous tall coolers of ice water, and souvenir fans.

As funerals go, it was unique—to say the least. Except for the fact that the surrounding tombstones served as a reminder, it might easily have been mistaken for a garden party, a Fourth of July picnic or a political rally. As a matter of fact, quite a number of people were attracted to Porter M. Clark's funeral under the mistaken impression that it was some sort of public festival.

This cemetery, which—incidentally—belonged to Clark, stands on one of the main traveled highways of the district. So it happened scores of automobile drivers, passing to and fro on their customary business, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a traffic jam. Thinking that entertainment of some unusual nature was being provided, they pulled off the road and joined the throng—only to discover that despite the gay music this was *not* really a happy occasion.

Perhaps some of them were shocked when they learned that the lively airs that were coming from Bob Touts's jazz band were being played for a funeral—and moreover the funeral of an undertaker who had been dissatisfied during all of his professional life with the way other people wanted burials conducted—few of them could resist the temptation to fall in line and file past the glass coffin.

And after having taken a look at Clark, drunk his ice water and accepted one of his souvenir fans, most of the strangers found it pleasant enough to break their journey for an hour or so, as they sat in the undertaker's cemetery and listened to the band play his idea of the proper sort of music for funerals.

Thus was the funeral of Porter M. Clark, undertaker, former mayor of Galena, important factor in developing the lead and zinc mines of the surrounding country, and organizer of the Old Playmates Association, which is composed of men and women who went to school in the district way back in the Eighties.

Why Children Who Tell Lies Are Likely To Have Successful Careers

HIS eyes dancing with excitement, Eric came dashing into the house one afternoon as fast as his chubby little legs would carry him, and exclaimed: "Mother! Guess what I just saw in the garden? A tiger!"

Eric's mother was perplexed, as are all parents when they feel compelled to find some way to break their children of the distressing habit of lying. She tried to reason with the child, patiently but firmly: "Now, son! You know perfectly well that what you saw in the garden was a cat, not a tiger."

Eric promptly committed the additional sin of contradicting his mother, and then he really was in hot water.

"No, it was a tiger—just like the tiger in the zoo."

"Eric! You must not say 'no' to what mother tells you. If mother says it was a cat—it was a cat."

"Even if it had great big eyes and long teeth and *stripes*, and was nearly as tall as I am?"

That was really too much. The situation was getting out of hand, and it was high time that Eric be taught once *and* for all the evils of lying—high time he had a lesson he would never forget.

"Young *man*, you just wait until your father gets home, and *I'll see* that he attends to you!"

Little Eric Took a Spanking Because His Parents Thought He Was Lying About the Tiger in the Garden—and Then a Man in Uniform Came. "Have You Seen Our Tiger?" He Asked. "It Has Escaped From the Zoo!"

But Eric's father simply could not make the child admit that what he had seen in the garden was a cat. Finally, the father took Eric by the hand and started upstairs, to resort to the final argument — the hairbrush. Certainly a liberal application of the hairbrush ought to impress on Eric the wickedness of lying.

But at that moment the doorbell rang, and when the door was opened, a man in uniform said: "Excuse me, sir, but have you seen anything of an old tiger around here? It escaped from the zoo."

All of this happened the other day in England, and Dr. Jane Hawthorne, prominent British authority on child psychology, cited the case recently in a lecture at the New Health Society School at Malvern—as a solemn warning to parents who feel that they must employ stern, vigorous and even painful methods to cure their children of lying.

Instead of being alarmed when an accomplished little liar crops up in the household, Dr. Hawthorne believes that parents should rejoice. Instead of grabbing up the bedroom slipper—when children gravely recite tall stories—she believes that parents should begin to figure out ways to direct this faculty for fabrication into productive channels. As she sees it, frequently it is a promising symptom.

Some years ago an odd case of this sort was brought to her attention. A gold watch disappeared from a dressing-room table. In the search for it, the household was thrown into turmoil. A five-year-old boy enjoyed this excitement, particularly so since it put a temporary stop to the lessons that had been going on in his nursery. After a bit, when the watch could not be found and the excitement was dying down, he went to his mother, and announced in a tragic and pathetic voice: "I'm very sorry, mummie, but I took the watch." His mother accused him of lying, for having denied earlier that he had touched the watch, and demanded where he had put it. He said he wanted to see if it would run under water, and while experimenting in the bathroom, had dropped it down the drain. He was just about to be punished, when in came a maid with the watch, which she had found in another room. Dr. Hawthorne explained that the child invented his story about dropping the watch down the drain simply to prolong the excitement and postpone his return to irksome lessons in the nursery. With what might be taken for a touch of irony, she added that this young man grew up to become a "very brilliant" lawyer.

She told another story of a little girl, an only child, who insisted one day upon having an extra plate set upon the luncheon table. When the mother, accustomed to the child's peculiar ways, started serving the meal, the little girl cried, "Oh, mother, don't you think we'd better wait? God is coming to have lunch with us." He said He might be a few minutes late, but He ought to be here soon."

Then the little girl ran to the door, and opening it said; "How do you do, God? Won't you come right in? We just this minute sat down at the table, and we're awfully glad you could come."

She insisted upon having "God's plate" served, which so shocked the child's governess that she refused to remain at the table, saying it was "sacrilegious." But the mother dealt with the situation more gently. After going through the meal just as if a guest had been present, she consulted Dr. Hawthorne, who pointed out that there was no cause for alarm. Through vivid imagination, the child was merely compensating for her loneliness. The thing to do was arrange for the child to have playmates, and to find creative activities that would make use of her imagination.

Dr. Hawthorne says that highly imaginative children often fail to distinguish between actual happenings and things which they imagine. As they grow older, they acquire the ability to make the distinction. But when a child relates a fanciful story as a real occurrence, it is a grave mistake to accuse the child of lying, and to inflict punishment.

That might cause a valuable quality of imagination to become blighted or warped. It might develop an unjustified sense of guilt, and cause the imagination to become furtive and preoccupied with a secret and unwholesome dream life. Dr. Hawthorne belives that imagination is a far too precious faculty to be stifled, starved or misdirected.

When a child tells an innocent, and oftentimes charming, little story of some fanciful adventure, and is promptly accused of lying and perhaps punished, it is bound to be bewildered and deeply hurt.

A wise parent will express the proper degree of interest, or even amusement, and will appear to be convinced—just as a child is convinced by a nursery tale. But at the same time, this wise parent will make it clear that the child's fanciful story is only make-believe, just as the nursery stories are not "really true" stories, but only make-believe, too. When dealt with in this way, the child with a vivid imagination will soon see the distinction, and will even be delighted to discover it—and the imagination will be stimulated to invent more and even better stories.

When a child tells a deliberate lie to escape the consequences of misconduct—that is a different matter. But even then, Dr. Hawthorne believes that parents should exercise the greatest caution and restraint in inflicting punishment. Whatever the punishment, it should not be humiliating, painful or terrifying, for if it is, it will only make the child lie all the more readily when again confronted with evidence of misconduct.

A child can easily be made to see the difference between a fanciful story, made up for the fun of it, and a deliberate falsehood, told with an unworthy object—if the parent will only be patient and understanding about teaching this lesson. When a child tells deliberate lies and must be punished, the punishment should be a restriction of privileges. In this way, the child is taught to value the truth, not merely to fear the consequences of lying.

$25 Dress No Bargain For Kepolak, The Eskimo

KEPOLAK was the happiest Eskimo throughout the Land of the Midnight Sun, and with a good reason, too—for where else in the frozen North was there a man so clever and so fortunate? Of all of his tribe, *he* alone was smart enough to discover a way to obtain a white woman for a bride.

Relatives and neighbors, who assembled to help him build a new "igloo," were eager for descriptions of her. A man with an enormous appetite and a great zest for living, Kepolak laughed gleefully—as he stacked hard packed blocks of snow, forming the dome for the splendid hut that was to house his white wife.

What was she like? He had not met her yet, but he had seen her picture. She was as sleek and slender as a young seal, only fairer. Her eyes were blue, like the light that gleams from glacial crevices. Her hair was golden, more golden than the first welcome sunrise after the long Winter night. Her lips were as red as the cranberries that flourish through the brief Summer—but their color would never fade, for he had been told that white women have a charm for keeping their lips always as red as ripe cranberries.

"A sort of amulet, which works magic," he explained. "Like the lung tooth of a werewolf. Two white circumstances are they ever without it. Every white woman has it, for they bring all kinds of luck. When in danger, a white woman presses this charm against her mouth, and immediately the rich color returns, bringing courage with it. It is for this reason that they do not so soon grow old and ugly, as our women do. The man at the trading post told me about it."

An exceptional fellow, this Kepolak. His name showed that—for he had earned that name, when as a youth bent upon demonstrating his ability with a harpoon and proving his manhood, he had killed a "kepolak," or hunch-backed whale. Few experienced hunters, after years of practice, ever accomplished such a feat.

So it was not surprising that he had found a way to get himself a white wife—and all of his tribesmen envied him. Eskimos have a high regard for the customs of white people. Whenever they can they will "rent" their wives to traders, for a dozen candles, a can of oil, or a can of axel grease—so the traders can teach the Eskimo women how to keep house, white fashion. Sometimes, a canny trader—knowing the object—will hold out, and will actually be paid in valuable furs to take the Eskimo woman to live with him for a while.

But that sort of thing was not good enough for Kepolak, the whale killer. Through some mysterious trade of luck, which he would not disclose, he had driven a bargain for a white wife, and she would be coming to him soon, with the next pack train from the South. The price? It was high, all right—a perfect silver fox pelt, for which any trader would pay the equal of $25. But she would be worth it—a woman who knew all of the tricks of the white people, and had an ointment for keeping her lips as red as cranberries. Happy Kepolak! Happy bridegroom!

So the other day, when the time came around for the arrival of the next pack train at the Hudson's Bay Company trading post, not far from the village of Kepolak's tribe, the whale killer was on hand—his broad flat face puckered into a smile. But when he watched the dog team mush up to the post, and saw that there was no woman on the sled—only mail bags, packages and crates—his smile congealed into anxiety.

Too frantic to make himself understood with words, he seized the mail order catalogue on the store counter and pointed to a colored picture, advertising a dress priced at $25. Blue eyes, golden hair, red lips!

The store keeper remembered. Kepolak had been fascinated by the picture, and, asking the price, had paid with a rare silver fox pelt worth $25. Sure, here was his package—but what on earth he wanted with a decollete evening gown in the frozen North, was more than the store keeper could figure out.

Then he realized Kepolak's sad error—and the story provoked laughter, from post to post, all the way down to Montreal. But it was no laughing matter to Kepolak. A $25 silver fox pelt for a scrap of yellow silk, that at best could only be used for lamp wicks!

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Free Of Devil's Island After 27 Years Of Plotting

MONEY and freedom—when a man wants either of them badly enough, he will stop at nothing. No one on earth knows that any better than Vere Goold, who is supposed to be in hiding at present, somewhere in the wilds of Brazil—afraid to show his face again in any civilized community. But however wretched may be his condition now, at least he is free—after spending twenty-seven years in the French penal colony on Devil's Island. He is well over 60, and undoubtedly weakened and worn by privations—but at least he is free.

When Goold was hard pressed for money, he committed an atrocious murder, without a qualm. Assisted by his wife, he snuffed out a life as lightly as other men would snuff out a cigarette, and thought nothing of it. Brutal, calculating, inhuman—he took what he wanted.

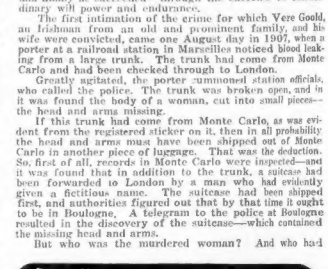
Then, for twenty-seven years he paid for that crime. For twenty-seven years he tried time after time to escape and finally he succeeded—through the exercise of extraordinary will power and endurance.

The first intimation of the crime for which Vere Goold, an Icishman from an old and prominent family, and his wife were convicted, came one August day in 1907, when a porter at a railroad station in Marseilles noticed blood leaking from a large trunk. The trunk had come from Monte Carlo and had been checked through to London.

Greatly agitated, the porter summoned station officials, who called the police. The trunk was broken open, and in it was found the body of a woman, cut into small pieces—the head and arms missing.

If this trunk had come from Monte Carlo, as was evident from the registered sticker on it, then in all probability the head and arms must have been shipped out of Monte Carlo in another piece of luggage. That was the deduction. So, first of all, records in Monte Carlo were inspected—and it was found that in addition to the trunk, a suitcase had been forwarded to London by a man who had evidently given a fictitious name. The suitcase had been shipped first, and authorities figured out that by that time it ought to be in Boulogne. A telegram to the police at Boulogne resulted in the discovery of the suitcase—which contained the missing head and arms.

But who was the murdered woman? And who had shipped the two pieces of luggage from Monte Carlo? In Monte Carlo, at all times, there are men from all parts of the world who might be suspected of having reasons to commit murder, and women—of the kind who might become the victims of such mutilation—are plentiful. At first, the police were baffled—as the police nearly always are—but after a while they began to see things more clearly.



Goold's Little Band, All Young and Vigorous, Grew Faint-Hearted After the First Few Days in the Jungle, and Wanted to Turn Back, but Goold Would Not Stand for It—Not After 27 Years of Planning the Escape.

For some time previous to the discovery of the trunk, a wealthy Swedish woman known as Madame Liwey had been making quite a display of her valuable jewels at the gambling Casino—but no one had seen her for several days.

When the police inquired who were Madame Liwey's friends, they learned that she had been seen quite a bit in the company of Vere Goold and his wife. This was confirmed at the Casino. In fact, someone recalled that the last time Madame Liwey had been to the Casino, tricked out in all of her jewels as usual, she had departed with Mr. and Mrs. Goold.

The man at the railroad station in Monte Carlo who checks baggage sees many faces. People come and go. It is difficult to remember, ordinarily. But a man who comes in the middle of the night, on two occasions, to ship first a suitcase and then a trunk to London—yes. It would not be so difficult to recall the appearance of such a man. So when the man who checks baggage at the station in Monte Carlo saw Vere Goold he said, "Yes. I am positive."

So it was all perfectly clear to the police. Goold and his wife had coveted Madame Liwey's jewels beyond human endurance. They had invited her to their apartment, plied her with drugged wine, and, when she was helpless, Goold killed her by a blow on the head. Afterwards, he and his wife had calmly chopped up the body and packed it in trunk and suitcase.

The trial was scarcely anything more than a routine affair. The French Government graciously offered to lend the Prince of Monaco the state guillotine, but for some reason never fully understood, the Prince declined. He said he preferred to send Goold to the "Island of the Damned," if it was all the same to the French Government.

As in Goold's case, through an arrangement with the French Government, Mrs. Goold was sent for life to a French institution—a special prison for women.

From the day of his arrival at the penal colony, Goold's one thought was escape. On a number of occasions, he worked out plans, but for one reason or another they always went awry. But he never gave up hope. At last, not long ago, he managed to get by the guards, accompanied by a band of picked young convicts. He was the leader—his was the will and the wit that put the desperate enterprise through successfully.

Many men managed to get by the guards on the "Island of the Damned," but few survived the rigors of the surrounding jungle. Goold's little band—all young and vigorous fellows—grew faint-hearted after the first few days and wanted to turn back and give themselves up. But Goold would have none of that. Not after twenty-seven years of hoping. He cheered his men on, when that was the right thing to do, and threatened and bullied them, when he saw that was the most effective way of handling them. He could not go on without them—it would be sure death for one man to attempt such a journey alone. So he would not let them turn back.

Through jungles, alive with insects, reptiles and predatory animals, through the shark-infested waters of the Rio Maroni, he drove his men on—even when they were half crazy from exhaustion, starvation, thirst and sweltering heat.

When a man wants freedom, or money, badly enough, he will stop at nothing.

Dr. Crawford's "Sleight-of-Hand" Wedding

Two Acrobats Were at the Side of the Contortionist Bride, and Although He Is an Eye Doctor and Ought to Have Been Able to See Who Was Being Married, Abruptly He Discovered He Had Been the Groom, So He Says—and It All Is Very, Very Puzzling

Miss Newcombe in a Highland Costume.

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"I married her, guileless lamb I was,
I'd have died for her sweet sake,
But how was I to know
my Angeline
Had been a human snake?

We'd only been married a week or two
When I found her quite a wreck,
Her limbs were tied in a true lovers' knot
At the back of her swan-like-neck."

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Sung by Frank Daniels years ago in "The Wizard of the Nile."

The Pretty Little Wedding Certificate in Which Appears the Eye Doctor's Name as Groom, and at the Upper Left the Doctor, and at Upper Right Mr. Bill Geddis, the Acrobat, Who, Dr. Crawford Says, So Mysteriously Changed Places With Him as Groom.

Helen Maria Newcombe, to Whom, Dr. Crawford Says, He Suddenly Discovered With Intense Surprise, He Had Been Married.

DR. CHARLES D. CRAWFORD, a Chicago optometrist, which means eye doctor, 35 years old and sober, says that he was merely an innocent bystander who came to see his friend Bill Geddis married to Miss Helen Maria Newcombe, 22 years old.

Two days later, the doctor was informed that he, not Geddis, was the bridegroom of record, so he drove right out to Cicero, Ill., to the office of Justice of the Peace Frederick J. Weil and said something like this:

"I find myself credited with a bride, Miss Helen Maria Newcombe, but that asset, as you doubtless remember, belongs to my friend Mr. William Geddis. A mere clerical error, just a mistake in bookkeeping, but I wish you would correct it so Bill's title to the exclusive enjoyment of his lovely wife cannot be challenged. Why, I was 14 feet away when you were commiting the crime—er...I mean doing the marrying."

But the Justice of the Peace shook his head as he replied:

"It is true that there was considerable moving about during the ceremony but it is my impression that you are the man who was married."

Fawn Gray, a dancer, twice drank too much bootleg gin and both times, on recovering consciousness, found herself married to a stranger, but nobody claims that anyone was other than sober in this case. The late Hugh W. Thomasson, St. Louis millionaire, told an astonished court that Grace C. Mahood, a lady 39 years younger than himself, had married him, though sober, without his knowing a thing about it. But Mr. Thomasson was deaf and could not hear the fatal words and he was stubborn about, not wearing glasses.

Dr. Crawford's hearing is excellent and, if anything were wrong with his sight he would immediately write himself a new prescription for glasses that would correct it. How could such an error befall a man in possession of all his faculties?

Well, according to Dr. Crawford, it might have happened like this: They were all acrobats. That is, they all were, except the Justice of the Peace and Dr. Crawford. Geddis and his partner Leon White are a great vaudeville team of acrobats, tumblers and contortionists and so were the bride and her sister. They also have considerable sleight-of-hand talent, too.

You know when tumblers get going on the stage, they move so fast, you can't tell which is which. That is what must have happened in Dr. Crawford's case. The Justice runs a real estate business on the side and right in the midst of the performance, that is the ceremony, Dr. Crawford says somebody with real money came into the outer office to make a payment on a building and loan contract. Any chump can get married any day but here was an honest man who wanted to pay a debt. So, of course, the J. P. ran out and collected the money while this honest citizen still felt that way.

But when the Justice came hurrying back, somebody gave Dr. Crawford a shove "and he bumped right into the Justice."

It also seems that Geddis said something about a happy bridegroom not being entirely responsible. Naturally Dr. Crawford thought Bill was talking about himself for giving him that shove but probably the Justice got the idea it meant him and that explains why he remembers Dr. Crawford's face and has that unfortunate impression that he married him, the only fixed object among all those others who were jumping around like rabbits out of a magician's hat.

What if Bill did sign in Dr. Crawford's place as 'witness' and he signed where Bill should have? That's easy in sleight-of-hand. There was a fellow out in California who got a lot of people to sign a petition to have themselves hanged at sunrise, when they thought it was one demanding that the Government give everybody in the country a free automobile.

Since the bride and everyone else concerned, insists that the marriage is perfectly good and binding, it was suggested that Dr. Crawford might as well be really married as the way he was. Why not try it out? He might like this wife, after he got used to her.

The doctor, however, had a logical answer to that one. No doubt the bride was a nice girl, though he hardly knew her, and he was willing to try anything once including a wife. But he had already tried one, three years ago, and though they were not living together, they were still married. The first Mrs. Crawford might not like his marrying a second time without her consent and the law of the land still has a prejudice against bigamy. Therefore, without any disparagement of the bride's charms, she was not for him.

The unwilling bridegroom had read warnings by the police for people to keep away from Communist parades because the comrades have a trick of shoving the bystanders into conflict with the police much as he says he was pushed into the Justice of the Peace. The doctor now says he is not going to watch any more weddings either. Feeling this way about things, Dr. Crawford and his lawyer, James M. Whiteside, appeared before Justice Philip J. Finnegan's Circuit Court, in Chicago, asking for an annulment on broad grounds, including that it was bigamous, sleight-of-hand, acrobatic, morganatic, and "a fast one slipped over on him."

"Your Honor, it was a sort of a shotgun marriage," began the blushing bride, and went on to deny that there was any sleight-of-hand or acrobatics involved except three years of artful dodging by Dr. Crawford in evading marrying her as, she says, he had promised. Instead of being almost a stranger, so that he would have to put on his spectacles to recognize her, Betty, as she called herself in the vaudeville team of "Betty and Dolly," told the court that she had lived with the doctor as his wife for more than two years and been turned out during the third when she informed him that the stork was coming.

The Popular Acrobatic Team of Mr. Bill Geddis and Mr. and Mrs. Geddis, His Father and Mother. Bill Is in a Comedian Make-Up at the Right.

According to the unclaimed bride she was 18 when she first met the eye-expert and with her sister, Dolly, was doing a dancing, tumbling and contortionist act in vaudeville. She was wearing long curls and talking with a lisp, because she was supposed to pass as a mere slip of a girl of twelve while Dolly was dressed to look even younger.

Resting between engagements in the Chicago home of their mother, some stage friends one night invited Betty to go on a party. "They said I had been a child long enough and it was time for me to have a coming-out party," Betty tells it.

The "coming-out" party, which was more of a "passing-out" party, had its setting in Dr. Crawford's apartment, a four-room suite in a large and fancy building on Lake Shore Drive, in the heart of Chicago's Gold Coast.

There, Betty says, she took her "debut" drink; what it was she doesn't know except that it "felt" good. Then her second, third, fourth and fifth. Things went dark for Betty and she awoke next morning to find her debut party was over.

Instead of waking up in the same bed with her sister, the girl says she was amazed to find herself sharing a room with her host, Dr. Crawford. In consternation at this undue hospitality, she got up to go, but was experiencing a terrible feeling that she didn't know then was a "hangover." Her head reeled and she fell back into bed.

"Don't go just now," she said her host begged her. "Stay a little while."

So Betty stayed two years, waiting to get married, she says.

"'Buddy' made me love him," is the simple explanation she gives for her long stay. "He bought me some very pretty clothes—grown-up clothes—" she adds, "and he introduced me as his wife to everyone that came to call."

About the time that Betty discerned the stork flapping over the horizon, Dr. Crawford apparently did not have to put his glasses on to see the equally well-known wolf heading for his door. The depression had given so many eyes a rest that the eye-correcting business fell off sadly.

"'Buddy' rented a $5-week room for me and he took smaller quarters in the same apartment building," Betty said. "At first he used to visit me regularly, then he quit coming altogether. He didn't even send me money and I nearly starved to death. My mother said I was 'fallen' and couldn't come home.

"Everybody's idea seemed to be to leave me flat, where I had fallen with the stork and the wolf after me. One day I met the acrobats, White and Geddis, on the street. They were resting between engagements, they said. They had been so nice to me when Dolly and I were on the same bill with them in Montreal, I confided my troubles.

"They said they would make the doctor marry me and they went to see him. He promised he would. I didn't know then he had not been divorced from his wife. He told me he was."

Betty's counsel, Miss Pearl Hart, Public Defender of the Women's Court, told the court Dr. Crawford was charging trickery for the simple reason that his present predicament lays him open to bigamy proceedings which offense carries a penitentiary sentence of not less than one year in Illinois and not more than five with an accompanying fine of a maximum $1,000 or a minimum $1.

"The doctor chose what he thought would be the lesser of the two evils and married Betty," the girl's counsel declared. "Before we're through with him he won't be so sure."

Apparently no shotgun was actually used when she and her acrobatic friends called on the doctor. She says they just outlined a scenario for him, with an interesting background of court action and jail. Rather than that, she says the "haggard-at-love" agreed to marry her right away. Also, she swears, he knew his name was on the license, that he stood right beside her during the ceremony and answered the questions put to the bridegroom.

"I bought the license, myself," she told the court. "The doctor wouldn't come with me but he gave me $5 toward the wedding ring. It cost $10. I paid the other five. But he did pay the fee to the Justice of Peace and he took all of us to a 'chop suey joint' in Cicero for the wedding supper.

"He refused to live with me after the ceremony. He didn't seem to care much about me when I became a prospective mother."

Sometime after the ceremony Betty's baby was born dead in the free Cook County Hospital. But she is able to prove, she says, that he twice visited her there announcing himself as her husband.

"Nothing of the kind!" answered Dr. Crawford. "Betty and Billy and Leon White came to my office. Betty announced that she was going to marry Bill and wanted me to drive them to Cicero that night.

"I knew they didn't want me so much as they wanted my automobile. I thought: 'After the wedding they probably will drink a little and come back pretty tight—maybe smash up my car.' Naturally, I didn't want that to happen so I promised to go along. I wish now I had let them smash it.

"The two men called for me and we went to the girl's rooming house and picked her up. They told me the landlady was going along as an attendant; but it seems she had gone out."

"How well did you know Betty?" he was asked.

"Hardly at all. "I wouldn't know her if I met her on the street. I knew Geddis better and I had seen the girl with him several times.

"While the proceedings were going on in the Justice of the Peace's office, I stood near the door about 14 feet away. I heard, 'Do you take this woman to be your wife?' and 'Do you take this man to be your husband?' and a couple of 'I do's.' I didn't hear any names mentioned and the girl put the ring on her own finger, after Geddis slipped it to her. So we all kissed her and that is all I had to do with it.

"On the way back to Chicago I blew the party to dinner in a chop suey joint, but that ought not to be held against me either. Then, still thinking it wasn't my funeral, I let the bride out at her boarding house and the two boys at their hotel. After that I went home and forgot about it for three days.

"Then a fellow who said his name was Jack Klein telephoned me. He said: 'What will you pay to get out of this?' 'Get out of what?' I asked. 'You dumbbell,' he said, 'don't you know what happened the other night?' I said: 'What happened?' 'You got married!' he shouted. Then he gave me the horse-laugh and hung up."

The second Mrs. Dr. Crawford, if she is that, is not unwilling to have her marriage annulled, provided the doctor will make some sort of provision for her support. Even a contortionist cannot wrap herself around a beefsteak and fried potatoes without somebody paying for it.

Dr. Crawford's lawyer, however, decided not to press the plea for annulment and asked dismissal of the case. So he still stands in the role of the bridegroom alone at the door and 14 feet away from the girl he married. And Betty is planning to sue him for divorce.

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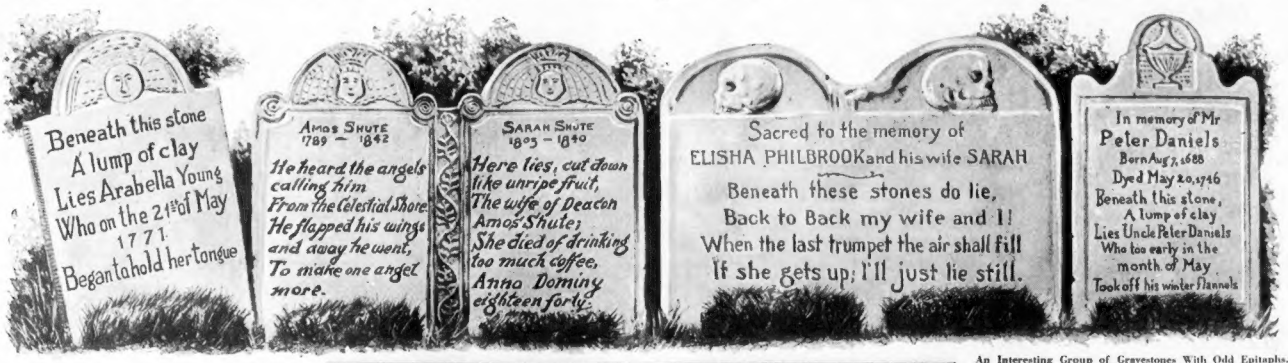
You Don't Believe Such Things Can Be On Tombstones?



An Interesting Group of Gravestones With Odd Epitaphs. Arabella Young's Is at Hatfield, Mass.. Mr. Clancy Says: Amos and Sarah Shute's at Canaan, New Hampshire; the Philbrooks at Sargentville, Maine, and Uncle Peter's at Medway, Mass.

Well, Antiquarian Clancy, Who Has Made a Hobby of Collecting Queer Epitaphs, Says You Can See Them in New England and Offers His Own Pictures to Prove It

A SHORT motion picture was exhibited recently which purported to show curious epitaphs on certain New England and English tombstones. So flippant, frivolous and irreverent were some of these inscriptions that doubts of their authenticity were aroused in the minds of those who saw them, and The American Weekly received many letters asking whether such things had actually been carved in enduring stone above the graves for all to read, and, if so, what on earth was the explanation for such seeming callousness.

The American Weekly is able to reply that the epitaphs are vouched for as authentic, to give the location of the graveyards where they are said to be, and to add others quite as interesting to those pictured.

The photographs were taken by Carl Stearns Clancy, an enterprising antiquarian with a sense of humor. Mr. Clancy was born in New Hampshire and raised in New England as the son of a Congregational minister. As his father rarely kept the same parishioners for more than three years, he had lived in five different towns before he was sent to college. Since the parsonage was next to the church and the church adjoined the village graveyard, rural burial grounds became his playgrounds.

While other lads went off fishing, young Clancy amused himself searching the country churchyards for oddities in ancient epitaphs—old-fashioned verses, quaint lettering and queer spelling. When he grew older he made epitaphs one of his first hobbies and visited the burial grounds of many foreign lands. Now he has probably the greatest collection in the world, all properly documented and authenticated and pictured in thirteen films which he calls "Life's Last Laughs."

Many of the tombstones were flat upon the graves and Mr. Clancy had to photograph them with the camera pointed down at them. By a simple trick of developing he gives the illusion of upright stones in these cases so the epitaphs can be more easily read.

As to how these epitaphs came to be written, he says: "Contrary to the usual belief, our Colonial ancestors were not all of them solemn, long-faced beings who found it painful to smile and spent most of their life preparing for the one to come. That many of them possessed a keen sense of humor, even when speeding departing friends upon their way, and regarded death as an incident of but little permanent importance, is shown by the light-heartedness of their epitaphs—especially if the 'dear departed' had made himself an object of ridicule, like the old town bum, or had been an unpopular member of the family.

"Another thing, in the eighteenth century, since the ability to read and write was often limited, the composing of epitaphs, as well as their carving, was frequently left to the sexton of the church or to the local stone-cutter, with the amazing results still evident. Probably some of them frequently paid off old grudges in this way.

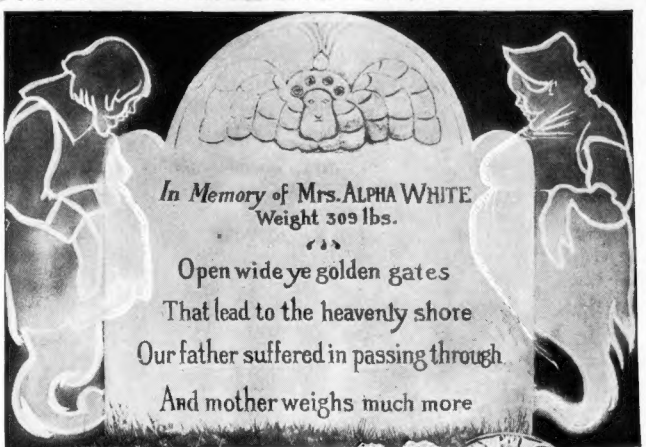
"In the majority of cases, however, the epitaphs in my collection were not thought to be amusing at the time. A hundred years makes many changes in people's points of view. During the past century the humor has gradually crept in. The stones have not changed, except to age, but the public attitude has. Today, quaint epitaphs are doubly humorous because they are unconsciously funny."

It is not likely that the dutiful niece or nephew, who composed the epitaph to Uncle Peter Daniels in 1746, thought it humorous. Uncle Peter lies in a churchyard at Medway, Mass., and over his grave is the legend:

"Beneath this stone, a lump
of clay
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,
Who too early in the month
of May,
Took off his Winter
flannels."

That niece may have struggled for years with Uncle Peter about taking off his flannels too soon. Perhaps she had what has been called a "New England conscience" and felt it was her duty to warn everybody that what had happened to Uncle Peter might happen to them.

Nor could the thrifty widow of Mr. Jared Bates, who died in 1800, have had any sense of humor or she would not have put that matrimonial ad upon his tombstone at Lincoln, Maine. Perhaps there was plenty of room on the gravestone and she found nothing good to say about Jared, so why not boost herself?


In Memory of Mrs. ALPHA WHITE
Weight 309 lbs.
Open wide ye golden gates
That lead to the heavenly shore
Our father suffered in passing through
And mother weighs much more

Probably This Stone, in a Graveyard at Lee, Mass., was Not Intended to Be Irreverent, or Unflattering, Nor Would the Ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. White, Returning to Read It, Find Anything Funny in It.

Thrifty Matrimonial Ad of the Bates Widow in a Churchyard at Lincoln, Maine, and a Bit of Realism Mr. Clancy Reports Finding on a Tombstone at Burlington, Mass.

The tombstones erected by "Miss Ivy Saunders", once of Shutesbury, Mass., to three of her dead husbands and the fourth one, who was living, provides a puzzle for antiquarians. Maybe Ivy was an original "Lucy Stoner," and did not believe in submerging her identity in those of her husbands. At any rate it appears that she clung to her maiden name, unless, of course, the "Miss" was an error of the stone-cutter.

Mr. Stevens, of Hollis, New Hampshire, put on his wife's stone, late in the 1700's, this:

"Here lies Cynthia, Stevens' wife,
She lived six years in calms and strife.
Death came at last and set her free,
I was glad and so was she."

Without a doubt Mr. Stevens did not mean the last line to sound as it does today.

But New England does not have a monopoly of these peculiar epitaphs, Skaneateles, New York, is rich with them. For example:

"Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith
'Till neath the sod it laid her.
She was a worthy Methodist
And served as a crusader."

Another from the same graveyard:

"Underneath this pile of stones
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.
Her name was Lord, it was not Jones,
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones."

And on a tombstone near Williamsport, Pa., is this brief bit of reporting:

"Sacred to the memory of
Henry Harris.
Born June 27th, 1821, of Henry Harris and Jane, his wife.
Died on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in his boweis.
Peaceable and quiet, a friend to his father and mother, and respected by all who knew him, and went to the world where horses do not kick, where sorrow and weeping is no more."

Two more from Hollis, New Hampshire:

"Here lies our young and blooming daughter—
Murdered by the cruel and relentless Henry.
When coming home from school he met her,
And with a six self-shooter, shot her."

"Here the old man lies,
No one laughs and no one cries.
Where he's gone or how he fares,
No one knows and no one cares.
But his brother, James, and his wife, Emeline,
They were his friends all the time."

Truly remarkable detail as to cause of death is shown in many epitaphs. There is this one from Plymouth, Mass.:

"Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on.
Trying his corns one day to mow off,
His razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe, or, rather, what it grew to,
An inflimation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas! to mortifying
And was the cause of Richard's dying:

In a churchyard at Bayfield, Miss.:

"Stranger pause my tale attend,
And learn the cause of Hannah's end.
Across the world the wind did blow,
She ketched a cold that laid her low.
We shed a lot of tears 'tis true,
But life is short—aged 82."

And brief, but to the point, is this one from Portland, Maine:

"The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhoea."

Burlington, Vermont, has this one:

"Beneath this stone our baby lays,
He neither crys or hollers.
He lived just one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars."

Again, Hollis, New Hampshire, offers this:

"Our little Jacob
Has been taken away from this Earthly Garden to
Bloom in a Superior Flower-pot Above."

There is an ingenious epitaph on a tombstone in Hadley Churchyard, England. It runs:

The charnal mounted on the w-
Sets to be seen in funer-
A matron plain, domestic-
In care and pain continu-
Not slow, not gay, nor prodig-
Yet neighborly, and hospit-
Her children seven yet living
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c-
To rest her body natur-
In hopes to rise spiritu-
} ALL

In Kilmurry Churchyard, Ireland, a singularly truthful husband inscribed this on his wife's headstone:

"This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record—
For they're well known to all the town—
But it was *raised* to keep *her down.*"

And it seems as though the following from Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, England, must have been written in sinful pride by some one:

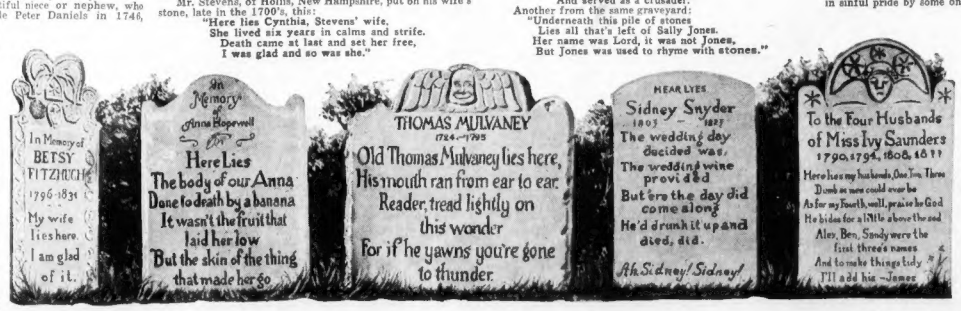
"Here lies
Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page,
Bart.
She departed this life
March 4th, 1728,
in the 56th year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped
66 times. Had taken away
240 gallons of water, without
even repining at her case, or
even fearing the operation."

But then, Winslow, Maine, shows just as much sinful pride with this:

"Here Betsy Brown her body lies,
Her soul is flying to the skies.
While here on earth she oft-times spun
Six hundred skeins from sun to sun,
And wove one day, her daughter begins,
Two hundred pounds of carpet rags."

While this error of the stone-cutter in substituting a small letter for a capital on an tombstone from Otsego County, N. Y., would seem as good to end with as any:

"John burns."



Another Group of Mr. Clancy's Photographs (Left to Right) From Brookfield, Conn., Enosburg, Vt., Middlefield, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Shutesbury, Mass.—But Why Ivy Saunders Clung to Her Maiden Name, Although Married Four Times, the Antiquarian Has No Explanation. (Globe Photos, N. Y.)

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The Luckiest and Unluckiest Woman in the World

Like Cinderella, the Beautiful Parisian Manne-quin's Romance Brought Her Marriage, Wealth, Children and Happiness

A Bullet Ended the Career of France's Greatest Swindler and Plunged His Wife From Luxury Into Poverty and Prison

From Mansions at Cannes, Monte Carlo and Paris, Like the One Pictured Above, to a Barred Prison Cell Has Been the Fate of the Luckiest and Unluckiest Woman in the World.

Above—Mme. Alexandre Stavisky, Surrounded by Her Jewels and Wearing Furs Worth a Small Fortune, at a Time When Her Beauty and Her Clothes Made Her One of the Best-Known Women in Europe.

"La Petite Roquette"—the Grim Paris Prison Where Mme. Stavisky Is Held.

Stavisky at the Height of His Criminal Career, When He Was Worth Millions, Shown on the Beach at Deauville With One of His Two Children.

Mme. Stavisky as She Looks Today, a Pitiful, Careworn and Broken Woman, Who Has Spent Months in Prison Away From Her Children—All the Wealth That Was Once Hers Gone.

PARIS, Nov. 23.

IN THE opinion of many people Madame Arlette Simon Stavisky was the most fortunate, and is the most unfortunate woman in the world.

Madame Stavisky is the widow of the dead swindler, Serge Alexandre Stavisky, whose misdeeds have turned France upside down. It is exactly that which makes her position so pitiful. After eight months of suspicion, investigation and arrest, there is no proof that Arlette had any guilty knowledge of her husband's misdeeds, but she is still under arrest, and so horrified is France by the Stavisky scandal that there is no reason to expect she will ever be forgiven or allowed to lead a normal life.

Arlette was the daughter of a farmer and became a mannequin in a great Parisian department store and then in the shop of a famous dressmaker. That has always been the highest ideal of the Parisian working girl.

Moreover, she was the prettiest and most chic mannequin in Paris, and that is the crowning distinction for a girl of her class, and one to which the rest of the world pays homage. No girl could wear a 1,000-franc hat or a 10-franc beret with more style than she.

And when she had attained these heights of glory, she married a millionaire, which is another ideal the mannequin is taught to hope for.

"Be a smart girl and you may marry a millionaire," the spirit of Paris is always whispering to her.

She did not inquire too closely into his character or history. She had not been to college and she did not have parents of high social position who could estimate the fortune of a suitor.

But she had some common sense methods of judging that he was rich. She had had a practical education in a great department store. She knew the difference between solid gold and gold-filled articles and she could tell diamonds and pearls when she saw them. She knew that the presents he gave her were valuable.

She heard that he was a financier, which seemed all right, and she knew that he played the races and gambled at Monte Carlo, two things that are done by gentlemen of the most unimpeachable position. Moreover he was known everywhere as "Handsome Alex," and that counted for much.

Of course, she married this man when she had the chance and she made an excellent wife, according to the standards of the gay set. She became the best-dressed woman in society and she was not inordinately extravagant. She did not spend an appreciable share of his winnings—he swindled the French public out of $40,000,000. In fact, she was surprisingly economical.

She bore him two children and they were the best-looking, smartest and best dressed children in Paris.

And what is poor little Arlette's reward for accomplishing all this? To be held in prison on indefinite charges, to be denounced all over the country as a vampire and a blood-sucker, corrupting the Government of France, and impoverishing the people, to find herself ruined financially and socially, and her future destroyed—just a poor little butterfly broken on the wheel.

Not the least part of her tragedy is that she has lost her beauty and charm during this brief period of misery. From a young, slender, beautiful woman, exquisitely dressed, manicured and otherwise cared for she has become heavy-faced, dutterdy and wearing a hunted look, which is not surprising.

Arlette bravely preserved her good looks and her gayety during many months when Stavisky's fortunes were failing, but after his death and her arrest she became hopeless. With the whole country denouncing her and the police trying to make her a scapegoat for their own errors, it would be unreasonable to expect her to have much hope.

Arlette's rise in the world was rapid from the time she became a model for the Paris dressmaker, Madame Coco Chanel, one of the modern couturieres who combine business with social life. Duchesses are pleased to know this amusing and original woman, and dukes also.

Chanel's mannequins share to some extent in her social popularity, and so it happened that Arlette was invited to parties in the cosmopolitan society of Paris, where democracy, wealth and enterprising crooks rub elbows.

Almost immediately she met Serge Alexandre Stavisky, the dashing young Russian, brilliant financier, theatrical producer, night club proprietor, gambler and political wirepuller.

They fell in love and were married right away. Stavisky installed his wife in a beautiful apartment in Paris and they rented villas in all the fashionable resorts one after another—Cannes, Biarritz, Deauville, and so on.

Arlette became the mother of two children without delay and proved herself a devoted mother, so much so that she was the subject of much humor in fashionable circles.

Stavisky began to shower expensive jewels on his beautiful wife. It was a good investment for him. When the French Cabinet Ministers, police prefects and other politicians and officials, whom he was in the habit of cultivating, met the charming Madame Stavisky, there was nothing they would not do for her husband.

In France it is usually an excuse that a man fell under the influence of a beautiful woman, and juries have even excused murder on this account. The French officials felt positively virtuous when they gave concessions to the husband of such a woman as Madame Stavisky. But here it must be remembered that nobody has offered any evidence that Arlette was anything but a faithful wife.

Stavisky's early married life was an era of prosperity. The bonds of his Municipal Pawnshop of Bayonne and other swindling enterprises went like wildfire. Before this he had had his ups and downs, and unknown to his wife, had seen the inside of several jails. How could a loving wife associate jail with such a splendid creature?

However, business began to go badly with Stavisky. His fraudulent companies could not pay dividends and interest except out of new subscriptions and when these were lacking, the companies went on the rocks. The politicians who had shared his wealth when he was prosperous, began to desert him and allow justice to take its course.

It was then apparent that Stavisky's generosity to his wife in the matter of jewels had been a prudent extravagance. He admitted to her that he needed money. One jewel went. And then another. And then another.

Arlette gave up everything he asked without a murmur, although she might have stayed rich by just holding on to her jewels. And here it must be remembered that many Parisian mannequins have shown great financial cunning when their love affairs were turning badly.

Faithful Arlette watched her husband grow nervous and haggard, sign checks by the hundred and despatch many of them to foreign cities. She had no conception of his financial entanglements. She could not know, for he hardly knew himself. But she always gave him her sympathy and her jewels.

Then one day something dreadful happened. Stavisky had told her he was going away on business. He was found dead—shot—at a lonely Alpine retreat.

The police said he shot himself. The opponents of the Government declared that the police had shot him in order to prevent him from telling the story of his relations with high officials.

France was in a ferment. Armed mobs, including many soldiers, dissatisfied with the reduction of their allowances, attacked the Government offices in Paris. The police fired on them, wounding hundreds and killing many. The rioting went on for days, and many thought there was going to be a complete change of government — either Fascist or Bolshevik.

A new government had to be formed, with a slightly Fascist tendency, and every official who had had associations with Stavisky was thrown overboard.

During all this storm little Arlette tried to keep a home together and take care of her children.

And then Arlette was arrested for hiding the fatal check stubs. She had only seen her husband making out checks to names that meant nothing to her.

She has been torn away from her children, who mean everything to her. They have been kept alive by the savings of their old nurse.

Her friends, jewels, apartment gone, Arlette lies in La Petite Roquette Prison, a nerve-torn, haggard, aging woman with hardly a trace of her former beauty.

After she was arrested she was not even allowed to see her children, on the pretext that some secret message might be conveyed to her in their clothing. But at last she has been permitted to see them, under the eye of a jailer. Her affection and thoughtfulness did not weaken in her greatest distress. She has told her children that their father is in the United States and that they may enjoy the delightful experience of visiting him there.

There are experiences in Arlette's past that would not be a credit to a New England school teacher. When working at the department store she was arrested for being an accessory in a burglary. She was discharged, but the episode is being used against her now.

Another unfortunate episode occurred just before the birth of her second child. The Staviskys were giving a great dinner party at Marly-le-Roi, a fashionable suburb of Paris, once a favorite hunting ground of Louis XV, where they had a chateau.

Just as the guests were feeling mellow after a delightful dinner, the police walked in and arrested Madame Stavisky as a receiver of stolen goods. The police were taken aback when they saw a Cabinet Officer at the party, but they had to proceed. It was charged that Stavisky had been stealing and had handed some of the money over to Arlette.

Here again there was no evidence to show that Arlette knew what he had been doing. Of course he had to give some money to his wife. It is not likely that a wife would have been arrested in America for receiving money under such circumstances.

Since she was on the point of becoming a mother she was not imprisoned at the time but kept under surveillance in a private hospital. Eventually the charges against her were dropped.

Stavisky took advantage of the interest felt in his wife to escape from custody. Most French citizens now believe that the police were looking the other way.

He was caught after some months but released again through political influence. His case was postponed nineteen times in eight years. As he was befriended by Paul Boncour, France's Minister of Foreign Affairs, noted as an exponent of morality in politics, why should his wife have thought him guilty? Anatole de Monzie, Minister of Education, was another Cabinet officer who visited the couple. George Bonnet, Minister of Justice, enjoyed the Stavisky hospitality, and that put the finishing touch on "Handsome Alex's" good reputattion.

Since the police have become terrified by the political upheaval caused by the Stavisky affair they have been interrogating Madame Stavisky sharply, but always with the thought that what she said might reflect on themselves or men higher up.

There were some strong reasons for holding Madame Stavisky, but none of them legal and the length of time she has been held would be impossible in Anglo-Saxon countries. In the first place it was supposed that Stavisky had given her 10,000,000 francs in jewels which he had taken back from her when he got into difficulties and that he had not disposed of these, but was keeping them in a safe place where he could get them when he needed them.

As the enemies of the police and high officials were accusing them of receiving some of this loot, the new officers were very anxious to find it. But about 2,000,000 francs of this jewelry has now been recovered in London and it is probable that this is all Stavisky had hidden.

In the second place, it was charged that Arlette has given Stavisky sign 1,200 checks, that she knew the persons they were intended for and she was probably holding the stubs. Certainly she was a remarkable mannequin if she could remember the names on 1,200 checks.

But the stubs have now been found. They were in the possession of Stavisky's secretary, Romagnino.

The crowning injustice seems to be that Arlette may be kept in prison a year or two before being brought to trial, or released. She has the consolation of being confined in a prison on which the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," are carved in large letters.

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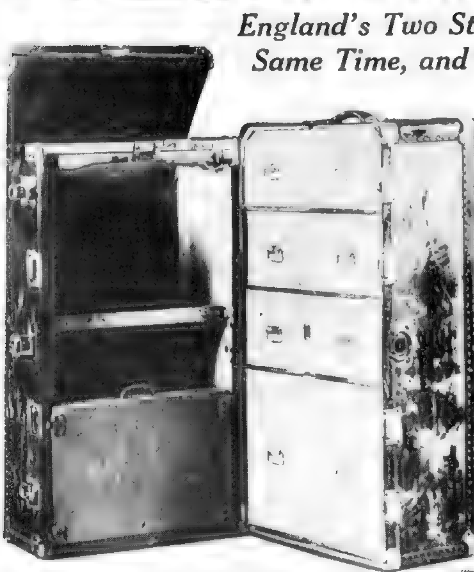
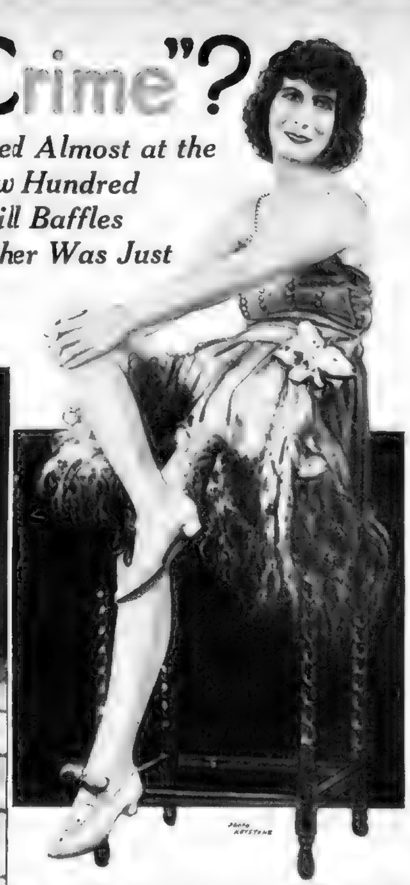
At Last The "Perfect Crime"?

England's Two Strange Trunk Murders Occurred Almost at the Same Time, and the Bodies Were Found a Few Hundred Yards Apart, but One Still Baffles Scotland Yard, While the Other Was Just a Bungling Murder, Easily Solved



The Mystery Trunk Belonging to Agnes Tufverson, Missing New York Attorney, Which Turned Up in Possession of Mme. Ferrand, Girl Friend of Miss Tufverson's Newly-Married Husband. This Trunk Contained Clothes, but the Police of the United States and Europe Are Searching for Another Trunk Which May Hold a More Gruesome Cargo.

Detectives Carrying the Trunk Containing the Body of Mrs. Hoge From Her Home After the Discovery of the Murder.



Violette Kaye, the Dancer, Whose Romance With the "Singing Waiter," English Detectives Say, Led to Her Death, Her Body Being Found in a Battered Trunk at a Brighton Rooming House.

A Trunk Murder Victim and Another Woman Whom Police Believe May Have Met the Same Fate. The Picture at the Top Shows Mrs. Mary Brogan Hoge, Whose Body Was Found in Washington, D. C., While the Picture Below Is That of the Strangely Missing Agnes Tufverson.

Anthony Juan Mancini, the "Singing and Dancing Waiter," Who Has Been Charged by Scotland Yard With the Bungling Murder of His Sweetheart, Violette Kaye.

LONDON, No. [illegible]

TWO trunks, each containing the body of a woman, were found within a few weeks and within a few hundred feet of each other at Brighton, [illegible] but peaceful watering resort on the South Shore.

[illegible] Scotland Yard, after [illegible] 0,000 and exhausting [illegible] admitted that no progress [illegible] had been made [illegible] be faced with a "perfect crime."

Hard [illegible] had the great detective organization [illegible] the rare admission [illegible] staggered by the [illegible] woman, [illegible] trunk, [illegible] Brighton, and [illegible] the first was found. [illegible] itself able to [illegible] detection.

[illegible] Trunk No. 2 [illegible] Violette Kaye [illegible] Tony Mancini [illegible] year old, known as the [illegible]. He [illegible] Scotland Yard [illegible] up a "perfect [illegible] with little trouble [illegible] compared with the $ 0,000 [illegible] on "Trunk No. 1."

[illegible] Trunk No. 2 [illegible] Therefore, [illegible] both [illegible] cunning not [illegible]

"Trunk No. 1" was deposited in the busiest place in Brighton, the railroad baggage room, [illegible] at the very busiest hour of [illegible]. Since the one thought [illegible] murderer not to be seen doing anything that might connect [illegible] crime, it might appear [illegible] to select a time and [illegible] when the most people would [illegible]. In reality it was good [illegible]. If he had brought the trunk [illegible] at an hour when the [illegible] handlers had leisure, they would have had time to notice the appearance of the person asking them to [illegible] heavy, new, black trunk.

As it was, the man with the murder trunk was one of a crowd of impatient, nervous men and women who made the baggage man too busy to notice anyone. The crowd itself saw him only as a rival who must receive attention. So he succeeded in storing his dreadful treasure and getting away without leaving the slightest impression on anyone's memory.

The very next day, at the busiest hour, someone left a suitcase at King's Cross Station, London, and again departed leaving no more picture on anyone's memory than if he had been an invisible man.

On Saturday, June 17, an unpleasant odor in the baggage room was traced to the trunk, the police were called and, breaking it open, found the decomposed, naked torso of a woman, wrapped in cotton batting and heavy brown paper. The head and limbs were missing.

Less than two days later a similar odor attracted attention to the King's Cross suitcase, which proved to contain [illegible] legs [illegible] dismembered with a certain amount of [illegible] that [illegible] better. No [illegible] has yet been found of the head and arms. [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] have been printed. Even if [illegible], they are so [illegible] exhibited that someone [illegible] able to recognize them. [illegible] even [illegible] their owner, so that it is doubtful if a person could be certain of recognizing his own feet, unless they bore some peculiarity in the way of [illegible] malformation. This woman had nothing of the kind.

There were no moles, operation scars or other blemishes on the torso and legs and this made the absence of head and arms an irreparable blow to Scotland Yard. The careful criminal had left no finger-prints, no clothing. The cotton batting might have been bought in any of a thousand English stores. So might the paper but for two things. It revealed rubs and creases, proving that it had been used for some previous purpose.

On that paper was also found, written in blue pencil, the last syllable of a word ending in "ford." Many thousand people and perhaps fifty cities, towns and hamlets have names ending that way. Of course, the trunk manufacturer was questioned, but his records showed that it was one of the cheapest and most widely stocked trunks in the British Isles. The paper had been used to wrap the trunk at the factory and the writing was that of a shipping clerk, which was as far as that shred of a clue led the detectives.

The woman was young, probably not over thirty, well-nourished, well-formed and seemed to have led a rather easy life. Because of its weight, the trunk must have been brought on some sort of conveyance and have been carried in by two men, or the one man's difficulty would have been noticed. Both must have known of the crime because an innocent helper would surely have come forward during the blast of newspaper publicity in which Scotland Yard asked the public to help. The public did try, sending in nearly half a million suggestions, all in vain.

The autopsy failed even to show how the woman had died. Yet the absence of this clue may prove in the end to be one. There is the suggestion of a similarity to "Trunk No. 2" because in that bungling case the fatal injury was a crushing blow on the back of the head. There is a strong probability that the victim in "No. 1" was also killed by a wound on that missing part.

On July 15 a Brighton landlord knocked on the door of a three-room basement apartment, determined at last to make his tenant explain why she didn't pay her rent. Receiving no answer he unlocked the door, but had only taken one step inside when an overpowering odor drove him in search of the police. The Brighton police had thought of little but that first trunk murder for the last month, and seeing a big, black trunk tied with rope standing beside the fireplace went at it. At the coroner's inquest Police Sergeant Scales testified:

"I cut the cord and opened the lid and discovered a black coat, a pair of lady's shoes and other garments. On lifting these I exposed the very decomposed arm and head of a female."

Lifting out more clothing revealed the entire body, undismembered and unmutilated except that the back of the head had been beaten in by a blunt instrument. The autopsy showed that the woman had been killed by that blow on the head several weeks before the killing of the still-unknown woman in the first found trunk. The basement trunk victim had taken a large but not fatal dose of morphine before death.

In choosing the quiet and privacy of a basement, this killer had managed to postpone the discovery of the body much longer than happened with the trunk left in the baggage room. But in every other detail the basement job showed the clumsy hand of an unimaginative blunderer.

To the gloomy landlord, getting herself murdered was only another way for a tenant to stick him for the rent, and he knew that whatever happened, nobody would reimburse him for his loss. However, he was able to identify the body as that of his tenant, Mrs. Violette Watson, of London. Violette Watson was one of many names used by Violette Kaye, 42 years old, who until recent years had been a well-known toe dancer.

This quick identification, Scotland Yard says, made the rest of their work easy. Her theatrical friends were able to tell when she had last been seen and who her boy friend at that time had been. This was a 26-year-old man, gifted with some sort of fascination that seems irresistible to most women. He went under many names, from Tony Mancini, used when he posed as an Italian, to Jack Notyre, which may have been his real name, because he really is an Englishman.

Tony is known as the dancing waiter, doing more dancing than waiting, but the detectives say that his chief income was not from either, but wheedled or swindled out of women whom he victimized by various tricks and devices.

Scotland Yard operatives raided his room and carried away much of its contents as evidence against him. At Mancini's indictment they showed a shirt and a suit of clothes from which it was said spots of human blood had been partly cleansed. They exhibited a dagger and hammer that had been passed through fire, supposedly to remove blood stains. A wisp of material with no stain was also introduced because it was the same as some found in the trunk.

The motive for the murder was not disclosed unless it was connected with Violette's expectancy of motherhood, which the autopsy exposed. The detectives said that they have revealed only a small part of their evidence, but whether Tony is convicted or not, nobody would deny that "Trunk No. 2" was far from a perfect crime.

Mancini has not been charged with the "No. 1" murder, and Scotland Yard operatives have said that he lacks the intelligence to have planned such a diabolically perfect piece of work. If so how can they see any connection between such a perfect and such a wretched specimen of work? The theory is this:

Violette Kaye was murdered first, and if the authorities are correct in saying that Mancini did it, then it was probably known to several persons in the underworld on the fringe of which the dancing waiter belonged. Talkative and not over intelligent, he would be almost certain to ask for advice from such "big shots" as he knew. These would not squeal to the police, but the Yard thinks the story of the crude murder got to the ears of a different type of criminal, the rare kind who plans every step and detail of a crime so correctly that every possible danger seems to be eliminated.

Such a man would laugh at the childish work of Violette Kaye's murderer. Then suppose having heard and laughed it came his turn to get rid of a woman without trace. He would, of course, avoid all the blunders in Violette's case and try to do what Scotland Yard admits he actually did achieve, a perfect crime.

The Yard suspects that this criminal genius was not quite content with a crime that was perfect because it was clueless. Knowing that sooner or later the Kaye murder would be discovered and having been bungled, would be quickly solved, why not place the second woman's body, with all identification marks removed, as close as possible to the first? Then Violette's murderer, though convicted and hanged only for the job he really did, would also be blamed for the other which would be set down as a closed incident. That would be a perfect crime indeed.

For some reason the murderer of the headless, armless unknown did not think it safe to get into the murder flat and place his trunk with the other on the hearth. Even so some of the sleuths claim that they would not have been fooled into thinking two such different samples could have been the work of the same person.

England has had quite a few trunk murders, all cleared up until the present mystery. America as well as most of all Europe is trying to solve the mysterious disappearance of Agnes Colonia Tufverson, soon after her marriage to Capt. Ivan Poderjay, who sat alone in his stateroom with a big square trunk all the way across the Atlantic. That trunk later vanished and the baggage rooms of the world have been searched for it in vain.

A trunk is so frequently used in murders because most every household has at least one and it is about the only thing big enough to hold a body which can be taken out without arousing curiosity. Jacob Hoge, baggage manager for the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia, came home one day last Summer and called in vain for Mary Brogan Hoge, his pretty, young second wife whom he had married less than a year before. Upstairs he found his oldest son, Joe Hoge, sitting on a large trunk. Joe said he had no idea where his stepmother had gone but agreed to help hunt.

After each hunt, his father noticed that the son lost no time in hopping back on that same trunk. The next time the father beat him to it, opened the trunk and found his wife's hacked and bleeding body. The police caught Joe, and got an alleged confession from him that he stabbed Mrs. Hoge during a quarrel, but pending his trial, he has repudiated the confession. Anyway, Mrs. Hoge's body had only been in the trunk about two hours, probably a record for quick discovery.

Scotland Yard has withdrawn its men from the case which they have labeled "Trunk Murder No. 1." It has defied the best brains of one of the finest crime detection bureaus the world has ever known. It is apparently "the perfect crime." But veteran detectives say there is no such thing as a perfect crime. "Murder will out" is an ancient adage and the detectives point out records of murders which were solved 15 and 20 years after their occurrence through some blundering statement or action by the murderer, or through the odd workings of that agency that man has named "conscience."

Some day, detectives believe, the killer who hacked up the body of the unknown woman victim of Murder No. 1 and jammed it into the battered trunk will make a mistake. It will, probably, be a trivial mistake—some foolish statement or some strange action. It is the trivial things that lead to the gallows, experience has shown. But for the present Trunk Murder No. 1 is England's "perfect crime."

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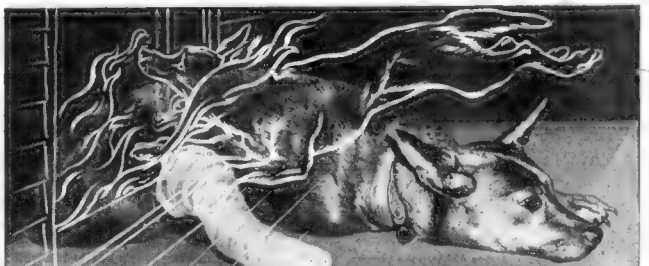
How The Dog Heroes Won Their Honor Medals

Outstanding Examples of Intelligence, Loyalty and Heroism for Which Thirteen Pups, Mostly of Mixed Ancestry, Get Their Rewards

"Whacky," Who, Failing to Make Herself Understood by Barking, Tugged at Her Master's Trouser Leg Until He Went to a Window, and There Saw a Workman Dangling From a Rope by One Hand, Fifteen Stories Above the Pavement.

"Brownie," Whose Mistress, When Confronted by Three Hold-Up Men, Said, "Sog Meg!" Which in Hungarian Means "Sick 'em!" A Bullet Struck the Dog in the Leg. Breaking It, but Brownie Charged Again and Frightened Off the Thugs. Then on His Three Good Legs He Chased Them Down the Street Until He Collapsed.

"Chuck," Who Guided Searchers to a Spot in a Swamp Where a Berry Picker Was Buried Up to His Neck in Mud. The Man Had Been Mired for Twenty-one Hours. Chuck Tracked Him for Seven Hours Over a Circuitous Route Through Woods, Meadows and Swampland.



"Chingy," Who Saved Forty Persons From Fire, Found Her Own Family Was Not Out, and Dashed Up the Fire Escape and Into the Flames in a Vain Attempt to Rescue Them.

At the semi-annual animal hero ceremonies, the New York Anti-Vivisection Society awarded silver medals inscribed "Always True-Hearted" to thirteen dogs the other day for acts of heroism or demonstrations of unusual intelligence.

One of the dogs saved forty persons from being burned to death, and another caused twenty-two families to escape from fumes coming from a broken automatic refrigerator. Buried up to his neck in a swamp, a berry-picker was rescued by one of the dogs, and the insistence of another sent aid—in the nick of time—to a workman who was dangling from a rope fifteen stories above the ground, after a scaffold had fallen. Two stopped hold-ups, one drove away a burglar, and another prevented its master from being bitten by a dog twice its size.

About 4 o'clock one morning fire broke out in the basement of a five-story tenement house in New York's lower East Side. Everyone in the building was sleeping, and probably would have kept on sleeping until it was too late to escape, if "Chingy," one of the honor roll dogs—had not smelled smoke and given the alarm by barking.

Chingy is part Chow and part terrier, and she was owned at that time by the Samuel Spellman family, which occupied a second floor apartment. After arousing Mr. and Mrs. Spellman and their three children, Chingy leaned through a window to the fire escape, evidently expecting her owners to follow her.

But before the Spellmans could reach the fire escape, flames broke through from below, cutting off the second floor exits. They ran upstairs, but were overcome in the third floor hall, where their bodies were later found. Mrs. Giovanna Terenella and two of her children were also burned to death in that fire. But the forty other tenants were aroused by Chingy's barking, and either got down the fire escape or were taken down ladders by firemen.

By the time Chingy reached the street, flames were shooting up from the roof of the tenement. Several persons saw her dashing around, obviously looking for her owners. Then she ran back up the fire escape, and was seen trying to scramble through a window into the burning building. So it was concluded that in attempting to return to her owners, to lead them to an exit, she had perished—and it was decided that when her body was found she should be buried with the honors of a hero.

That afternoon, however, a boy appeared at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals at 350 Lafayette street carrying a dog he had found in the street. The dog had a broken leg and was severely burned. After the fracture had been set and the burns dressed, hospital authorities noticed the dog was wearing a locked collar with a license tag, and by tracing the number they learned that their patient was Chingy. No one knows how Chingy escaped, but apparently she found that it was impossible to get back to her owners, and in jumping to save her own life, broke her leg.

While Chingy was in the hospital, nine-year-old Vincent Todd, 598 Pacific street, Brooklyn, heard about her heroism and that all of the members of the family that had owned her had lost their lives in the fire. So he asked authorities to let him give her a home, and when she recovered he became his dog. Through kindness Vincent has done all that he can to make her forget her frightful experience, and to make up to her for her loss of her first "family." Under his care she is spry and happy most of the time—and a favorite in the neighborhood. But occasionally, she slips away into a corner and lies with her head on her paws. When this does that, Vincent and his friends do not disturb her for they believe that she is thinking of the Spellman children who used to play with her, and who were burned to death in that tenement fire.

Last August Steve Lacey, of Union City, New Jersey, unemployed father of five children, set to earn a little money picking huckleberries in the Secaucus swamp. When he had not returned at nightfall, a search was started, but no trace of him could be found. Police and friends had been hunting for Lacey all night, and had almost given up hope of finding him alive, when someone remembered that Max Hempele, 500 Central Avenue, New Jersey, had a dog that was supposed to be good at tracking people.

Chuck's grotesque and shaggy appearance was not reassuring, and when Max brought him out to join the hunt, somebody laughed and said:

"What kind of a dog is he, anyway?"

Max smiled amiably and confidently:

"He's a mountain Airedale. But you give me an old shoe of the fellow that's lost and Chuck will find him. You see."

Chuck sniffed the shoe, and trotted aimlessly about the Lacey yard for a few minutes. Then he gave a short yip and wagged his tail—looking toward Max, with a questioning expression on his humorous dog countenance.

"Go ahead," Max said. "You got 'em, Chuck."

At first Chuck took his time, but presently he speeded up and the searchers lost sight of him. But every now and then they would hear him give a long, mournful bark, which Max explained was Chuck's way of saying he was still on the trail. For seven hours Chuck followed the scent over a circuitous route that took him through meadows, woods and on into the perilous marshes of the Secaucus "jungle."

When his bark had not been heard for some time, one of the searchers began to grumble and said:

"Now we not only got a man lost in the swamp but a dog as well."

But Max shook his head, and presently a piece of high-pitched fun-carrying howls came from the heart of the swamp. The howls continued at intervals until the searchers located Chuck, who was in a patch of bulrushes taller than a man. Nearby, mired up in the muck to his neck was Lacey—badly bitten by mosquitoes and almost unconscious. He had been there for twenty-nine hours, and after searchers had dug him out he fainted.

Later, while recovering in a hospital, he explained that he had lost his footing and slipped into the mud. His struggles to free himself only caused him to sink deeper and deeper into the mire. In another hour or so he would have been buried entirely, and probably his body never would have been found. Because of his financial condition, Lacey could only give his sincere thanks to the dog that had saved his life. But he did that, over and over.

"He is one fine dog," Lacey said, "and believe me, nothing is too good for him."

John Kvilesz and his family, 1287 Riverview Place, North Bergen, New Jersey, feel the same way about their dog, "Brownie," who is no particular kind of dog—but a good one, and a brave one, just the same. Kvilesz, a Hungarian, runs a cafe patronized mainly by his compatriots, and as a convenience to them, he cashes their checks on pay day. Thus it was known that he often had as much as $1,000 in his cash register—and about noon one day three bandits entered his cafe with guns in their hands.

Two of the bandits turned their guns on the boss, near the door, and made him stick up his hands. The third started around the counter, toward the till. Mrs. Kvilesz and her two daughters, Rose and Margaret, were sitting at a table about to begin lunch, and Brownie was dozing in a corner.

Brownie heard the bandits say "Stick 'em up!" and opened his eyes. But he does not understand English. Outside of the canine tongue, his only language is Hungarian. So he did not realize what was going on until Rose whispered, "Sog meg!" which is Hungarian for "Sick 'em!"

That was enough for Brownie. He leaped and barked. One bandit fired and missed, but the other took better aim, and hit the dog in the leg, breaking the bone. The impact of the bullet sent Brownie head over heels, but he was not licked. Up with a snarl, he sprang at the bandits by the door, snapping at them so savagely they became frightened and fled. Seeing his companions had deserted him, the man behind the counter, who was reaching toward the till, turned also and ran, without getting any money. On his three good legs, Brownie chased the men down the street until he collapsed. Afterwards he spent a month in a dog hospital, but he did not mind that, for the Kvilesz family gave him every attention due a hero.

"Queenie," a Boston bull terrier owned by Mrs. Hyman Goldstein, 4865 Broadway, New York City, also received her medal for stopping a hold-up. When two [illegible] entered the apartment [illegible] Mr. Goldstein [illegible] and dropped [illegible] putting [illegible] Tinco, another dog of pugnacious lars trying to enter a fire escape window of the apartment of his owner, Mrs. Josephine Gonzalez, 38 Norton Street, New York City. The barking of Tineo, a German shepherd, frightened the burglars and attracted neighbors [illegible] the fire escape [illegible] the [illegible] Avenue [illegible] New York [illegible] shaving, when his wire-haired fox terrier [illegible] began to howl. He said, "Be still, Whacky," but "Whacky" had reason for howling. Failing to make her master understand in that way, she caught his trouser leg and tugged until Bauman went into the living-room. Then Whacky darted to a closed window and barked. Bauman saw nothing wrong, but the dog was so insistent he opened the window and looked out.

Several feet from the window, a workman was dangling by one hand from a rope and holding a bucket with the other. On the pavement, fifteen stories below, lay the body of another workman, entangled in the planks from a broken scaffold. The two workmen had been putting waterproof material in brick crevices to stop leaks when the scaffold gave away—and Whacky alone had heard the crash. The man who was clinging to the rope had been hanging on for several minutes and his hand was so badly burned he was about ready to let go. He was under such a strain he could not scream and did not know he was holding the bucket in the other hand increasing his weight by twenty pounds.

Bauman yelled for help, got a clothes line, and lassoed the workman by one leg. A second later, the workman's grip was broken, and he dangled down, head first. But Bauman clung to the clothes line until others arrived to help him haul the workman through the window.

When "Rascal," a smooth-haired fox terrier, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meyer, 204 Palisades Avenue, Union City, New Jersey, received her medal for valor, the members of twenty-two families who live in the same apartment house took a special interest in the award. They feel that except for Rascal some of them—perhaps all of them—might not be alive today.

One night, several hours before dawn, Rascal was awakened by the smell of something queer—and started barking. When Mr. and Mrs. Meyer [illegible] Rascal [illegible] barked, [illegible] and [illegible] the door they [illegible] floor above. Meyer spread the alarm through the building and [illegible] men who had to wear gas masks to get to the broken refrigerator. The tenants of the apartment house made their way to safety with [illegible] and twenty-two [illegible] fire.

"Queenie," a bulldog owned by Mildred Leonard, of 47 Dyckman Avenue, [illegible] City, has a pet [illegible] and [illegible] Dunegan O'Shea. He is never taken out without a leash, and one day when he and his master were walking [illegible] Queenie [illegible] with a [illegible] pation, made a leap for Leonard's throat. Leonard [illegible] up his hands instinctively, dropping the leash. To his surprise, the dog that had sprung at him seemed to be arrested in mid-air. Then he saw that Dunny had the other dog around the leg and was tugging for dear life. After some difficulty, Leonard made Dunny let the other dog go—and away it ran, limping and yelping. Then Leonard took Dunny to a butcher shop and bought him a pound of top sirloin—for he was convinced that Dunny had saved him from severe injury, perhaps death.

Fire that broke out in a vacant house next to the home of Nicholas Melaragni, 1173 South 13th Street, South Philadelphia, was spreading rapidly to other buildings when two puppy Eskimo dogs gave the alarm, and for this they were afterwards named "Fire" and "Smoke," and given the "Always True-Hearted" medals.

"Queenie," a bulldog owned by Joseph Schaum, 393 East 8th Street, New York City, was given a medal for her kindness in nursing an orphaned litter of rabbits, and Tacoma, a Spitz, owned by Mrs. Genevieve Mason, of 40 East 10th Street, New York City, was honored for his intelligence in understanding traffic signals and habit of notifying his mistress with a touch of his paw when to stop her automobile and when to go ahead. One medal was sent to Mrs. Anita Holmes, 18 Chaussee de l'Etang, St. Mandé, Seines, France, to honor the memory of her black Pomeranian, "Bear," who is now buried in a dog cemetery in France. Bear once attracted people to a place where Mrs. Holmes had fallen and broken her ankle, and another time caught Mrs. Holmes by the skirt, as she was tumbling down a stairway, and held on until help arrived.

A long tailed monkey from Java, named "Dusty" and owned by James A. Burns, of Montclair, New Jersey, and "Nick," an Airedale, owned by Chester T. Ayres, a neighbor, were awarded medals because of their "intelligent understanding and sympathetic friendship for each other," and "Mpecha-ha," a cat owned by Mrs. George Edelman, 404 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, received a medal because "she is extremely beautiful, most intelligent, and understands all that is said to her."

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Extraordinary Career of Dr. Bougrat

Why Dr. Bougrat, Leading Physician of Marseilles, Was Sentenced to be Guillotined.

DR. PIERRE BOUGRAT, one of the leading physicians in the city of Marseilles, in Southern France, was young, happy, prosperous and had been given the French Legion of Honor, the highest award to a soldier for gallant conduct in the war. But an extraordinary transformation came over him, and he threw away everything which should have been dear to a man of honor. In the short space of two years Dr. Bougrat became a criminal—a vile, slinking "Apache," frequenting the dregs of the underworld, a gentleman by day and ruffian by night, until a cowardly murder sent him, crushed and shattered, to serve the penalty of his crime in the deadly penal settlement of France in French Guiana, in South America.

Dr. Bougrat had met Andrea Audibert, a girl tigress of the underworld of Marseilles. He fell under the wicked influence of the creature's flashing eyes and red, voluptuous lips, and began to neglect his medical practice and spend his time in the abominable resorts of the notorious Marseilles waterfront. But he discovered that Andrea was the sweetheart of a scoundrel named Marius and known to the police as "The Panther," one of the most deadly Nervi (underworld cutthroats) in Marseilles. Coming face to face with the Apache in one of the thieves' dens, the sneering eyes of "The Panther" leered into the Doctor's face. The Doctor drew his pistol, the Apache flashed his knife. A battle was imminent, when the girl, Andrea, sprang on a table, and, throwing her arms wide, yelled:

"Stop—stop! Mon homme Marius shall fight with his rival. A fair fight, and I'll belong to the winner!"

A roar of approval greeted the words, and a lonely spot on the shore was at once chosen. Bougrat relinquished his pistol and was handed a long knife, similar to the weapon the Apache had in his hand. The girl was to watch the fight, while the others barred the road at each end from the police.

But a compromise was effected, and Bougrat bought the girl from her Apache sweetheart. News of this infamous bargain reached Dr. Bougrat's wife, and she left him, taking away their child.

His practice now having dwindled because of the time he spent with his underworld friends in the vilest criminal resorts in Marseilles, Bougrat became hard pressed for money, and before long found himself involved in a series of crimes to supply himself with funds to pamper the insatiable demands of the vampire, Andrea.

Habitual crime and the use of narcotic drugs destroyed every vestige of his conscience. One day an old friend, Jacques Rumebe, paymaster of a factory, called on him while on his rounds of payments and said that he was feeling sick of an old complaint. The Doctor gave him a hypodermic injection to brace him up, as he had often done before, but this time it was "aconifume," a deadly poison. Rumebe went to sleep and woke no more.

He had 20,000 francs of the factory payroll upon his person. Dr. Bougrat put this in his pocket and pushed the body into a curious recess in his office wall, concealed by a wooden panel. He had previously given orders to have the room papered and this useless recess covered up. This was done in due course and Rumebe was lost to the world.

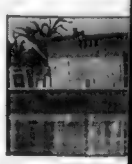
But in the meantime Dr. Bougrat was arrested for swindling a Paris jeweler out of 70,000 francs by various ingenious tricks. Then other offenses came to light. Two women of good social position revealed that he had made them unconscious with drugs while attending them professionally, hid them in a den and detained them until they paid a ransom.

Another girl, Mlle. Odette Lepocal, was still missing, and her disappearance was exciting the public. Police investigations discovered her a prisoner of the Nervi, to whom she had been delivered by Dr. Bougrat, and who were holding her for a tremendous ransom.

While Dr. Bougrat was being questioned about these crimes the presence of Rumebe's body was revealed by its odor, and so the Doctor was tried and found guilty of murder. He was at first sentenced to be guillotined, but in spite of all the evidence he had many sympathizers of influence, and the sentence was commuted to deportation for life to the penal settlement of French Guiana, South America.

But Dr. Bougrat did not remain long among the convicts in the pestilential colony. His escape has been a mystery to the French authorities and his whereabouts not definitely known. By accident the French traveler and writer, M. Henri Danjou, visited the beautiful Island of Margarita, off the coast of Venezuela, South America, and came face to face with the famous medical murderer. In a recent publication M. Danjou narrates his visit to Dr. Bougrat, who read him the diary of his extraordinary escape and present existence as the most highly respected member of the community, where he has taken a native wife, is raising a new family and is giving his time to the medical care of the citizens of the island.

Dr. Pierre Bougrat in the Witness Box at His Trial for Murder, Endeavoring to Explain the Incriminating Evidence Against Him.



Dr. Bougrat's Office and Clinic on the Shore of the Harbor of the Island of Margarita Venezuela. Here Bougrat Gives Medical Attention to Dozens of Patients Every Day and Performs Surgical Operations. After His Office Hours He Drives About the Island to the Sick in the Small Villages.

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NO regular steamship stops at the island of Margarita, off the Coast of Venezuela, which is more than 600 miles from the penal colony of French Guiana, from which Dr. Bougrat and a boat full of fellow-convicts made their hazardous escape. M. Danjou made his way to the island by hiring a boat, and he found it a charming place, enclosing a lagoon, surrounded by mountains and palm trees. The writer came upon Dr. Bougrat in his surgical offices with about fifty patients waiting for him.

"He is simply adored in Venezuela," M. Danjou writes, in "La Belle." "Bougrat cured the Governor of the town where the convict party first landed, and the Governor's wife, and he saved the life of a military hero. The medico-murderer possesses a letter from President Gomez, of the Republic of Venezuela, which testifies to his great services to the country.

"'You must not take Dr. Bougrat away from us,' said the landlady of my inn with alarm, when she heard that I was going to see him. 'He is a saint. Next to God he is the only hope for the poor people in Margarita.'

"After I had introduced myself to him he took me into his office, which was full of patients of all classes, Indians, as well as others. They rose up to greet him as he entered, and sought for the privilege of shaking his hand. I watched him treat his first patient, a young Indian girl, named Mariquita Marquez, on whom he had operated for goiter, a difficult case.

"Then he turned his attention to a young fisherman who had been attracted by the stories of easy wealth in the oil country around Maracaibo, near the Colombian frontier. There he acquired tuberculosis. He thought he was as good as dead, but Dr. Bougrat gave him hope again. His fee is 5 bolivars a visit, about $1.35 in American money. He pockets the pieces of silver in an absent-minded way as though they meant nothing to him! A negress who brought her son for treatment paid him with a fine basket of pomegranates and no one was refused treatment because he did not have money.

"He took me out on a round of visits with him in the country. In every village as soon as they saw him coming the islanders came out on their doorsteps to greet him. The men waved their arms and raised their hats and the women held out their naked children to him. The entire island greeted Bougrat, the escaped convict. His strong, cheerful voice returned their greetings—'Ata luego! A la manana!' and so on."

M. Danjou was taken to Dr. Bougrat's attractive house and met his native wife, a Venezuelan of some wealth, and their two little daughters. This extraordinary man, who had so narrowly missed the guillotine, was at first nervous about recalling his affairs of the past or discussing his escape from the prison settlement. But he finally consented to talk to his visitor.

Photograph of Andrea Audibert, the Vampire, Whose Demands Brought Dr. Bougrat to the Shadow of the Guillotine.

Dr. Bougrat at the Wheel of His Automobile in Which He Makes His Professional Visits to the Small Villages on the Island.

Photograph of Dr. Bougrat in Surgical Dress Attending a Patient in His Clinic.

Photograph of Dr. Bougrat Sitting on the Porch of His Home on the Island of Margarita, Off the Venezuelan Coast.

"When I think of the dangers from which I escaped, the army of keepers, the snakes, the jaguars, the alligators, the mosquitoes, and the rest, I am astonished," said the doctor. "But I have a lucky star. My luck began when I was sentenced to penal service for life, instead of being guillotined. I was sent to Guiana without a cent for the rest of my life. In five months I had escaped. I am even, perhaps, better off for having been in prison, for before that I had fallen into such a state of mind that I might have done worse things."

As he spoke his wife sat down beside him. He explained that he could say what he liked before her because she knew his whole story. From time to time his little children came and sat on his knees, and as he caressed them his face lighted up with childlike joy.

"My good luck began on my way out to the penal colony. I was brought out in 'the cage' of the ship La Martiniere, locked up with the worst convicts, when my luck made a keeper show an interest in me. He asked if I was not ill. I said that I had a little scratch on my foot and he immediately said, 'Get yourself put on the sick list. You will probably have to have an anti-tetanus injection.' I laughed at him, saying he was foolish. But when we were alone he told me that I had been recommended to him by the only family in France which had remained faithful to me and believed me innocent. I was put in the hospital for 25 days, which enabled me to land alone and to go into the hospital again on shore.

"By the same good luck there happened to be a doctor lacking on the hospital staff of the convict colony, and the chief gave the post to me. Thanks to that I was able to escape many of the hardships of the prison camp. I suppose there are in everybody's life events which afterwards appear incredible. When Morucci, the chief keeper of the hospital, delivered me my convict's blouse, a repulsive affair striped with white and red, he said to me, 'You will not wear this long. Look me in the eye. In five months you will have gone.' 'Where to?' I asked. 'You will have escaped like many others.' 'But why in five months?' 'Because you are what we call a five months man.'

"I wondered if he was not crazy, but he only laughed. They put me on good behavior diet, which entitled me to half a pint of wine. I did not drink it, but sold it, and it brought me 14c. That enabled me in a short time to buy a pair of trousers and leather shoes, which I should need if I escaped. They allowed me access to the library, where I could consult the magazines and learn the latest progress in medicine and some information about geography. I was lucky to find there a detailed map of the coast from Guiana to Panama and thus laid the foundations of my great journey.

"I was risking a lot, for I was receiving favored treatment and should lose it if I tried to escape. I went about it with the same care as I formerly studied for my medical examinations. I had already become leagued with a group of the most desperate criminals, mostly murderers and highway robbers. I could not bring a cent to the party, but I was the only one who could direct a voyage and follow a course by the compass or the stars. A Nervi from Marseilles, who had escaped but had been caught, joined our party and contributed 2,500 francs to the expenses and the attempt was decided on.

"It was very hard for me to communicate with my colleagues. I was suspected and closely watched and they appointed a gardener as a spy specially to keep his eye on me. To put him off the track I forged an entirely imaginary plan of escape by way of Dutch Guiana. Finally an Indian half-breed, whom I attended at the hospital and cured, agreed out of gratitude to carry communications between me and my confederates.

"To get away from prison is the most intense desire a man can experience. One evening, it was August 20, 1928, my Indian came to tell me that everything was prepared. All my comrades had already escaped from the camp two days before and were hidden in the brush. They knew where to find hiding places. It is not so hard to escape into the brush, but very hard to get away from there, for keepers with rifles are stationed along the river for miles, assisted by trusty convicts. My confederates were waiting for me to join them at 5:30 in a little creek, whose name I have forgotten, but which is about three miles from St. Laurent-Maroni, the prison camp where I was held. I tried to conceal my excitement from everybody. At 5 o'clock I went to ask permission to go out for five minutes from the headkeeper, Morucci, the man who had foretold my future escape. Would you believe it? His prediction was exactly five months old and he repeated it with a laugh. I was terrified as if he had read my thoughts. He was really joking.

"'So it is today that you are starting? You must send me a card.'

"I tried to joke also.

—A Hero, Then a Murderous Scoundrel, Now a Hero Again

Photograph of a Boatload of Escaped Convicts From the French Penal Colony of French Guiana, South America. It Was a Boat Similar to This in Which Dr. Bougrat and His Fellow-Convicts Spent 23 Days in Their Terrible Journey of Hardships and Misery in Their Escape From the Prison Colony.

Dr. Bougrat and His Native Wife and Two of Their Children.

"A battle was imminent, when Andree sprang on a table, and, throwing her arms wide, yelled:

"'Stop—stop! Mon homme Marius shall fight with his rival. A fair fight, and I'll belong to the winner!'

"A roar of approval greeted the words, and a lonely spot on the coast was at once chosen. Bougrat relinquished his pistol and was handed a long knife, while a similar weapon was given to the Apache. The girl was to watch the fight while the others barred the road at each end."

"'Of course, I shall send you some picture cards. What would you like—a monkey, a stuffed crocodile or a negress?'

"'You will have to be quick about it,' he replied in the same tone, 'for remember that you must be back at 6 o'clock. Half an hour to go to the town and half an hour to escape is a short time. If I were you I should take more time.'

"I tried to laugh, but I was terribly nervous. Later I learned that Morucci knew nothing about my plans and only spoke in jest. I went out. The Indian walked 150 feet in front of me. He showed me the way, for I should have been incapable of finding it alone all the way from the hospital to the port. We followed the path back of the Church of St. Laurent, which leads to the slaughter-house. Once at the port my Indian jumped into one of those native boats made out of a hollow tree-trunk and brought it to the bank.

"Two other Indians to whom he made a sign jumped in and took up the paddles. They paddled the boat up to the quay where I was waiting. I jumped in and we started.

"Right near us a group of trusty Arab convicts were unloading a barge under the direction of several keepers. The head-keeper saw me going out into the river. He knew me through having seen me at the hospital, but he did not expect to see me here and his surprise was so great that he did not shoot at once. I owed my life to that. By the time he began to shoot we were already hidden by a clump of trees."

Here this extraordinary murderer paused and said to save time he would tell some of his story by reading extracts from his diary.

"First and second day—All the members of the party found one another and took on a supply of fresh water with great difficulty at Cow Creek," Dr. Bougrat continued, this time reading from his diary. "We rowed two nights in absolute silence on the Maroni River, for the slightest noise would betray us. As long as we haven't left behind the two harbor buoys of the Maroni River the chances are we shall be caught. We can only move at night.

"There are eight of us. Some of them I do not know and others I shall never know except under their convict nicknames. Among them are Jesus, a murderer; Raymond, the Algerian, a firebug, and Bebert, the Italian, a Nervi. We just escaped becoming entangled with two Chinese fishing boats dragging a net between them. We have seen the armed launch from the prison go by searching for us. On the bank there is a camp of freed convicts from which we might be pursued.

"At last we are at sea. We pay the Indian, whom we have kept as a hostage, and hoist the sail. It is 6:30 in the morning. The joy of being free makes us crazy and we hardly know what we are doing. Bebert, the Italian, sings a new song:

"'When I die bury me in old Venezuela.'

"Our craft is a pirogue, or dugout, about thirty feet long, and is ordinarily used as a pleasure boat. The work is distributed. Three men are appointed to take the tiller—two who have sailed in the Mediterranean, and a Breton used to the stormy waters of the Channel. They are to relieve one another every three hours. Jesus is appointed cook and is drying wood in the sun and preparing coffee. I take charge of the navigation of the boat, which prevents me from sleeping night or day. The others bail the boat. We must protect our legs and especially our provisions of dried beef and other canned food from water."

Here Dr. Bougrat set aside his diary for a moment and explained that the escaping convicts had to bail their boats for 21 days. As soon as they had reached the sea the water poured in through a crack in the bottom and came over their ankles. In time it came up to their knees.

"The third to the tenth day—We sailed seven days without seeing land," Dr. Bougrat continued, again reading from his diary. "The sun burns us up and hardens the ulcers which the salt water has given us. At night nobody can sleep. We are untrained to handle this kind of boat and the least movement is likely to capsize the pirogue. Twice a day Jesus, the murderer, gives us a little piece of dried beef and a bowl of 'couac,' made from manioc flower moistened with oil. On the seventh day a bad storm blowing from the east nearly upsets us at the mouth of the Nickerie River on the sandbank called 'The Frenchmen's Graveyard,' where a thousand pirogues have been wrecked and ten thousand runaway convicts drowned. After the storm the first disagreement breaks out on board. The hull of our boat has undergone severe damage and we cannot go on. There are some who prefer to die at sea rather than to be made prisoners in British Guiana and be returned to the convict prison. I persuaded them to push on to the coast under the jib.

"The tenth to the twelfth day—We ran aground, pulled the boat up on dry land and tried to repair it. Near us there are two Indian huts. The Indians tell us that we are half-way between Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, and the Venezuelan frontier, where we have a chance of keeping our liberty. Jesus gives the Indians some blankets for a loaf of cassava bread and some half-rotten fish, and we enjoy a feast. As we are sleeping, fed up for the first time, a fishing inspector and two native policemen come to arrest us. The fishing inspector speaks English. I explain to him that our repairs are finished and that we are starting out this evening. I give him another of our blankets and some chocolate. He is mollified and allows us a stay of a day and a half—at the risk of losing his position, he said. We are so tired that we sleep two whole days on the beach.

"The twelfth to the twentieth day—A storm hits us and drives us up the Orinoco River on an island and we spend four days getting to sea again. The boat is no longer fit to sail. The water comes up to our knees. Our sores make us suffer horribly. The three oldest men are the only ones who do their work. The others sleep at the bottom of the boat waiting to die.

"We sight land on the north—no doubt the British Island of Trinidad. We should be arrested there and sent back. We change our course again towards the Orinoco and sight a river. I wonder if this is the mouth of the Serpent? For twenty miles on each bank we see an impenetrable vegetation. Enormous mosquitoes attack us.

"The current is extraordinarily strong and makes the boat turn around. At night an enormous wave, thrown up by a backwash, drives us on some trees which are hidden by the water and can only be seen at low tide.

"The darkness is absolute. There is no moon. We hang on to the branches as well as we can. Some are hanging on the trees and others to

Continued on Page 22

The New Fur Trimmings

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

This Is One of Molyneux's Big Successes. A Streamline Suit of Black Black Woolen Material. The Jacket Is Easy Fitting, but Slim, and Buttons Up the Front. The Sleeves Are Cut in One and Widen Slightly at the Wrist. At the Neck There Is a Tiny Collar of Nutria, Tied With a Bow of the Material. The Skirt Is Slim, and Almost Half of It Is Made of a Deep Band of Nutria. Notice the Toque, With a Crown of the Same Black Wool and a Turn Up Cuff of Nutria.

For the Morning Type of Coat, as in This One by Mainbocher, Fur Revers Are Very Good. Here We Have a Bright Chestnut-Brown Coat, in Redingote Style, With Four Buttons, the Two Top Ones Larger Than the Two Lower Ones. The Sleeve Again Is Plain, With a Turn-Back Cuff. The Fur Revers Are Made of Hudson Seal, Very Much Wider Than the Cloth Ones. They Run Right Across the Back, Like a Coachman's Cape.

One of the Most Original Street Costumes in Paris Is This One From Alix, a Designer With Many Ideas. It Is Really a Frock of Rough Fluffy-Surfaced Brown Wool Jersey. The Frock Is as Slim as Possible, and Finished at the Neck Back and Front in a Bateau Line. The Sleeves Are Enormous. They Are in Bishop Style, but Bigger Than Any Bishop's. They Are Set Into the Bodice With Cartridge Pleats, With an Effect of Narrowing the Torso, Which Is Very New.

Fur Trimmings Are Showing Much Originality This Winter. They Are Placed in New Ways, and Many of Them, Even on Coats, Are Removable, So That the Coat May Be Worn Without Them, If One Wishes. The Model From Mainbocher Is in Black Rough-finished Wool. It Is Very Straight and Slim, and Has Plain Sleeves. Without the Fur, It Looks Like the Simplest Coatfrock. The Fur Is Black Hudson Seal, a Fur Which Has Returned to High Favor. In the Front, It Makes a Sort of Vestee, Running Under the Belt.

PARIS, Nov. 21.

STREET and morning clothes, this Winter, fall into three categories—those that have fur trimmings, those that have no fur at all, and those that are fur-trimmed, but with furs that are removable at will.

The designers have shown great ingenuity in the placing of their furs this Winter. Two of the sketches on this page prove this fact. One from Mainbocher has a sort of "chest protector" in Hudson seal, on a black somewhat rough surfaced home-spun cloth. In the back, this vestee of fur, which is tucked under the belt, turns into a cape, and is worn with the sides turned back to show the fur. The majority of Mainbocher's street models, this Winter, have cape backs. Sometimes they are very full, with their flare accentuated by fur hems; sometimes they hang straighter, as they do in this model. This entire cape takes off, leaving a plain black suit, with long tailor sleeves. The designers are worried about our wearing choky fur collars in the house, the way we do. A great many of them make their fur collars separate, so that we can remove them indoors, and hang them over an arm. Also, in many houses, quite separate furs are revived. Fur scarfs, fur capelets, and fur boleros, or round fur collars that tie up close to the neck, and leave a collarless coat or jacket when they are taken off.

An interesting interpretation of the fur bolero is seen in the model from Alix. This designer has excited a great deal of favorable comment with her Winter collection, which is noted for its originality. She dresses several of the most important "personalities" of the French capital, including the famous Madame de Munoz.

In the sketch, the model looks like a coat with large sleeves, and a waist-length bolero of beaver fur. But it is really a frock, made of brown fluffy-surfaced wool jersey. The sleeves are immense, and they are set into armholes that run in onto the bodice giving a new narrow look to the torso. We have been widening the upper part of the body for so long that it is amusing to see this designer doing just the opposite. Vionnet, also, shows some sleeves set far into the bodice in this same way. For the street this coat-frock is worn with a little jacket of beaver, as short as an Eton, hooked together at the neck and waist. The neck of the bodice shows its boat-line underneath. The beaver jacket takes off and proves to be sleeveless.

For morning wear, travel and the country there is nothing better than the ulster type of coat. It is often made with large fur revers this Winter. Mainbocher's model, in bright chestnut-brown with Hudson seal, illustrates them. His fur revers follow the lines of the cloth ones, but are cut much wider. In the back they are extended to make a short coachman's cape. The V opening is filled in with a fur cravat, tied once over, with the ends tucked in warmly. This fur cravat is removable. Notice the buttoning of the coat, the two upper buttons much larger than the two lower ones. This is a small detail, but it is designed to make the waist look slimmer. He has another ulster-like coat in deep blue, with fur revers of civet, the white streaks dyed pale blue. Blue furs are almost a classic in the Winter mode. Green-dyed ones and mahogany-dyed ones are newcomers.

The fourth model shows us one of Molyneux's big successes. It is a suit, consisting of frock and jacket. The frock is a very slim one, and the jacket is quite "streamline," fitting smoothly over it. It is in black homespun, trimmed with nutria, a combination which Molyneux favors extensively. The skirt is slim and straight and finished with a very deep band of the fur. Round the neck of the jacket there is a tiny little collar of the same fur. Under this, the frock is close fitted, with no belt, and its collar is a little band that stands up about the neck. Molyneux shows many of these slim gowns, with princess lines, closely fitted, and with quite high collars. In fact, the collar for the daytime is definitely here. It does not come up to the ears, and fit tightly enough to choke you, but it is there.

Separate furs also are a definite note of the Winter fashions. They take the form of oblong scarfs, worn thrown round the shoulders, or close up to the neck in front, and hanging in the back. Molyneux, whose collection is about the most successful in Paris, makes them of nutria or of seal, and fringes one end with ostrich dyed to match the fur. Then he adds a big oblong muff, and often puts a tuft of ostrich on it as well.

Flat furs are used for these oblong scarfs or for shoulder hugging capelets. The fluffy furs, foxes of silver, blue, brown, black, or the cross varieties, are sometimes made into combinations of stole and cape, with long ends hanging down either back or front, which keep their tails. We have had so many furs used without tails that it is interesting to see them revived. Ermine furs also are frequently made up with fringes of tails this year. Quantities of town coats are made with round collars, usually of fox, which are removable indoors. The favorite daytime furs are Persian lamb, nutria and beaver, and Hudson and Alaska seal, especially the new deep-brown seal, which, we are told has not yet been seen in America. A great many houses have used them, sometimes for entire coats or capes, sometimes for trimmings. Vera Borea has an ulster in rough beige wool, with a vestee of deep brown Alaska seal, filling in the V, and removable. For dressier coats, nothing rivals the fox, in all its varieties. There is a little mink, and a little ermine, but much less of the gaillac and broadtails that there was. Mainbocher is about the only house that uses carcul as a trimming fur. Bruyere has revived mouffion, on some of her coats, dyeing it blue or mahogany, according to the cloth. Hems and removable round collars are made of it. Vionnet and Schiaparelli are the only designers interested in monkey. The first dyes the fur bright brown or blue; the second prefers a deep brown.

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"They have Skin years younger than their Age"

Dermatologist's report

KATRINA McCORMICK

"No blemish of any kind,"
said the dermatologist of the skin of Miss Katrina McCormick. "It has unusual delicacy of texture." Speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, Miss McCormick said, "This cream keeps my skin clear, fine-pored and ready for powder."

"The skin of her teens"
"Mrs. Henry D. Phelps has an exceptionally clear skin—fine—smooth—free from lines," reported the dermatologist of the skin of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, granddaughter of the late W. K. Vanderbilt. "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away lines and discolorations," Mrs. Phelps says.

"The skin of her 20's"
"Mrs. Tiffany's skin is free from lines unusual at her age. It has the fresh coloring and fine texture found in the twenties." —Dermatologist's Report.—Mrs. Tiffany says, "Pond's Cold Cream smooths out tired lines—even crepiness."

MRS. PERRY TIFFANY

MURIEL VANDERBILT PHELPS

Mrs. Phelps is an enthusiastic horsewoman and is known from coast to coast. She exhibits at important shows in California, Newport, New York.

Your Skin can be *10 Years Younger than your Age*

COMPARE your skin with that of other women your age. With the skin of women you know to be older—or younger—than you are.

Then you will discover for yourself—in actual life—this important scientific fact: *Skin age need not be governed by years.*

Dermatologists say that the age of your skin depends on certain conditions in your skin itself. They determine its apparent youth or age.

You must have an active circulation. Your skin must be as elastic as new rubber. And, most important, your glands must create a rich supply of invigorating oils. Then, no matter what your age may be, your skin will look young.

At 20 Skin Begins to Fade

But even as early as the 20's your skin begins to age—unless you give it the extra help it needs.

You don't need expensive creams and lotions. No, nor long, tedious facials. There is one single cream that answers all the vital needs of your skin. A cream that beautiful women, in every country, depend on daily—Pond's Cold Cream.

In this one cream are rich specially processed oils that seem to wipe age signs away. Your most stubborn skin faults—blemishes—coarse pores—drooping contours, all are helped by this wonder-working cream. And it brings to your skin an alluring freshness—that glorious bloom of youth itself.

One Cream Alone Keeps Age Away

The lovely porcelain complexions of Katrina McCormick—of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps—of Mrs. Perry Tiffany—whose portraits are above—are positive proof of the excellence and effectiveness of this world-famous cream.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as they do.

Every Night smooth it on your skin generously. Its luxurious, whipped-cream texture swiftly melts into the pores—dissolves dust, make-up, grime, even dislodges blackheads, corrects blemishes that cloud the skin.

Then, wipe it off thoroughly. While your skin is exquisitely fresh and clean, pat in a second application—let it linger a few moments. Know the full rich benefits its youth-bringing oils can give. And when you arise in the morning, again treat your skin to this fragrant cream, then smooth on powder and make-up. It will cling smooth, fresh, vivid through the day.

See for yourself how skin that is daily cared for with Pond's Cold Cream holds its radiant loveliness. How skin faults—age signs—are literally erased.

Try This Famous Cream—Today

Send right now for the generous 3 days' supply we have for you. Use this luxurious cream every night—during the day. Even this brief test will convince you that Pond's Cold Cream cleanses deepest—quickly corrects skin faults. In these three days you will actually see this one cream make your skin clearer—finer—smoother. Soon—very soon your mirror will reflect a skin glowing with the vibrant freshness of youth.

● *Pond's Cold Cream*—Its rich, specially processed oils cleanse deeply, correct faults, make the skin silken, ready to hold powder.
● *Pond's Liquefying Cream*—contains the same rich effective ingredients. It melts instantly, purging the pores, fighting off age signs, persuading powder to adhere for hours.

This ONE cream fights off these faults

in 20's

after 30

SEND FOR 3-DAY TEST SUPPLY

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. N, 36 Hudson Street, New York . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder . . . I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐. I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Hotel Annual of J[illegible] A[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

L[illegible]

CHAPTER III.
An Offered Resignation

T[illegible]

Clive Was About to Turn Away When He Stopped Short and Exclaimed: "Did You Know You Had a Hat?"

(Continued on Page 22)

SOOTHING RELIEF FOR HEAD COLDS

PINEOLEUM IS PLEASANT

1. Pineoleum and other medicinal ingredients used in Pineoleum are pleasant—not distressing either.
2. Pineoleum's tone and are always soothing—never irritating. Safe for children.
3. Pineoleum comes also with Ephedrine which helps to open the nasal passages quicker.
4. Pineoleum has always enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession.
5. Pineoleum is the original nose and throat spray. It has proved effective for more than 30 years.

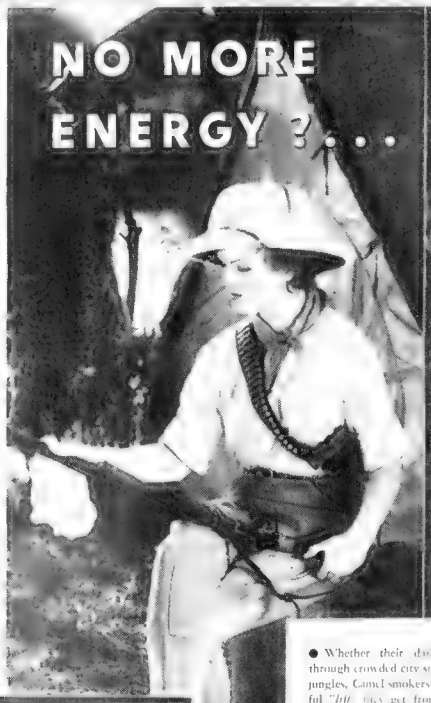
Choose the form of Pineoleum you prefer. Nose drops or the inhaler with dropper bottle with Pineoleum or Ephedrine Pineoleum.

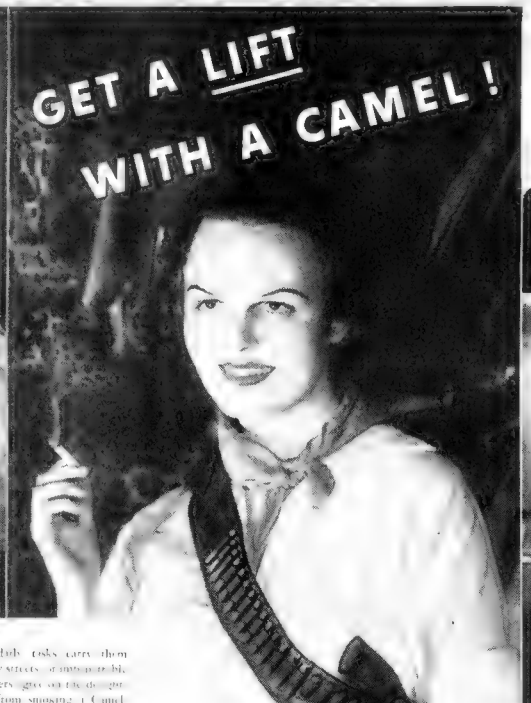
PINEOLEUM

MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly.

NO MORE ENERGY?...

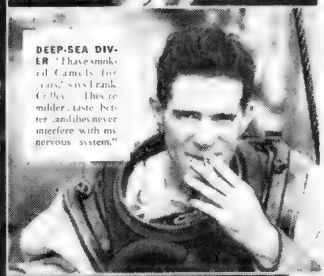
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!



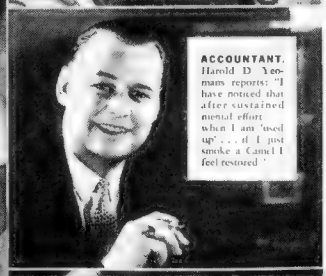


● Whether their daily treks carry them through crowded city streets or into wild jungles, Camel smokers get the delightful "lift" they get from smoking a Camel. Mrs. William LaVarre, famous explorer whose treks through dangerous South American jungles have taught her the vital necessity of keeping up her energy reserve, has this to say about Camels: "We took 30,000 Camels with us on our last expedition. Any time I'm tired, I just stop and smoke a Camel. It wakes up my energy in no time. Smoking Camels steadily, I find, does not affect one's nerves."

CIVIL ENGINEER. Captain Eric Loth says: "I always have Camels—rely on them for comfort—good cheer—the lift they give me—energy when I'm weary or feeling low."



DEEP-SEA DIVER "I have smoked Camels for years," says Frank Crilley. "They're milder, taste better, and they never interfere with my nervous system."



ACCOUNTANT. Harold D. Yeomans reports: "I have noticed that after sustained mental effort when I am 'used up'... if I just smoke a Camel I feel restored."

PRO FOOTBALL STAR... "Chief" Montgomery says: "After a game, or any time when I feel like it, I light up a Camel and in a short time I feel 100% again."

LEAF-TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

LISTEN EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHT TO THE NEW

CAMEL CARAVAN

featuring

TED HUSING WALTER O'KEEFE ANNETTE HANSHAW

GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

TUESDAY { 10:00 P.M. E.S.T. 9:00 P.M. C.S.T. } 8:00 P.M. M.S.T. 7:00 P.M. P.S.T.

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OVER COAST-TO-COAST—WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

TED HUSING

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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IF YOU'VE LOST INTEREST . . . if things seem to drag . . . here's a pleasant way to bring back your zest: Tea stimulates the senses—stirs the pulse—adds to the charm of life. Gently but surely it quickens both mind and body, increasing your feeling of well-being and enjoyment!

You get these desirable effects without any unfavorable reaction. *Tea lifts you up, and doesn't let you down.*

To get *all* that tea can offer, it is important that you choose a tea rich in *theol*. This is the natural oil in tea that carries the fragrance and flavor. You like tea because of its flavor and fragrance—because of the theol. But the amount of theol varies in different teas.

There is *more* theol in *Tender Leaf* Tea than in any but the most costly blends, not ordinarily found in grocery stores. No coarse, rank leaves in this tea—it is made up of the choice young leaves alone. These are picked at the peak of their flavor and fragrance, during the favorable dry season.

Test this—brew a cup of *Tender Leaf* Tea! You'll find its fragrance delicate and appealing—its flavor delightful.

Your grocer has *Tender Leaf* Tea, in two convenient sizes. It is economical—and richer in theol. Try *this* tea—see how much it adds to your enjoyment every day!

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Full Moon

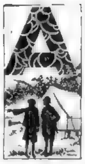
by Talbot Mundy

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

W [illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

Taron Ling Leads.



A [illegible]

not k [illegible] ... Ling—there was plenty of law to permit it—and to send him under close arrest to Bombay for the Commissioner to deal with. But a messenger came.

He saw the man running from the direction of Doongar Village with a telegram in a cleft stick, so he waited and went into the tent for his pipe. He could not quite control fear on Henrietta's account in the way that he could overcome all dread of consequences to himself. Why not? He wondered and set his teeth on the pipe-stem.

Through the tent opening he [illegible] Rangar walk away and [illegible] down under the tree beside his grandson, leaving Taron Ling

[illegible] ... [illegible] the men after closing her establishment. Should she leave train en route she will be followed. Taron Ling on your track. Strongly advise you keep him under observation long as possible before arrest as he is probably a key man. He is well shadowed. Eleven" (that meant Howland of the C. I. D.) "has sent three specials to watch and help if necessary. No news of Frensham or Chetusingh. Your stolen pass reported found in Calcutta probably intended to mislead investigation. Remember get facts not fireworks. Your reply will be forwarded O.9."

So the Commissioner also had left Bombay. That indicated probably swift developments.

Taron Ling Thrust a Leg in the Hole to Show There Were Steps Beneath It and Signed to Blair to Go Down.

Blair wrote out an answer in code. It took another ten minutes:

"Henrietta vanished before daylight this morning after inconclusive interview with me. Taron Ling here, apparently in league with Bat-Brahmin, and [illegible] nomena of File FF type. No sign yet of Wu Tu or of specials. Taron Ling claims knowledge and offers to reveal whereabouts of Frensham and Henrietta. Shall accept offer. Recommend swift follow-up unless you hear from me within next twelve hours. Copy of this to Eleven. 088."

It was reassuring news that Howland had sent three men to lend a hand, in addition to the two who had been detailed by the Commissioner to shadow Taron Ling. That there was no sign of them was nothing to worry about; such men were entirely capable of keeping their identity a secret until the last minute. Even the telegraph-runner might be one of them.

As he gave him the two messages and watched him tie them in the cleft stick he observed him carefully, but there was no identifying signal; he salaamed and trotted away toward Doongar

[illegible] ... none admitted it; if they had seen, they refused to say.

He sent them scattering in all directions to look for the man [illegible]. Then he returned to the Rangar, who [illegible] under the tent awning and was staring into vacancy.

"Look here," he said, "you promised confidence."

"You have it, sahib. I have said, beware of that one! Unless [illegible] ... take my grandson to the village." [illegible]

[illegible] ably not searched far.

An atmosphere of dread had invaded the camp. The monotonous bong-bong-bong of a coppersmith-bird sounded ominous. The cry of a peacock was like a scream of anguish. As the brassy sun grew higher in the heavens, and the hot wind rose, charm deserted the driedout countryside and its scorched, dust-covered skeleton glared naked amid tired trees.

There was a greenish haze of dust and heat that veiled the view. And through that veil rode Grayne again, like an apparition. He dismounted, blinking behind smoked spectacles, and spoke in a hard, forced voice without preliminary:

"Blamed strange business in my opinion. Doris searched her tent, and so did I. Two suitcases gone—soap, towels, toothbrush—all that kind of thing. What's the earthly use of writing that in a report? She can't have carried em—must have had porters. No note—no message—but her money is all in the steel trunk, and the trunk was unlocked. What do you make of that?"

"Why not write it?" Blair asked. He suddenly felt better. [illegible] That looked like pre[illegible]. He offered Grayne a [illegible]. Grayne glanced keen[illegible] before answering.

"Well, to tell you the plain truth, old man, you looked rattled first thing this morning. You still do. It occurred to me—she'd [illegible], hadn't she?—she [illegible] cleared out on your [illegible]. She's a queer girl. Did you have a row with her?"

Blair lighted his cigarette, turning his back to the hot wind, to avoid answering. Grayne continued:

"None of my business—but—are you down here to see her? I mean, it might be unpleasant for you to have reports go in and—"

Blair interrupted: "Doris expect you back?"

"No."

"She all right?"

"Yes. Doris won't worry—or if she does she'll send a servant to find out what I'm doing."

"Write her a note," said Blair. "I'll send a servant with it. Say you're staying for a few hours to [illegible]. Write your report in my tent and put down every detail you can remember—conversations—minor incidents—omit nothing, no matter how unimportant, since Henrietta came to stay with you and Doris. If I'm not back by noon, or if I don't send a message, you'd better take charge and either move my camp over the ford to yours or bring yours over here, no matter which. And if anyone asks for me, say I've gone looking for the Bat Brahmin of Gaglajung."

"That swine?"

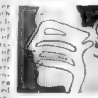
"What do you know about him?" Blair demanded.

"Oh, he's a swine, that's all. He'll tell you nothing. He's a saucy impostor, but he isn't dangerous. He makes too fat a liv-

(Continued on Page 20)

NASAL SUFFERERS!

Here's Relief, at Last, from Nasal Pain, Clogged Passages and Difficult Breathing!



ACUTE pains over the eyes with severe frontal headache, a constant stuffed condition of the head with excessive discharge of mucus, difficulty of breathing with terrifying choking sensations—these are signs of an irritated condition of the nasal passages.

Treatment should be prompt and persistent for any trouble with your nasal passages may develop into something chronic and serious.

In Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops you have a preparation at last that is efficient treatment of nasal irritations. Being emulsified, these nose drops stay up in the nose. They do not readily run out as ordinary oil drops do. Of the consistency of thick cream, they adhere to the nasal passages. Hence they really get a chance to do some good.

A Fourfold Effect

Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops exert four very important effects in the relief of nasal trouble.

First, they soften accumulated secretions in the nasal passage.

Second, they relieve congestion and make breathing easy.

Third, they soothe any irritation or inflammation of the passages.

Fourth, they relieve any pain or soreness.

Only in Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops do you get these four effects and the benefit.

Made by the Makers of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine

At Our Expense!

Try these new type nose drops and see how efficacious they are. Mark the new relief from nasal distress.

All drug stores sell Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops but a liberal trial bottle is free.

Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below. Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 1AW
St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me trial size bottle of Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops.

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Every winner of Hearts must have it..now new millions may acquire it!

"The skin you love to touch"

TO BE IRRESISTIBLE...whether in courtship or [illegible] a girl must have an alluring complexion. That is at the very top of Page One in the Primer of Love.

But what kind of care is best for the skin? Of the many well-advertised beauty aids, which one will really keep the complexion at its clearest and loveliest?

You don't have to guess. The world's leading skin specialists have settled that question.

In nine great nations, these noted specialists tested many leading soaps and creams on the faces of hundreds of women. Daily, for thirty days, each subject cleansed one side of her face with Woodbury's Facial Soap; the other side with any other cleansing method of her choice.

The result? Case records showed that no other cleansing method equalled Woodbury's in the radiance and freshness it gave to complexions of every type.

Today, there's a big, new, generous cake of Woodbury's waiting for you...at just 10c. The same identical quality formerly sold at 25c.

Woodbury's wants to make its scientific skin care available to every household. It wants new millions of friends. That's the reason for the new 10c cake. At drug, department and grocery stores.

COUNTESS DI ROBILANT

Participant in Milan Test

Beauty clinics conducted by eminent dermatologists in the United States, Canada and seven European countries, established Woodbury's superiority over other beauty aids in giving the skin new freshness and radiance. Hundreds of women participated in these tests, including many of great beauty and social prominence.

Woodbury's Facial Soap 10¢

SEND TODAY FOR THE LOVELINESS KIT!

Send 10c (to cover the cost of mailing) for Woodbury Loveliness Kit containing a guest size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams, Cold and Facial—and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 1548 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name ____

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Don't miss these star programs—BING CROSBY, every Tuesday, 9:00 P. M. E.S.T., Columbia Network. "DANGEROUS PARADISE", thrilling radio drama, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, N.B.C., 7:45 P.M. E.S.T.

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Christmas Gift Suggestions

don't spend the holidays

CHANGING BURNED-OUT LAMPS ON YOUR

If you don't want to be a "Christmas tree electrician" this year, insist on General Electric MAZDA Christmas tree lamps.

1. They won't burn out quickly, like "bargain" lamps.
2. They won't lose their sparkle and brilliancy, like "bargain" lamps.
3. And if you are buying new strings for your tree, be sure and get the new multiple type. Then your whole string won't go out even if one lamp should burn out.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

$5.00

ANYONE would thrill with pride to count this lovely Chatham Blanket among their Christmas gifts. Think of the years of real sleeping comfort it brings! There's longer wear, too, in the famous "Air Loom" weave that gives a warmer, stronger blanket with comfortable lightness in weight, and the lustrous "Duraloom" binding. Seven exquisite shades . . . Blue, Peach, Green, Orchid, Rose, Beige, Mahogany . . . any one will add new beauty to a bedroom. And the handsome gift box looks as if it had been wrapped by Santa Claus himself

CHATHAM BLANKETS

FOR XMAS

LET'S GIVE DAD A Schrader

PENCIL TYPE

TIRE GAUGE

(Chromium plated with handy pocket clip)

$1

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT FOR THE MOTORIST

AND A SET OF

SCHRADER DUBLCHEKS

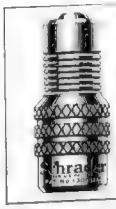
Speedier Tire Testing and Inflating
Right through the Dublchek.

Doubly Seals the Air Dublcheks are guaranteed air-tight to 250 lbs.

Permanent Protection Protects valve cores from dirt, dust and moisture.

No More Lost Valve Caps Dublcheks are permanently affixed with pliers.

ONLY 10c PER TIRE



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A MOST DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFT

Individual Name Pencil Sets

Genuine Leather Case

50¢ COMPLETE

FINEST genuine sheepskin leather case, strongly stitched and equipped with a snap fastener. Contains five high quality pencils in assorted bright colors. Only the finest grade No. 2 waxed lead used to assure smooth, easy writing. Any name engraved in lustrous gold on pencils and leather case. Price 50c per set postpaid. (Send check, money order or cash.)

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

UNITED STATES PENCIL COMPANY, Inc.
487 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find ☐ Check, ☐ Money Order, ☐ Cash for $ ...
for which send Pencil Sets. *(Attach list of names on separate sheet)*
Name
Address
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All Orders Promptly Shipped

PRINT OR TYPEWRITE NAMES CLEARLY!

3¢ each for Factory-Fresh Cigars representing 50 of the 100 brands we manufacture, up to the 20c delux hand made cigars. Mild, mellow — deliciously fragrant cigars put aside by our inspectors for slight color variations. We guarantee, in a money-back basis, that you will smoke and enjoy every one of these fine cigars — just as though you had paid the full retail price.

None shorter than 5½ inches, and most of them longer

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not receive an YOUR OWN WORLD FAMOUS 50 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 50 cigars, just write us and we will refund every penny of your money — and the smokes will be on us!

FREE

For 25 Days Only! This Handsome

POCKET CIGAR CASE

Included FREE OF CHARGE with all Get Acquainted orders for 50 of these high-grade cigars

DELIVERED FREE IN ANY PART OF THE U. S. (We pay Postage. Send check or money order for $1.50, or pay the postman when these cigars reach you. We have been making fine CIGARS for over 50 years. References Dun-Bradstreet, any bank in the U. S. or National City Bank, Colle Pinkhams Zayas, Havana, Cuba. Our Money-Back Guarantee protects you.

EDWIN CIGAR CO.
102-V EAST 16TH STREET, N.Y.C.

It's a wonderful gift!

GIVE him shaving comfort forever. Rid his mind of annoyance and his face of cuts and scrapes. Let him know the daily painless joy of shaving close and clean with a Schick Shaver.

For this Shaver has no blades to gash and scrape. It needs no water, soap nor brush. It glides over the face clipping the beard *below* the surface of the skin with no sensation of cutting — no pull, no drag.

Economical too — no blades to buy, nothing to replace.

There is only one Dry Shaver — the Schick. Ask your dealer to show you how the Schick Shaver does these things. (4600 stores sell them.) If no dealer is near you, send $15 direct to Dept. I.

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STAMFORD, CONN.

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SCHICK Dry SHAVER

No itching skin bothers me — now that I use Resinol!

Whether the itching is from eczema, or from some acid condition or just a simple rash — apply Resinol Ointment lightly, at the first suggestion of skin discomfort anywhere on your body. It's amazing how quickly the soothing medication gives real relief. Resinol is safe and dependable.

Why don't you try it today — your druggist sells it.

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 18)

ing off the peasants to risk it by taking a chance with the police."

"Where will I find him?"

"Heaven knows. Anyone will tell you if you ride up to Bhondgaon village. Inquire for the headman's house near where you shot the tiger last night. I'll bet you one rupee to an anna a word that you get no information from him."

Blair ordered his horse saddled and brought to the front with a mounted sais to follow him. While he waited he searched his mind for anything wise to say to Grafton. But he could think of nothing. Grafton had liked Taron Ling. He had numerous times said what a man was there to rely on absolutely he was. Taron Ling in the instance on a rock by the trail toward Doongar, apparently sitting waiting for him.

"Hope you're not doing anything you need," he said to Grafton. Then he mounted and rode away into the oncoming wind.

The Rajah attended who rode behind him, impassively, but no gray face observed the confusion of the moment, a weird mixture of fear, fury and terror to hear. The gray horse almost as frantic as its rider were about. He recognized the bit that Blair rode. But that did Blair good, he had to get completely off master in order to control the animal.

A hundred yards away, near the rock on the trail, Taron Ling sat waiting on Rajah's gray with one leg draped forward—cantoned on the near horse almost as frantic as he was. He knew a trick worth two of that, and he was not afraid of it. He knew a trick worth two of that, and he was not afraid of devils were following.

Taron Ling laughed. He was frugal of laughter; one scornful "Hah!" was all he needed to express his kind of amusement. Then he jumped from the rock and started walking rapidly, not toward Doongar village but in a wandering track that led toward the lesser hill, through grass, hot jungle.

Blair followed, riding slowly in a cloud of dust that was super-silent and left nothing in his thoughts. He turned over upon than a light string and he had an acute conviction of danger.

It occurred to him several times to return to the camp for his revolver but he dismissed that thought after considering it. Taron Ling appeared also to be unarmed, and might not wait for him.

He was not afraid of the man's hypnotic tricks, extraordinary though they were. He felt fairly sure that, now he was on guard, such tricks would not succeed again. He had the Commissioner's orders to walk straight into any trap he might see. He could see no trap, but felt sure he was being led into one — equally sure the Rajah was on the gray had thought about that. The two had agreed that he was the lesser of two evils, even if he had not deliberately encouraged the horse to bolt.

There was probably not much danger, but if there were, what of it? He was under observation; he had a telegram in his pocket that would see to it if anything should happen to him. Somebody would soon know about it and follow up — rescue.

Blair had a very small share in his own personal importance in the scheme of things. It was the job that was important. He was a pawn in the game. The game was playing.

He kept Taron Ling in sight until they came to the dry pan in the riverbed where he had met the tiger that previous night.

It looked different by day. Night's loneliness was a dream that had vanished. The sun was well up, shortening shadows lay on quartz sand, bleached and drab, except where it sparkled in sunlight. There the glare was painful. There was some relief from the choking hot wind, because of the curve of the treeless river bed's bend.

Where Blair and his had descended into the riverbed from the bank of flight was a raw, bare cliff of gravel, and the tiger must be dead, he had not seen him since he had limped off, until the sun had shone full on the cliff. Then he saw him, a dark bulk breaking through the back of a decaying hill.

Taron Ling, pausing in full sunlight and facing the gorge, mounted one hill like monosyllable, as startling as a fleshbit. It was almost like another like the bark of a wild dog.

Out from the throat of the gorge a man came walking hand in hand with a mountaineer's swing of the arms. He wore a heavily bordered gray skin-cloth that revealed his right leg as high as the hip, naked and muscular.

He looked like a dancer of heroic robust parts, and carried a short cane in a man-ball's baton in his right hand, using that to salute Taron Ling, but to Blair he made no gesture of respect, although he walked up close to the horse and peered at the rider's face. His eyes were as cold as ice.

He spoke:

"Bhai," said Taron Ling. "He will take the horse now. He knows what I say."

The man eyed the horse's head. Common sense did provided the only possible answer to that question.

But to have kicked the man under the chin would not have revealed the whereabouts of Blair's pistol. Besides, it was important to learn what Taron Ling, if followed, might be about to reveal.

Blair almost dared he saw a man's face peering between two rocks and eye-shadow on the flank of the gorge's entrance. More than one balance in a hundred that that might be one of the Commissioner's men. If not, it was at any rate a witness, who would report what he saw to someone and so control some rumor that would trouble either the Raj might be would not the appear as Frenchmen. He gave his horse's neck a pat, and, leaving control to it, slid.

It seemed wise to ignore the chief's action for the moment and to act not but be a bad idea to let Taron Ling think he had established hypnotic control.

"You must come on foot now. He will take the horse back with him," said Taron Ling.

"Me? From whom?"

"From you."

"To say where we're going?"

"He will know what to say."

"What?"

"He already knows it." He had forgotten to mispronounce English spoke it excellently.

Two heads showed on the shadows quite distinctly, for a moment. With the corner of his eye Blair saw a hand steal like a snake's head into the sunlight, spread all five fingers three times and withdraw. He knew that signal answered it, pushing his helmet to the back of his head and wiping his forehead three times with a handkerchief.

It was safe to go forward; the Department was on the watch and would learn whatever happened. An involuntary shudder of excitement crept up his spine and along his shoulders, but he contrived to appear casual. He flicked flies off his face with his handkerchief, then freed his right foot from the stirrup.

"Well," he said, "I'm curious. I'll go with you."

CHAPTER XIV.

Into Gaglajung.

BLAIR dismounted. The chela led the horse away in the direction of the camp without waiting for further order. Blair felt glad he had left Grayne in charge.

What sort of passage the chela might deliver, even Grayne was hardly likely to accept it without suspicion of there was nothing awaiting Grayne might not be the kind of man who seizes responsibility and acts swiftly on appearances but would wait for orders. The boat or else send a subaltern or two to look up.

"I am ready. Which way?"

Taron Ling immediately turned back and left no gap to the foot path that Blair had seen the night before with Hemming toward the shrine where the mad hermit had blessed the tiger skin. Taron Ling, too, had the stride of a mountaineer; he climbed fast.

Blair took his own pace, but followed, and let him wait at frequent intervals. He had a half-hope of getting word with one of the men whom he could distinctly hear following through the jungle on either flank of the gorge. They were making too much noise and there was no need, as he saw it, for more than one at the moment; he would have liked to send one of them back to the camp with a message to Grayne.

He even sat down for a rest, several times, hoping one of the men would creep down close enough to speak, but they kept their distance, waiting when he waited.

Taron Ling showed no impatience until he came to a ledge where the shrine was nestled against an almost sheer cliff.

There was no sign of the mad hermit, but the Bat-Brahmin in freshly laundered white turban and long cloth coat came forward to meet them. He seemed to have been waiting within the shrine, he appeared so suddenly.

He greeted Taron Ling like an old acquaintance and eyed Blair curiously as if appraising his clothes for their value. In his eyes was the insolent audacity of the professional blessing-and-cursing monger, hard with avarice and with experience of human gullibility.

He offered [illegible] a greeting but seemed [illegible] reward one [illegible] Taron Ling held [illegible] a word between [illegible] Brahmin [illegible] entered.

There was [illegible] The Bat-Brahmin [illegible] basis. If [illegible] with the [illegible] Taron Ling [illegible] a man's [illegible] courage [illegible] other [illegible] ment that [illegible] vessel to [illegible]

The [illegible] ment purpose [illegible] dum [illegible] for the [illegible] watch [illegible] who [illegible] Brahmin [illegible] terior [illegible] as [illegible]

He [illegible] ing [illegible] that in [illegible] But it [illegible] Brahmin [illegible] although [illegible]

He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Plan Your Christmas Dinner Early

CHRISTMAS is probably the happiest holiday of the whole year and it can be made doubly so, says the Director of Applecroft Experiment Station, if the housewife will take advantage of the week before the actual holiday in which to shop, to plan and somewhat to do much of the advance cooking preparation.

Too often it falls out that a holiday is a treat and party for everyone concerned—except the mother and home manager. But a real holiday should also be a real cheering holiday for the one on whose shoulders the meal preparation falls. And it can be, too, if thought and patience prevail instead of much fuss and frenzied activity.

Delightful as it sometimes is to enjoy a holiday in restaurant or other commercial food hospice, Christmas is an at-home celebration which the simple meal served at home surpasses twice as good as the elaborate meal of the caterer's art.

The first step to a housekeeping holiday is to select a simple menu without too many courses or duplication of foods. How useless to offer potatoes with the turkey, another form of starch in baked squash, and then end with a pumpkin pie! Too many differing dishes only aggravate the palate and make waste inevitable.

Again, if the first course of soup be hearty, such as the traditional oyster cream soup, be sparing of the variety of vegetables and lessen the richness of the dessert. On the other hand, if the first course be a chilled fruit appetizer, then the dessert may be quite as hearty as the old fashioned but still delicious Indian pudding.

Second, plan the menu so that the food served may be given much advance preparation. Thus, any cream soup may be strained and set to season, at the last minute adding the necessary amount of milk or liquid.

Potatoes should never be served in any form which necessitates a hasty last-minute job. The ideal potatoes are the candied sweets, and the potato puff, both of which may be prepared several days, if need be, in advance, and only reheated just before serving.

Then, the turkey itself, or many other forms of the all important holiday meat may be stuffed the day previous, and even partially roasted a day in advance. This is especially necessary if the oven be small, and two birds must be cooked or the oven used for other foods.

Some housewives seem fearful that foods will not taste good unless cooked the last minute. On the contrary, many dishes gain in flavor by being allowed to season and ripen either when chilled as stock, or frozen in the refrigerator, or baked in pie or other form.

Vegetables like spinach, green beans, and especially Brussels sprouts, are not as good a choice as some others, for the holiday meal. Generally speaking, the green leaf vegetables require too much watching and too great a cooking space in the midst of a guest dinner. Better select onions, which may be precooked or baked, or turnips, which taste even better when reheated than they do when first cooked, or some form of scalloped or casserole vegetable whose serving is easier.

While salads are always important, the Christmas dinner menu may easily omit all salads with a gain in economy, and substitute a fruit sherbet or relish to better advantage. Cranberries, oranges, grapefruit, cider and apples all lend themselves to this suggestion — leaving out any green salad mixture, too often merely tasted and left behind on the guest's plate.

Nothing will ever replace either mince or pumpkin pie as the perfect holiday dessert, but either of these fillings may be baked in tarts which serve better, give less waste, and look more pleasing when offered individually. All nuts should be prepshelled to avoid an untidy table.

It is not a matter of boasting when I mention that for years my family held a Christmas dinner where from twenty to thirty persons was the usual seating custom. And this entire meal was cooked and handled and served by one maid, and in advance I served my guests [illegible] one [illegible] hour [illegible] cream [illegible] of corn soup—always served in cups with a last touch of popped corn—was made three days before hand, and left in its big, covered kettle on the side porch.

Trays or shallow pan after another were carefully filled with scalloped sweet potatoes—cooked slightly, ready for a last and only ten-minute heating on the Great Day. Then (and that was previous to the time of the convenient automatic refrigerator) the elaborate mold of [illegible] was also made and left on the porch to chill.

It required two turkeys weighing about eighteen or twenty pound to handle such a crowd. Both birds were stuffed, trussed and sewn up, then put in pans ready for the day previous. On the actual morning, one was cooked, one bird was my guest's problem, and the second started to cook, with two trays of baked sweets set to warm above.

With the pie and dessert all made, there remained only the addition of the liquid to the cream soup stock—and the dinner was ready. I forgot to add that all the giblet gravy and many a dinner did take SOME GRAVY! Had been made for two days previous, all left very well covered in the exact center pot in which it would be given its final roundup heating.

"How DO you manage?" used to be the invariable question. But with much of the cooking out of the way the dinner and [illegible] became chiefly a matter of seating arrangements and laying the table.

And that, too, takes advance planning—counting and piling of the right number of plates and silver, and an attention to detail which is a very liberal education in itself.

Holidays should be housekeeping holidays, too—with the happy hostess truly AT HOME—relaxed, refreshed and in a smiling unruffled humor, to greet her many guests.

Cape Cod Oyster Soup: 1 quart oysters and liquor, 1 small onion minced, 2 stalks celery chopped, 1 sprig parsley minced, 1 small bayleaf, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 level tablespoons flour, 2 cups evaporated milk, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, white pepper, grain nutmeg. Chop oysters fine and combine with liquor and spices. Simmer 20 minutes. Strain. (Advance preparation.) When ready to serve, blend butter and flour in double boiler, add milk and water, and stir until smooth. Add cooked oyster stock gradually, and heat until a thick cream. Season. Serve individually with garnish of pimiento cut into fancy shapes. (Serves 8.)

Aunt Deborah's Fruit Stuffing: ½ cup salt pork diced, 1 cup celery chopped, 1 cup onion grated, ½ cup parsley chopped, 6 medium tart apples diced, ½ cup sugar, 7 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup seedless raisins, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepper. Fry pork until crisp and remove pieces. Simmer celery, onion and parsley in fat 3 minutes and remove. Fry apples in fat, sprinkling with sugar (¼ cup additional if apples are very tart) until glazed. Combine with all other ingredients including pork scraps and blend well. Stuff into 10-pound goose or turkey the day before cooked.

Sweet Potato Pone or Puff: 8 sweet potatoes, 4 tablespoons cream, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, salt, pepper, gratings nutmeg and clove, 2 small wineglasses cooking sherry. Boil potatoes in salted water until soft. Drain, peel and mash well. Add other ingredients and beat until fluffy. (Advance preparation.) Place in buttered baking dish and heat until puffy and delicately browned. (Serves 8.)

Spiced Cranberry Sauce: 4 cups cranberries, 1 cup vinegar, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, 4 whole cloves. Wash berries and cook with other ingredients. Mash with wooden spoon while berries cook. Cook 20 minutes. Mash and sieve fine. Serve very chill. Mold star-shape, if desired. (Serves 8.)

Cider Frozen Fizz in Apple Cups: 8 medium sized rosy apples, scooped hollow; 2 tablespoons gelatin, 4 tablespoons cold water, 2 cups thin strained applesauce, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 cups sweet cider. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes, then dissolve over hot water. Combine with all other ingredients. Pour mixture into refrigerator freezing tray and freeze to a mushy consistency. (Advance.) When ready to serve, pile into apple cups arranged on small individual green glass plates. (Serves 8.)

Baked Onions Stuffed with Sausage: 8 Bermuda onions, 6 small breakfast sausages, 1 teaspoon parsley minced, 2 teaspoons celery chopped, ¾ to 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons cream, salt, pepper, onion cooking liquor. Select even size medium onions, peel, and scoop out hollow from centers. Cover with salted water and cook 10 minutes or until parboiled. Break sausage meat from casings, and combine with all other ingredients, blending well. Fill scooped cavities with meat stuffing. Dot stuffed onions with butter, place in shallow glass baking pan, and pour in a little of the onion cooking liquor. (Advance.) Bake about 35 minutes in a hot oven. Serve as garnish to turkey or other roast meat, or use as separate vegetable. (Serves 8.)

Priscilla Indian Pudding: 6 tablespoons yellow cornmeal, 2 cups evaporated milk, 2 cups [illegible] cup cold milk, ¼ cup light molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon [illegible], ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, 1 egg well beaten. Cook cornmeal, salt, milk and water in double boiler 20 minutes. Add butter and molasses and spices. Pour mixture over egg, stirring constantly. Pour into quart pudding dish set in other pan of water and bake in slow oven about 1½ hours (325° F.). Serve hot with cream, or hard sauce, or ice cream or whipped cream topping. (Serves 8.)

Pumpkin Pecan Pie: 1½ cups cooked or canned pumpkin, ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, 2 eggs well beaten, 2 cups evaporated milk, 1 cup pecan meats, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup unsifted pecan meats. Mix sugar with pumpkin, add spices, milk, and well beaten eggs and butter. Mix thoroughly. Add pecan meats and pour into one crust. Bake moderate oven. (Serves 8.) Use may also be made into individual tarts.

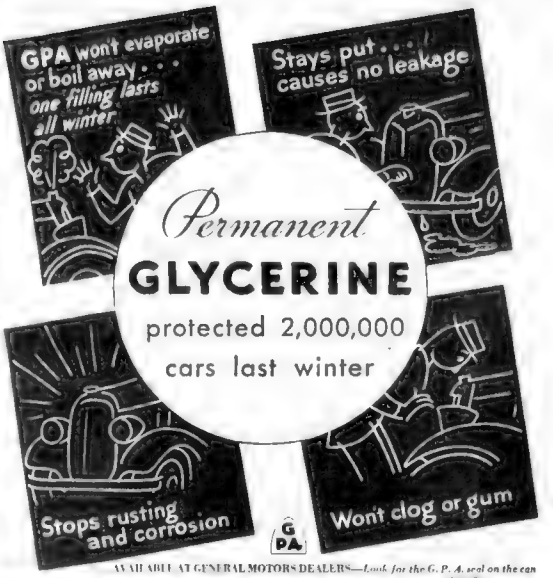
Cider Marshmallow Mousse: 24 cooking marshmallows, 1½ cups sweet cider, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup egg whites, pinch salt. Melt marshmallows in ¾ cup cider over hot water. When smooth, add remaining cider, lemon juice and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add remaining sugar and salt to egg whites and whip very stiff. Combine mixtures and freeze. Mold in fancy shape and garnish with whole glazed crabapples or other bright garnish. (Serves 8 to 10.)

Grapefruit Holiday Pie: 8 slices white bread, butter, cinnamon sugar, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon agar, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Toast bread quite brown and butter it thickly, then sprinkle with cinnamon. Break toast into small pieces and line a deep pie plate with them. Fill up with pared grapefruit sections and diced fruit with butter. Make a meringue of the egg whites whipped with sugar, flavored with the lemon, and grated lemon rind spread over in generous layer over fruit filling and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until meringue is golden brown.

Oyster Stuffing for Chicken: 2 cups cubed white bread crumbs, 2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon powdered sage, 2 tablespoons minced celery, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 2 tablespoons minced onion, salt, pepper, 1 cup melted butter, 1 pint oysters cut small. Combine all ingredients and mix well. Stuff into a 6-pound chicken.

Cranberry Orange Relish for Turkey (without cooking): 1 cups berries washed and picked, 2 oranges, 2 cups sugar. Put berries through coarse knife of meat chopper. Pare oranges and remove seeds, and remove as much white membrane as possible and pulp through meat chopper using fine knife to catch the juice. Combine chopped cranberries with chopped cranberries and sugar. Stand 4 hours or longer. Serve as meat relish.

Tomato Marmalade: Small ripe tomatoes, sugar, lemons, preserved ginger. Remove skins from tomatoes with boiling water. To every 1 pound skinned fruit allow 1 pound white granulated sugar, 2 ounces preserved ginger, and 2 lemons sliced thin. Combine sugar and tomatoes, cover and let stand overnight. Drain syrup and boil until it thickens. Add chopped ginger and lemon (with seeds removed). Cook until tomatoes have a clear appearance. Pour into sterilized jars.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LATER THAT MORNING
YOU KNOW, MR. JONES, I BELIEVE THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE BATHROOM TISSUE ARE CUTTING DOWN THE NUMBER OF SHEETS IN THE ROLLS. I HAVE TO BUY TISSUE TWICE AS OFTEN AS BEFORE.
NO, MRS. CARTER, THEY ARE NOT CUTTING DOWN. YOU ARE PROBABLY BUYING ONE OF THOSE BRANDS THAT HAVE ONLY 500 TO 600 SHEETS IN THE ROLL INSTEAD OF 1,000. WHY NOT CHANGE YOUR BRAND?
I SUGGEST 3 ROLLS OF SEMINOLE TISSUE. ITS MUCH BETTER VALUE, 1,000 SHEETS IN EVERY ROLL, LASTS TWICE AS LONG AND COSTS ONLY A PENNY OR TWO MORE. IT'S MY BEST SELLER... VALUE-WISE WOMEN ALWAYS BUY IT. IT'S GUARANTEED THE SOFTEST AND SAFEST BATHROOM TISSUE.
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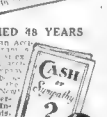

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Heart Appeal

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] down, Mr. Bougrat, and we'll discuss it."

"I don't [illegible] thing to discuss," he insisted out. "I am asking [illegible] reputation. Would you prefer I put it in writing?"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Heart Appeal

(Continued from Page 22)

said, impulsively, "Please don't take offense about that. You're very quick to take offense, aren't you?"

"Am I?" He appeared surprised.

She nodded her red head quickly and sprang to her feet.

"Certainly you are. Now don't you think we'd better be going?"

He mumbled something about seeing her out. She got her neat felt hat and her smart Fall coat with the high fur collar from the small cloakroom that adjoined her office and together they walked down the stairs, since the elevator had stopped running. She was small and neat and very smart.

Cl, on the other hand, was far from smart. His gray overcoat was large and sloppy, and slightly threadbare at the elbows. His hat was brown felt, and there was a cigarette burn in the brim that made him look as though he were a gang-ster and someone had shot at him.

It was dark outside, and there was a weepiness in the air, that was half rain and half mist. Kathleen drew the collar of her coat up higher and snuggled her small chin down into it. She rather enjoyed a damp wet evening, especially when she had work to do.

It was very pleasant in the sitting room of her apartment when the curtains were drawn and the fire was lit. Spring and Summer evenings weren't so good for working. She was ever conscious of a curious restlessness she couldn't give a name to. Time and again she had to force her attention to the copy she was trying to write. It was very stupid and annoying to anyone who prided herself on her mental concentration as Kathleen did. But with the window wide open, the warm fresh air blowing in and the tall trees outside budding in green and silver, she longed for... Perhaps she didn't know, or wouldn't admit what she did long for. But, often, she would spring to her feet and think: "I'll get the car out and drive into the country. I must need fresh air."

Fresh air, more sleep, a new diet sheet... Kathleen always tried to pin that vague restless longing to something definite. Too humiliating to admit she was lonely. Only typists, clerks and store assistants, whose work wasn't sufficiently interesting to engross their attention, indulged in loneliness of that sort.

"I always leave my car in the square. I haven't had a ticket yet," she remarked as they walked along.

"I'd like to have a car," he admitted. "Then I could drive out and see Gumps some weekends."

"Gumps?" she questioned. A queer name. What was it? A dog?

"My step-brother," he told her. "We called him Greedy-Gumps as a kid and the name stuck. I'm seeing to his education. There are only the two of us."

"What about his mother?"

"She eloped with another man two years after she married Dad, leaving him Gumps as a keepsake!"

His voice was bitter. She wondered if this had anything to do with his dislike of women. Another marriage failure, she thought. Everywhere you go you run up against them.

They had reached the square, and there was her smart coupe, the wet night mist glistening on its shining cream body.

Old Peter (no one knew his other name, he had been Old Peter to the employees of Webbers for years) had switched on her lights as he always did at lighting-up time, but he had since disappeared. The cold Fall nights were growing too much for him. Soon, Kathleen thought, we must get up a subscription for him and let him retire. Old Peter had no official connection with Webbers. He merely watched the cars for those fortunate enough to possess them. He had done it for years. He had still been Old Peter, looking about 80, when Kathleen had first come to Webbers as a stenographer.

She turned at the corner of the square and said: "Good-night, Mr. Brentwood. I hope you'll reconsider your decision to resign before morning."

He smiled faintly. "It isn't much use my reconsidering it since I can't write the sort of stuff you want."

"You could try," she pointed out.

She didn't know why she was giving him this second chance. She needn't have, and from a business point of view it would be better if she didn't. But something about him tonight had touched her. She didn't know whether it was the rather threadbare gray overcoat or what he had said about Gumps, his half-brother.

"But you don't think I'm much good," he persisted, scowling slightly. "You don't think I'm efficient."

"No, I don't think you're very efficient," she murmured. She smiled mischievously and added, "But I don't think many men are very efficient for that matter."

"Then why don't you run your department entirely with women?"

"I'll think about it," she promised solemnly, but there was that twinkle in her hazel eyes again.

'Good night!" He raised the disreputable hat and was about to turn away when he stopped short and exclaimed: "Did you know you had a flat?"

She started, and swung towards the car. "No, I didn't. Blast it," she wailed, "that garage at the end of the street is always shut when I want it!"

He looked at her enquiringly. "Can't you change the tire easily?"

"Not very," she admitted. "And in these clothes..."

"I'll do it," he interrupted shortly. "It won't take me a minute."

He changed the tire very efficiently and quickly.

"That was nice of you," she said, thanking him.

"Not at all." He smiled naturally for the first time that afternoon. "I guess there are some things men are more efficient at than women, Miss Manners. Good-night again."

He raised the disreputable hat a second time, turned on his heel and strode off into the night.

Kathleen had a sense of humor, even when the joke was against herself. She laughed softly as she turned the car out of the parking place into the main street. The road was wet and slippery, and the lights above the shops threw pools of gold upon it.

She had found she could think well when driving. Some of her most successful advertising campaigns had been planned when she was at the wheel of her car.

But tonight, as she drove, her thoughts rebelled against lingerie, baby linen and the latest apache cravat. She didn't mean to think of Derek, but she found she was doing so, trying to fit his life together since they had parted, like a picture puzzle, from the odd bricks of information he had given her that afternoon.

He'd worked on an English newspaper. That side of his life wasn't difficult to imagine. And then his marriage... to an English girl named Delia. Had she been a newspaper woman, too? Kathleen tried to picture her and failed. Perhaps because she didn't really want to.

Something in connection with this wife named Delia stirred an ache in her heart; it wasn't a definite ache but she was afraid it might become so if she visualised the girl too clearly. You can always be so much more generous towards the rival you have never seen.

He had said they had had four years of perfect happiness. She thought, "I'm glad." Yet that vague ache was there again, more definite now. Four years... "That's more than most marriages can boast," he had said. "But such happiness as ours doesn't last. It can't possibly last. That's why marriage is a failure."

Wasn't that what she believed herself? Why she had determined never to marry? But... four years of perfect happiness...

Again that ache was there and this time she was startled to find it was a composite of wistfulness and envy.

Yet hadn't her life been happy, too, in the interval? "A full, busy, happy life." She often used the phrase in connection with herself. Hard work, success that had been all the sweeter because of that hard work, and yet...

Where had they lived? she wondered. In one of those old-fashioned apartments or flats, as they were called, with oak beams and big open fireplaces in some quaint London square? Had they both rushed back there each evening eagerly to exchange the happenings of the day? To make supper together, laugh, talk — love.

Kathleen pressed harder on the throttle. The car leapt forward and almost skidded. But she was an experienced driver and righted it easily.

Her thoughts drifted on. Why had they parted? She had gathered there had been no bitterness on either side. Curiously, she couldn't imagine anyone parting from Derek except in bitterness. Perhaps because she couldn't imagine anyone, who had once had him, giving him up easily. She remembered her own heartache at their parting. Yet how slender had been their affair.

Four years of perfect happiness. Unwittingly it rankled. Of all he had said to her that afternoon it was the one sentence that was heavily underlined.

Then he had come back to the States to start this magazine, which had leapt to such instant success. Why hadn't he got in touch with her before? He had been back over a year. A whole year... in which she had gone every morning to Webbers, sat at her large mahogany desk, interviewed the heads of various departments, been closeted with directors at conferences, written copy, planned big advertising campaigns, gone home each evening either to work or visit friends, though mostly to work a full, busy, happy year.

And yet, it seemed to Kathleen suddenly, an incredibly lonely year. As though all she had done built up during that past year was but a house of cards that had collapsed when Derek's name had smiled into hers and he had come from out of the past, had said, "Kathie."

Kathleen's apartment was in a large building on Brooklyn Heights. She had chosen Brooklyn because it was said that it was better there than in any other part of New York. "And if you're living in an office and you must have fresh air at night," she had remarked sensibly to any friend who pointed out the disadvantage of the distance from her work.

The building was modern, it curved in a semi-circle with a drive and a garden in front, tennis courts and lock-up garages behind. Kathleen drove her car round into one of these and left it.

She hurried. She had ordered dinner for seven-thirty, and it was past that time now. Usually she had a healthy appetite, but tonight she felt unnaturally tired.

She had barely finished dressing when the house phone rang. Its porter told her that Mr. Lea was asking to be taken up.

"Of course," said Kathleen, "bring her up at once."

But she sighed a little. Trouble usually came in the wake of Lea. Lea, who was so very lovely, and should have slipped through life in an easy, pleasant way, was a magnet for trouble.

She lived with her husband, Hal Rayburn in New Jersey. He had a business there which had ran spasmodically. Hal was fair-haired and good-looking, but there was little else to recommend him, Kathleen considered.

Following Lea came a porter, with about six suitcases and three hat boxes.

"Goodness," Kathleen exclaimed, as she pushed her chair back and got up from the table, "are you going on a cruise or what?"

She spoke lightly, yet without much confidence. Certainly Lea didn't look as though she were going on a cruise. She looked angry and dramatic. Kathleen felt apprehensive. When Lea was dramatic sparks flew.

"No, I'm not going on a cruise," said Lea mysteriously, "It's something much more important than that."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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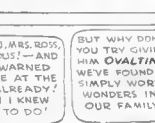
It eliminates 1 hold-time pen parts — gets rid of rubber ink sacs and lever fillers found in sac-type pens, and of squirt-gun piston pumps found in sac-less pens — is guaranteed mechanically perfect!

This was the hope and despair of pen inventors for nearly 50 years. Then a university scientist conceived the Vacumatic filler and Geo. S. Parker developed and perfected it.

Go and see how easily it creates vacuum in the pen barrel — how the ink rushes in and fills it with a *double* supply and a *visible* supply.

And don't forget that the cost of autograph engraving will be restored after Christmas. Until then — no charge. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.



Parker VACUMATIC

Duofold $10 Parker $7.50 — Other Vacumatic Styles $5

THEY CALLED HIM "SLEEPY DAN"

UNTIL HE FOUND THIS DRUGLESS WAY TO OVERCOME SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH "SLEEPY DAN"? HE'S GOT THESE FIGURES WRONG AGAIN!
SAME OLD TROUBLE — SLEEPLESS NIGHTS — TOO BAD — BUT IF HE DOESN'T SNAP OUT OF IT, HE'LL FIND HIMSELF OUT OF A JOB.
NEXT MORNING
AFTER ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT
BUT DAN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP! YOU'RE HALF AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!
IT'S NO USE, HONEY. THIS LYING AWAKE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HAS ME LICKED COMPLETELY.'
I TELL YOU, MRS. ROSS, IT'S SERIOUS! — AND THEY'VE WARNED HIM TWICE AT THE OFFICE ALREADY! I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO!
BUT WHY DON'T YOU TRY GIVING HIM OVALTINE? WE'VE FOUND IT SIMPLY WORKS WONDERS IN OUR FAMILY.'
OVALTINE? WHY, ISN'T THAT THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT THESE DAYS?
YES — AND DR FERRIS ALWAYS RECOMMENDS IT BECAUSE IT HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT.
THAT NIGHT
SO THIS IS OVALTINE! IT TASTES MARVELOUS. WHY DIDN'T WE TRY IT BEFORE?
MRS ROSS SAYS IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM — SO HURRY ALONG TO BED.
SOME MINUTES LATER
ASLEEP ALREADY! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES!
BOY, DID I SLEEP! AND AM I READY TO "HIT THE LINE" TODAY!
OH DAN... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH BETTER YOU LOOK — YOU SEEM LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!
THAT AFTERNOON
LOOK AT THAT, HE'S CLEANED UP HIS WORK ALREADY.
NOTHING "DOPE" ABOUT HIM NOW! A REGULAR DYNAMO!
STAY HOME TONIGHT? NONSENSE, HONEY! COME ON DOWN AND WE'LL GO TO A SHOW!

TO GAIN SLEEP QUICKLY

Try This Drugless Method . . .

Used for Years In Europe

THERE is a way that helps to bring sound, restful sleep at night. A way that many thousands tell us is successful. Not by using drugs — but by drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at bedtime. We urge you to try it and see what it does for you.

Hundreds of doctors recommend it because it brings results. And because it is a *pure food-drink*. Thus it avoids the use of drugs.

They recommend it too because it brings you other benefits.

For Ovaltine is remarkably easy to digest, and its unusual food values make it a valuable aid to nature in rebuilding nerve, brain and body tissue while you sleep.

In this way you awaken in the morning — not with a "drowsy" feeling, but clear-eyed, refreshed — nerves calm and mind clear — just the way you should feel after a perfect night's sleep.

So outstanding are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, during the World War, it was used as a standard ration for invalid soldiers. Thousands of people, men and women use it regularly to restore vitality when fatigued — and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Get a can of Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store today. Or mail the coupon at the right for a trial supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

The Wander Company, Dept. 10
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial package of Ovaltine. (One package to a person.)

NRA

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address clearly IN PENCIL) 1006B A

OVALTINE

Look for New Low Prices

AT E. G. GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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A COMPLETE WAVE FOR ONE CENT

NOW you can quickly and easily wave your hair at home for one cent or less. New improved Wildroot Wave Powder, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, makes full pint of professional wave set for [illegible] cents. You make your own wave set. Just mix powder with water. Dries quickly, leaves no white flakes. Keeps indefinitely. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At drug stores and toilet goods counters in U. S. and Canada.

25c SIZE MAKES 3 PINTS
10c SIZE, 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT WAVE POWDER

MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

Extract of famous Medicinal Herb stimulates Throat's Moisture

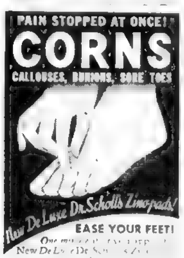
WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Their healthy secretions change. Your throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture [illegible]. Phlegm loosens — is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe even for babies. Tastes good.

GLANDS HERE CLOG — THROAT DRIES — WHEN YOU CATCH COLD THEN COUGHING STARTS!

● Doctors have used Pertussin for over 30 years because it's always safe and sure.

"It's wonderful for all coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the work," agrees another.

PERTUSSIN
helps nature cure your cough



EASE YOUR FEET!

One minute after you apply the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes, tender spots on any part of the feet or toes, relief will be yours. Friction and pressure causing these foot troubles is stopped. Corns, sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes are prevented by these soothing, healing, protective pads. The separate Medicated Disks, included in every box, enable you to quickly remove corns or callouses safely and painlessly.

CALLOUSES · BUNIONS · SOFT CORNS

NEW FEATURES
De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the new flesh color [illegible]

NEW De Luxe FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the world's most interesting magazine—it has to be to be interesting to more than 5,000,000 families

Full Moon by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 20)

He [illegible] For a moment Blair hesitated. Why not return to the entrance and try to [illegible] to the men, whose job it was to keep him under observation, to come out of the [illegible] and follow? He could have done that in less than a minute. Not to do it was to add to the risk he was running.

However he decided those men probably knew the [illegible] or they would not have been picked [illegible] Taron Ling with [illegible] the steps were of rough-hewn [illegible] descending [illegible]

He could [illegible] backward up through the hole but not downward. When he [illegible] Taron Ling from beneath took his foot and tried to [illegible] but Blair kicked the hand away. Neither man spoke. The heat was suffocating [illegible]

Blair [illegible] and groped downward [illegible]

After [illegible] sudden, darker than [illegible] dark and when he looked upward he could see nothing at all. The Bat had closed the opening. Taron Ling laughed but the sound had no overtone; it was mirthless. And the tunnel was darker than death.

Blair struck a match. Excitement glared in Taron Ling's eyes. The match burned Blair's fingers. He struck another, trying to see upward.

"Can you open that from below?" he demanded.

"No."

"Is there another way out?"

"No."

"Any water?"

"No."

Blair started to climb upward, [illegible] Taron Ling's hand clutched [illegible] He kicked hard. The man [illegible] he had the strength of a gorilla.

"You obey," said his voice in the dark, "or you die."

Blair sat on a step and struck another match. It showed him Taron Ling's face, sweat-wet, grinning with intention. Murder? What for? Money? He had none.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

Then the match went out. He struck another; there were eight or nine remaining.

"[illegible] obedience," said Taron Ling.

He [illegible] of Blair's ankle and descended backwards on hands and knees into total darkness. When the match burned out he spoke.

"Obey me and live. Disobey me [illegible] were [illegible] you saw a signal [illegible] Wu Tu [illegible] Zaman [illegible] police signals [illegible] neglect that? The Commission [illegible] been [illegible]

[illegible] torture him.

[illegible] said Taron Ling.

Though [illegible] Taron Ling [illegible] deliberately [illegible] with the Bat Brahmin [illegible] no other way of [illegible] the man to [illegible] the hole and [illegible] As for thirst, his mouth was already dry [illegible] the heat [illegible]

Taron Ling too would feel that presently.

[illegible] are [illegible] human [illegible] to defy [illegible] Not even a madman [illegible] Taron Ling did [illegible] to be quite mad—yet, [illegible] where madness lies in [illegible] sometimes long and devious.

Blair struck another match. Out of the darkness something [illegible] to his lap. It was a human skull.

"[illegible] have died in here," said Taron Ling's voice. "This [illegible] secret way to Gaglajung that Rammet betrayed to the [illegible] king." He tossed up another [illegible] then another. Blair [illegible] the skull back into the darkness.

"[illegible] your eyes," he answered. "[illegible] get going. What's [illegible] You know a way [illegible] that's obvious."

He realized quite suddenly, and wondered why he had not realized before, that the quarrel had been deliberately timed to make the Bat close up the hole as an act of revenge. Possibly the Bat did not know of another way out. Probably he resented the discovery of a secret that he and his antecedent impostors in office had kept for centuries.

Whatever the secret might be, probably the Bat had welcomed an excuse to conceal it again, and to let the intruders die parched in the dark. Conceivably the Bat had been induced to reveal the secret in the first instance, or perhaps the mad hermit had been induced to reveal it by means of one of Taron Ling's hypnotic tricks.

Such tricks bring reaction in their wake. Anger sometimes breaks hypnotic spells; it might have stirred the Bat's evident madness to revolt and revenge. Taron Ling would surely not have run that risk unless he knew or thought he knew a way of escape.

Blair's own competently governed anger began to surge to his support. Why should he have been picked for this job—he of all people — he who hated all things that can not be stated in plain speech?

The Commissioner had chosen him, knowing his prejudice. Why? Wu Tu had dared to try to hypnotize him. Why him? Why had Henrietta treated him as if he were a disappointing fool without wit or understanding?

What did this beast Taron Ling mean by taking such pains to pursue and trap him? Why him? What did it all mean?

He would find out. Forward into the trap. Obey orders!

"Go on!" he commanded. "Lead the way!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Making Money With Favorite Christmas Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Pin Money for Christmas.

EVERY woman [illegible] interested in having [illegible] extra pin money at Christmas time. A number of our readers have supplied the following recipes with [illegible] not to [illegible] for [illegible] than [illegible] more than they [illegible] Attractive [illegible] decorations always increase the market price of home-made products.

Christmas Stars.

CREAM 1 cup butter, adding 1 cup [illegible] gradually. Add [illegible] honey and beat well. Add [illegible] cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons soda and, if desired, 3 teaspoons of mixed spices. If the cookies are for little children it might be well to [illegible] smaller quantity of spice. When [illegible] add 2 [illegible] spoon [illegible] dough. Chill [illegible] several hours. Roll very thin, a very small piece at a time and cut out with a star cutter. Decorate as desired. Bake on greased baking sheet in a moderate oven about 7 minutes. Remove from pan while hot as [illegible] become crisp immediately.

White Fruit Cake.

CREAM [illegible] cup butter and gradually add 1[illegible] cup flour sifted with [illegible] teaspoon soda. Then beat in [illegible] tablespoon lemon juice. To [illegible] stiffly beaten egg whites add [illegible] cups sifted powdered sugar and gently combine mixtures. Add [illegible] cup candied cherries, [illegible] cup blanched and shredded almonds, [illegible] cup thinly sliced citron. Flavor with [illegible] teaspoon [illegible] or a few drops lemon extract. [illegible] buttered and floured [illegible]

A Doctor's Famous Fruit Cake.

CREAM [illegible] pound butter, add 1 pound [illegible] light brown sugar and when well blended add [illegible] dozen eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add ½ pound flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons [illegible] 2 grated nutmegs and 1 [illegible] Beat in 1 cup grape juice or brandy. To 2 pounds [illegible] citron, [illegible] pounds [illegible] 2 pounds [illegible] pineapple, 2 [illegible] pound [illegible] flour [illegible] with the batter mixture. [illegible] into buttered loaf [illegible] and bake in [illegible] and then baked in a low oven about an hour or long enough to dry the cake a little. When cold remove from pans, wrap in waxed paper and decorate the [illegible]

Old-Fashioned Fruit Cake.

CREAM 1 pound butter, add 1 pound sifted light brown sugar and when well blended beat in 9 eggs one at a time. Mix and sift 1 pound flour, 2 teaspoons mace, 2 teaspoons cinnamon and 1 teaspoon soda. Add 2 tablespoons milk to the cake mixture and then beat in about ¾ of the flour. Mix remaining flour with 3 pounds currants, 2 pounds seeded or seedless raisins, 1 pound blanched and shredded almonds and 1 pound thinly sliced citron. Combine with butter mixture. Turn into buttered loaf or tube pans and bake about 4 hours in a very low oven. When cold remove from pans and wrap as desired.

Pound Cake.

CREAM 1 pound butter, add 1 pound [illegible] sugar gradually and continue beating. Add 10 eggs one at a time, beating constantly. Flavor as desired with 2 teaspoons vanilla or ½ teaspoon lemon, or [illegible] teaspoon mace and 2 tablespoons brandy. Add 1 pound sifted flour. Mix well. Turn into buttered tube or loaf pan and bake in a slow oven about 1½ hours.

Chocolate Layer Cake.

CREAM ½ cup butter with 1¼ cups sifted sugar. When smooth and creamy add 2 eggs. When smooth add 1 cup sour milk alternately with [illegible] cups flour [illegible] teaspoon soda. Beat well and add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 4 squares chocolate melted over hot water. Bake in two buttered and floured layer cake pans about 45 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Put together and cover with [illegible] chocolate frosting and decorate with [illegible] cherries [illegible] or put together and cover with Mountain High Frosting and pour over the center of the top 2 tablespoons [illegible] melted with 2 [illegible] over hot water. The [illegible] chocolate soon solidifies and gives a very festive touch to an otherwise plain cake.

Butterless Cocoanut Cake.

MANY people who like cakes [illegible] about the richness of it. The following cake [illegible] has no butter [illegible] not too rich and makes an especially nice cake to serve with a festive ice cream dessert. Make your favorite angel cake batter, flavoring it with a few drops of [illegible] or lemon extract. Turn into three unbuttered layer cake pans (preferably round ones) and bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned. Invert on wire cake cooler. When cold remove from pan and put together and cover with boiled frosting or Mountain High Frosting, sprinkling each layer generously with freshly grated cocoanut. Gently press the cocoanut all around the sides of the cake. The result is a lovely cake with frosting and cocoanut and [illegible]

Cocoanut Loaf Cake.

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sifted sugar gradually. Beat in 1 cup milk alternately with 3 cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon soda. Fold in 6 stiffly beaten egg whites. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla or any other desired extract and add 1 freshly grated cocoanut. Turn into two buttered and floured tube pans or loaf cake pans and bake in a moderate oven.

Peanut Cookies.

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter, adding ¼ cup sugar gradually and then 1 well beaten egg. Mix and sift ⅓ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Add to the first mixture. Add 2 teaspoons milk, ⅓ cup chopped peanuts and ½ teaspoon lemon [illegible]. Have ready [illegible] buttered baking sheet and drop the mixture from tip of teaspoon on the baking sheet about an inch apart. Decorate the cookies with [illegible] peanut or [illegible] and bake 12 to [illegible] minutes in a slow oven.

Brazil Nut Brittle.

MIX 2 [illegible] sugar, ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar and 1½ cups water. Stir until dissolved. Boil until syrup begins to turn a little yellow, or reaches 330 degrees on sugar thermometer. Add 3 cups of sliced Brazil nut meats. Remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon soda. Stir quickly and pour onto a cold and oiled marble slab or very large platter so that brittle will be very thin. When cold break into irregular pieces.

THE REALLY PERFECTED FULLY EQUIPPED SACKLESS PEN —
The Conklin NOZAC
WORD GAUGE

● Outstanding among the many ultra-advanced features of the Conklin Nozac fountain pen is the Word Gauge—exclusively Conklin—that enables the writer to visualize the unusually large ink supply in terms of words at any and all times. Here is the "sackless pen" that is truly sackless—no rubber sack, of any kind or size. Full visibility of ink. Filled by *Positive Mechanical Action* of a speedy patented new filling device that "winds like a watch". Tested and proved by over 4 years of use by thousands of writers. Why give less than a Conklin Nozac? It costs no more. $5, $7.50 and $10. Give a Conklin pencil to match, too—$3.50 and $5. Other Conklin pens $2.75 and more. Pencils $1 and more. At all dealers.

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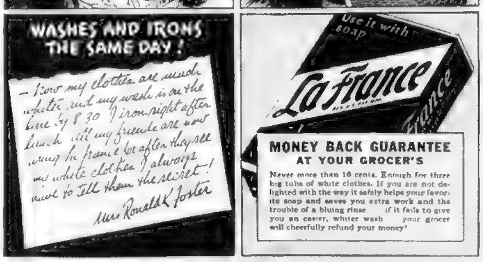
PHONE CALL SOLVES BRIDE'S PROBLEM

A true story based on the facts contained in an unsolicited letter.



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AT YOUR GROCER'S

Never more than 10 cents. Enough for three big tubs of white clothes. If you are not delighted with the way it safely helps your favorite soap and saves you extra work and the trouble of a bluing rinse [illegible] if it fails to give you an easier, whiter wash [illegible] your grocer will cheerfully refund your money!

SEE WHAT LA FRANCE CAN DO FOR YOU!

JUST a few pennies can save you 30 to 60 minutes' hard washday work. Your grocer has this wonderful washday discovery, and it's never more than 10 cents a package, enough for 3 large tubs.

No more hard rubbing . . . no more separate bluing rinses with all that extra lifting of heavy wet clothes.

La France speeds up any soap . . . never hurts any fabric that's safe in water . . . blues and whitens perfectly without spots or streaks.

Endorsed by leading washing machine manufacturers [illegible] and sold under a money back guarantee.

Start tomorrow — have the easiest washday — the whitest clothes you've ever known!

FREE! Mail the coupon below for a test package of La France—enough for one large tub. We'll also send a sample of Satina. You add Satina to boiling starch. It makes your iron glide easier. La France and Satina are products of General Foods.

Magic LA FRANCE!

1. Add it to your suds!
2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues at the same time, saving you one whole hard step.
4. Less work — whiter clothes!

A.W. 12-16
GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.
Send me free test packages of La France and Satina.
Name ____
Street ____
City ____ State ____
(Print name and address—fill in completely)

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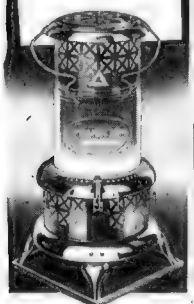
COMFORT *for* CHILLY *bathrooms*



Perfection adds extra warmth in a hurry . . .

A bath should mean relaxation, not shivers. Get a handy little Perfection portable room heater. It will bring comfort to your bathroom or any other room where you need extra warmth. Burns ten to twelve hours on a gallon of kerosene. Firelight models have transparent fire-bowl of Pyrex brand glass; others all-metal in a choice of finishes. Moderate prices.

For large capacity stove-heating, see Sunerex oil burning Heat-Directors and Radiating heating stoves.

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ROOM HEATERS

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A DROP OF PREVENTION

A drop of Esso Handy Oil, the new rust preventive, is worth a pound of elbow-grease! Esso Handy Oil is also a fine cleaner and polisher . . . a dandy squeak-eliminator. Can't get gummy. Try it! ESSO INC., 26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

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Shines Leather in all Weather!

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POLISH

Large tin—at all stores

Brightly Shining Silver for the Holidays

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

HOLIDAYS ahead! For the hostess this means not only a well-stocked pantry equal to every company occasion, but also that the china, the glass, and the silver be ready for such heavy duty holiday demands. The daily or family silver may be bright and shining from constant use, but what of the spare silver now tucked away in drawer or silver-chest?

Tarnish is the disfiguring enemy of all silver, brass and copper, metals which do so much to make our homes bright and welcoming. This chemically produced gray film is more evident in the modern, cleanly white-tiled use of artificial gas or mechanical burners and fuels. The remedy for tarnish is twofold: silver must be made clean first, and kept clean by every means possible afterward.

Polishing silver has long been considered one of the humblest of household chores. However, few of the smaller routine jobs given their door more satisfaction. If achievement of results means anything, what is more satisfying than to see silver emerge from its cleaning bath or rub, sparkling and bright, rich and lustrous as satin, to lend its glamour to even the simplest of food services?

There are two familiar and general methods of cleaning all silver: the first is the hand rubbing or friction type, which utilizes some form of paste, powder or other abrasive, plus a soft cloth, brush or sponge with which to do the rubbing.

Nothing can do the job more satisfactorily, and after all, the labor entailed is actually slight. Gloves may be used on the hands, and if the right cleaning paste is employed, there is little annoying dust.

The silver cleanser chosen should be of the highest quality, which means smooth texture without any gritty particles. It should be applied gently, so that no scratching can result. The cloth used should be soft, such as chamois or canton flannel, old worn flannel being perhaps the best of all to give the perfect shine and soft satiny glow to silver.

Rub the pieces to be cleaned with the paste and allow to dry. Remove the dry paste with soft cloth. Wash the pieces in hot water with a white soap suds to which a little ammonia is added. Rinse in very hot water. Wipe dry with very soft cloths. If there are raised designs or engraving, these must be cleaned with a soft brush.

An experienced butler whom the writer once interviewed on the subject gave these additional suggestions: "Always choose a clear sunny day on which to do the work. If powdered whiting is used, mix the paste with pure alcohol. A very little dilute oxalic acid will remove the worst stains. Use salt carefully with which to remove the dark stains left by eggyolk, as on teaspoons. Rub quickly rather than hard. Rub over last with a soft dry chamois. This gives the desirable soft 'butler's finish,' much preferred to a glaring spick-and-span and overly new look."

Now for the second method, which is based not on friction, but on a chemical set-up. This, too, is familiar to some housewives and is known as the electrolytic method.

While there are many special "silver pans" and also pieces of metal sold for the special cleansing action they create on silverware, the best and the simplest way to clean silver thus, is as follows: use any large enamel pan, and lay in the bottom an aluminum pinplate or similar flat plate. To every one quart of hot water used, allow 1 teaspoon of common salt and 1 teaspoon of common baking soda. Mix the salt and soda well with the water and pour into the pan.

Lay the silver, a piece at a time, on the aluminum plate, so that the piece touches the plate, or touches another piece of silver which is touching the plate. Do not do too many pieces at one time.

The tarnish will disappear almost instantly. Remove silver, wash in hot white soapsuds, rinse well and dry with soft cloths as usual. If the piece such as a bowl, vase, or golf trophy is too large to be immersed at one bath, keep turning it in the hot water until every part is cleaned.

This method is more rapid, and is a great help where there is a very large quantity of flat-ware. Its chief limitation is that it gives a bright finish, less soft than the preferred satin finish, especially to genuine silver, and second, it must not be used on what is termed "French-gray" or an oxidized finish, which it will rapidly remove.

Therefore, when silver is bought, it is wise to ask the dealer, or the manufacturer, exactly what type of finish is present, and whether or not it will be safe to use the electrolytic method in cleaning it.

After the silver is made clean, how can it be kept in this gleaming condition? The old-fashioned way of storing silver in canton-flannel bags is still an excellent one if the drawer or chest in which the bags lie is protected by one of the new paper linings which prevent all tarnish.

There has been much new invention along these lines, as today we may buy various forms of paper wrapping in which to lay each piece of flatware, fold them one bundle, spoons [illegible]

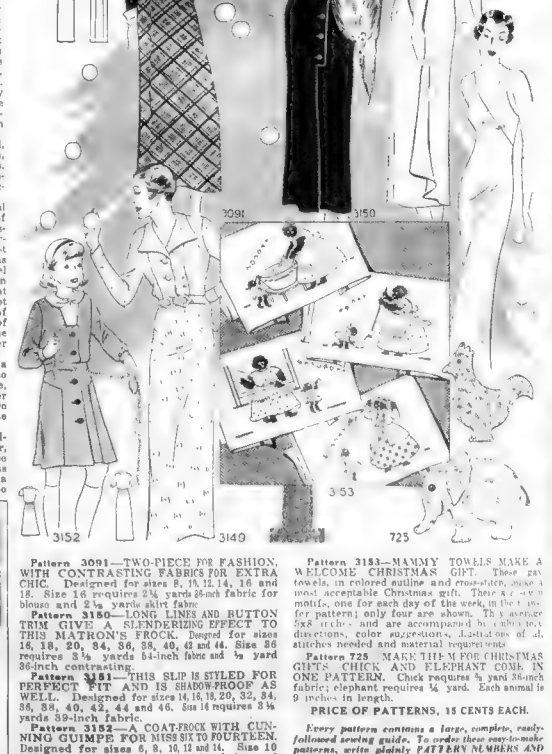
Then they [illegible] treated cloth case, of the type [illegible] to all, with partitions adjusted to the size of each piece. This can be lined with a soft cloth similarly treated against tarnish. If the hostess has not one of these cases it might be a good tip to the Santa Claus to bring her one!

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Cheese Casserole, Green Salad with Chives French Dressing, French Bread, Apricot Whip, Tea. *Dinner* Stuffed Beef Heart, Bread Stuffing, Brown Sauce, Sweet Potato Croquettes, Mustard Greens or Kale, Lemon Puffs with Spice Sauce.	Fruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon* Potato Chowder, Corn Gems, Skinned and Seeded Toke, Grapes in Lemon Gelatin, French Cream Crackers, Tea *Dinner (Company)* Hot Tomato Juice, Hot Boned Chicken, Bechamel Sauce, Steamed Rice, Spinach, Guava Jelly, Green Salad with Savory French Dressing, Apple Turnover with Vanilla Ice Cream.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef, Graham Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Chicken and Noodle Soup (Left-Over Chicken Bones), Toast Strips, Orange and Date Salad, Nut Bread, Cocoa *Dinner* Braised Leg of Mutton, Brown Sauce, Yellow Turnips, Sweet Potatoes or Parsnip Fritters, Creamed Carrots and Peas, Chicory Salad, Spanish Dressing, Ginger Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Fruit, Scrambled Eggs with Fish Roe, Ice Box Rolls, Coffee *Luncheon* Favorite Baked Macaroni, Rolls, Fruit Compote, Tea *Dinner* Sauerkraut Juice, Ragout of Left-Over Mutton in Rice Border, Baked Winter Squash, Celery, Banana Trifle.	Fruit, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Favorite Marmalade, Coffee *Luncheon* Vegetables in Casserole, Cheese Muffins, Grapefruit Orange and Prune Salad, Cocoa *Dinner* Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Fish Timbales with Cream Egg Sauce, Riced Potatoes, Buttered String Beans, Shredded Green Salad with French Dressing, Pineapple Pudding.	Fruit, Cereal, Colored Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cold Corned Beef or Savory Meat Loaf, Potato Cakes, Fruit Jelly Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing, Ice Box Rolls, Salted Pecans, Cocoa or Tea, *Dinner* Boiled Beef Dinner with Mushroom Sauce, Buttered Parsnips, Buttered Green Vegetables, Shredded Cabbage and Grated Carrot Salad, Dutch Apple Cake with Cider Sauce.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toast, Coffee *Dinner* Emergency Soup (Left-overs), Roast Pork or Roast Veal, Fresh Fried Sweet Potatoes, Fruit Jelly, Creamed Celery, Lettuce and Spanish Onion Salad, French Dressing, Chocolate Bread Pudding Sauce, Milk Toast, Stewed Fruit, Honey Cookies, Cocoa

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3091—TWO-PIECE FOR FASHION, WITH CONTRASTING FABRICS FOR EXTRA CHIC. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric for blouse and 2⅛ yards skirt fabric.

Pattern 3150—LONG LINES AND BUTTON TRIM GIVE A SLENDERIZING EFFECT TO THIS MATRON'S FROCK. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch fabric and ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3151—THIS SLIP IS STYLED FOR PERFECT FIT AND IS SHADOW-PROOF AS WELL. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3152—A COAT-FROCK WITH CUNNING GUIMPE FOR MISS SIX TO FOURTEEN. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch fabric and ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3149—LONG SLEEVES MAKE THIS SHIRTWAIST FROCK SMART AND COMFY FOR COLD DAYS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3153—MAMMY TOWELS MAKE A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT. These gay towels, in colored outline and cross-stitch, make a most acceptable Christmas gift. There are four motifs, one for each day of the week, in the transfer pattern; only four are shown. The average size towel and are accompanied by complete directions, color suggestions, illustrations of all stitches needed and material requirements.

Pattern 725—MAKE THIS MOP FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS. CHICK AND ELEPHANT COME IN ONE PATTERN. Chick requires ⅜ yard 36-inch fabric; elephant requires ¼ yard. Each animal is 9 inches in length.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly, PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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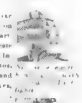
Hey lookit!

THE NEW SKIPPY STREAMLINED VELOCIPEDE
WITH ALUMINUM FRAME

Here's a new kind of velocipede. Streamlined for safety and speed. Has [illegible] Steers easily and safely. Can't tip over. Can't [illegible] Coaster Wagons, Scooters, Velocipedes. Sold by leading stores everywhere. For illustrated book let, write Dept. D

SKIPPY RACERS
TOLEDO, OHIO



Skippy RACERS
WORLD'S FINEST CHILDREN'S VEHICLES

Mercolized Wax

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and absorbed, such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and as soft—face looks years younger. Use it. Wash off with your [illegible] At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Dissolve wax, soap and other ingredients in one ounce package of Saxolite and bathe as directed. Wash off with [illegible] and use daily to face [illegible]

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Perfect Penuchi! Perfect Judge!

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● [illegible]

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Borden's Quality

MAGIC! AMAZING SHORT CUTS

Free! World's most amazing Cook Book!

[illegible] (60 photographs) showing [illegible] Lemon Pie with [illegible] Chocolate Fudge [illegible] Caramel [illegible] 2 ingredient Macaroons! Shake-[illegible] Cocoa [illegible] Just send 2 Eagle Brand [illegible] Dept. AW-324 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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SHEAFFER'S

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Lifetime® Pens $8.75 and $10. Others $2.75 up
Desk Sets $5 and up
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$5, $7.50, $10
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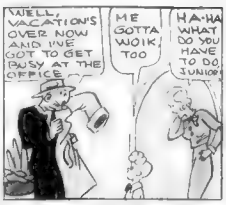
All of these fine writing instruments, made in 4 colors, are one-stroke, vacuum fillers—either lever or visible barrel type. See that your Christmas list this year includes these revolutionary pens which can be had in all these sets at great savings.

Before you buy insist on filling and emptying any pen, to see if it empties, fills and cleans with one stroke as these pens do.

Don't confuse these with cheaper, more complicated multiple-stroke pens. Buy quality when you can get such values.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa, and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



TILLIE THE TOILER
FASHION PARADE
BY RUSS WESTOVER
BY BETTY RIGGS, P.O. BOX 25, CRESTLINE, CALIFORNIA
FOLD BACK
DRESSES SENT IN BY HARRIET WHITEHEAD 2504 ALMA ST SAN PEDRO, CAL.

Tillie the Toiler

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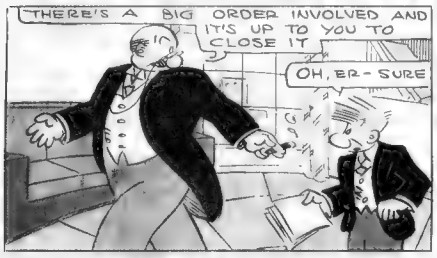
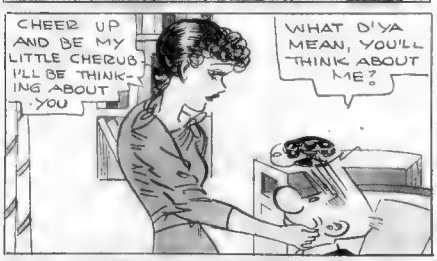
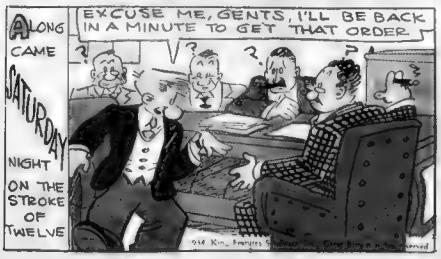
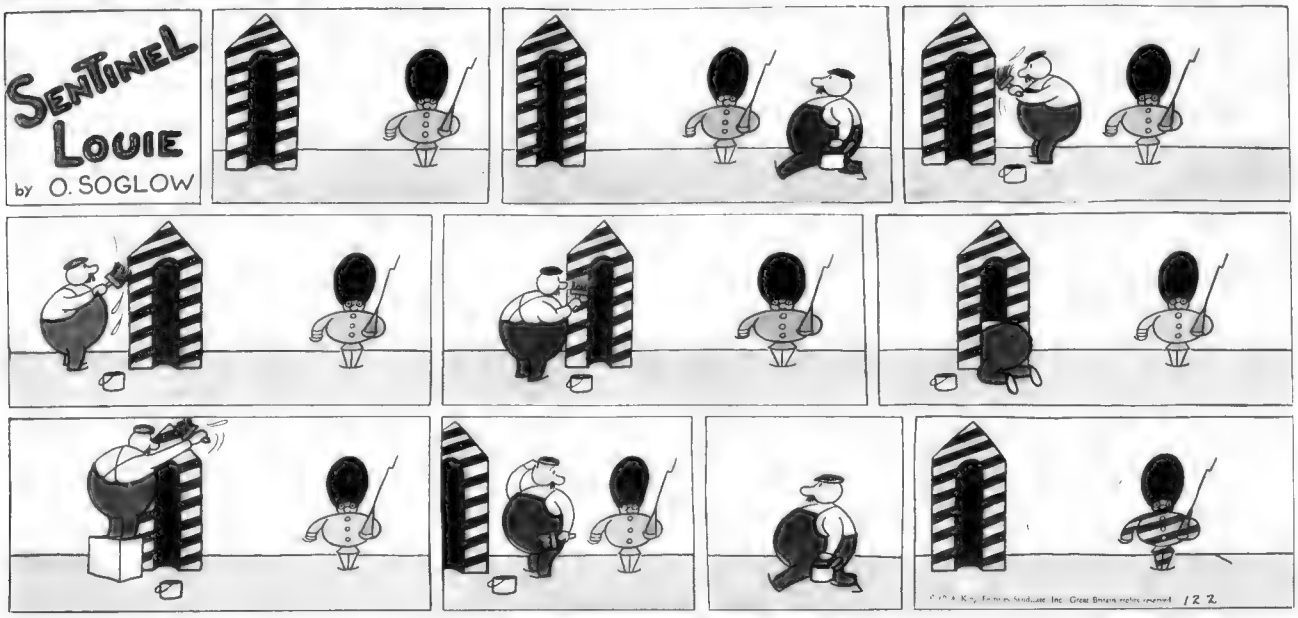


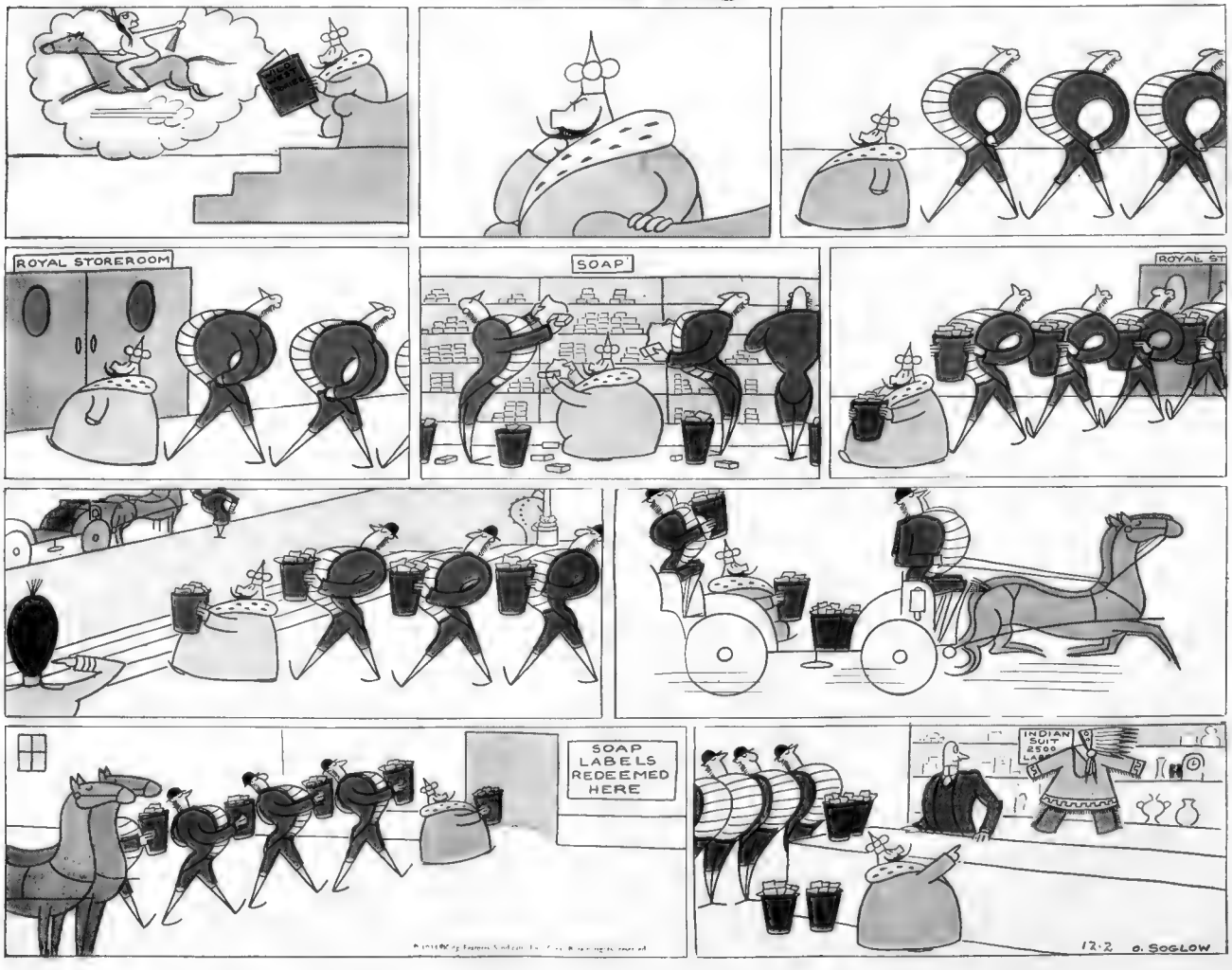


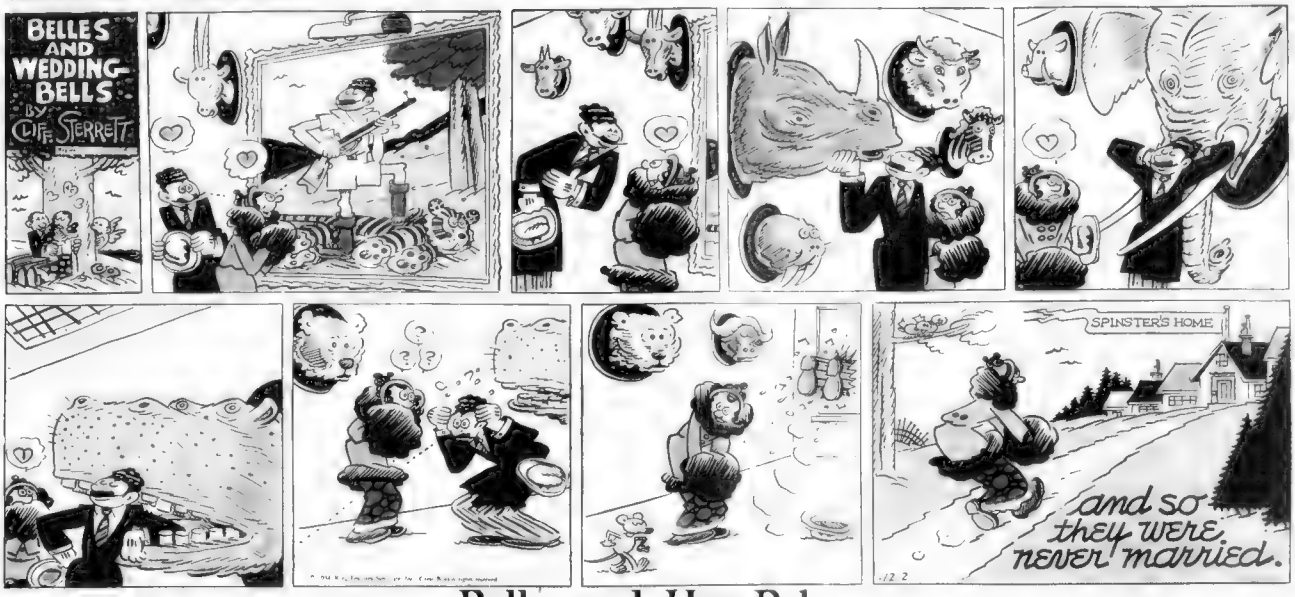


WILL YOU KINDLY REMOVE YOUR ARM JUST A SECOND, HARRY? I PROMISED MAC I'D THINK OF HIM
FOR THE LOVE OF-
YOU'RE A BUILDER UPPER
BONG BONG
RUSS WESTOVER

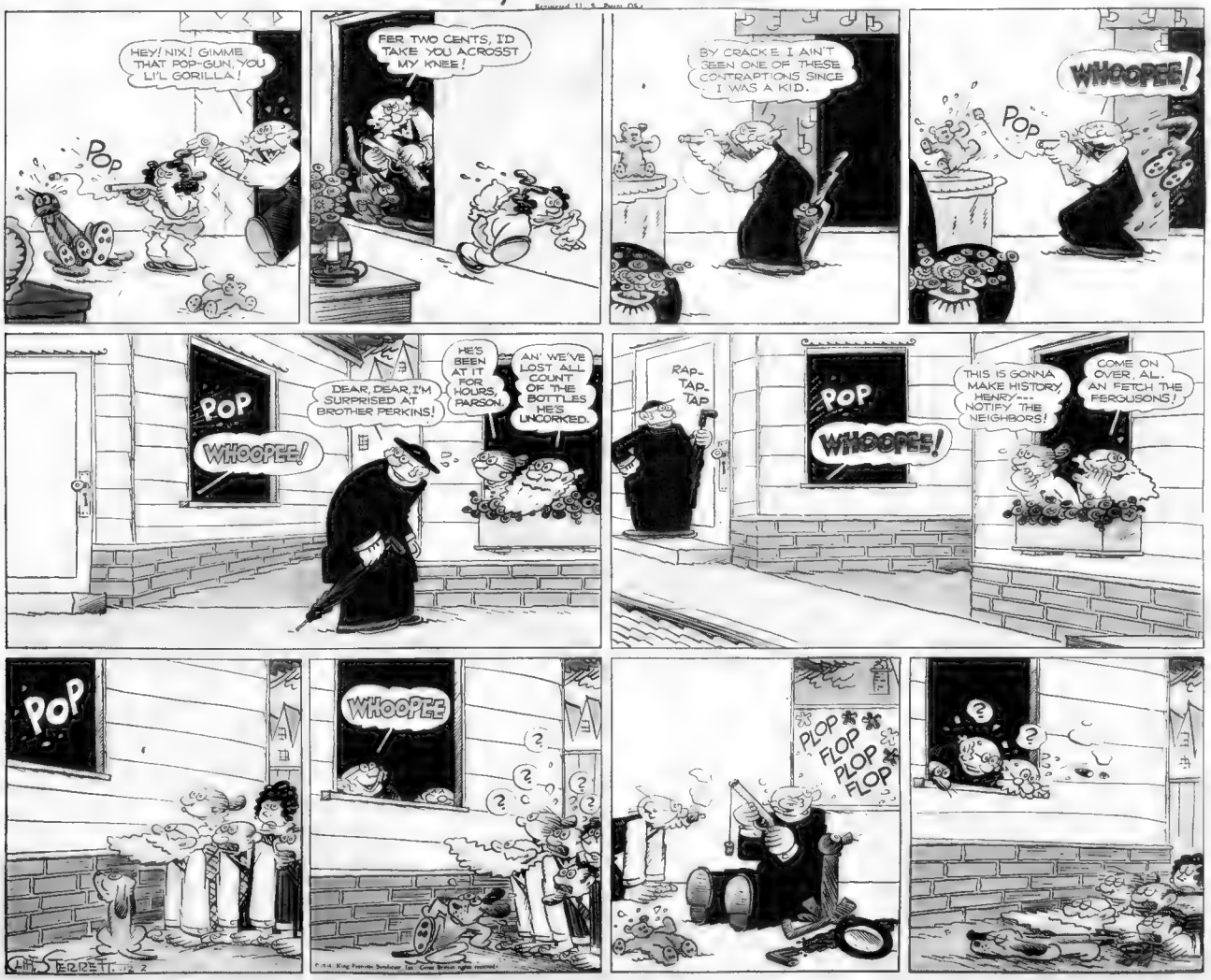


The Little King





Polly and Her Pals


HEY! NIX! GIMME THAT POP-GUN, YOU LI'L GORILLA!
POP
FER TWO CENTS, I'D TAKE YOU ACROSST MY KNEE!
BY CRACKE, I AIN'T SEEN ONE OF THESE CONTRAPTIONS SINCE I WAS A KID.
WHOOPEE!
POP
POP
WHOOPEE!
DEAR, DEAR, I'M SURPRISED AT BROTHER PERKINS!
HE'S BEEN AT IT FOR HOURS, PARSON.
AN' WE'VE LOST ALL COUNT OF THE BOTTLES HE'S UNCORKED.
RAP-TAP-TAP
POP
WHOOPEE!
THIS IS GONNA MAKE HISTORY, HENRY--- NOTIFY THE NEIGHBORS!
COME ON OVER, AL. AN FETCH THE FERGUSONS!
POP
WHOOPEE
PLOP FLOP PLOP FLOP

Always Belittlin' by PERCY CROSBY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HELLO, NORTHRUP.
ARE YA THINKIN' OF GETTIN' A NEW HAT SOON?
NOT JUST NOW, WHY?
WELL, WHEN YA DO, LET'S HAVE THAT ONE, WILL YA?
OF COURSE. WHAT DO YA WANT IT FOR?
A LAUNDRY BAG.
12-2
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LUCKY BUCK
PLAYMONEY
SKIPPY

Skippy

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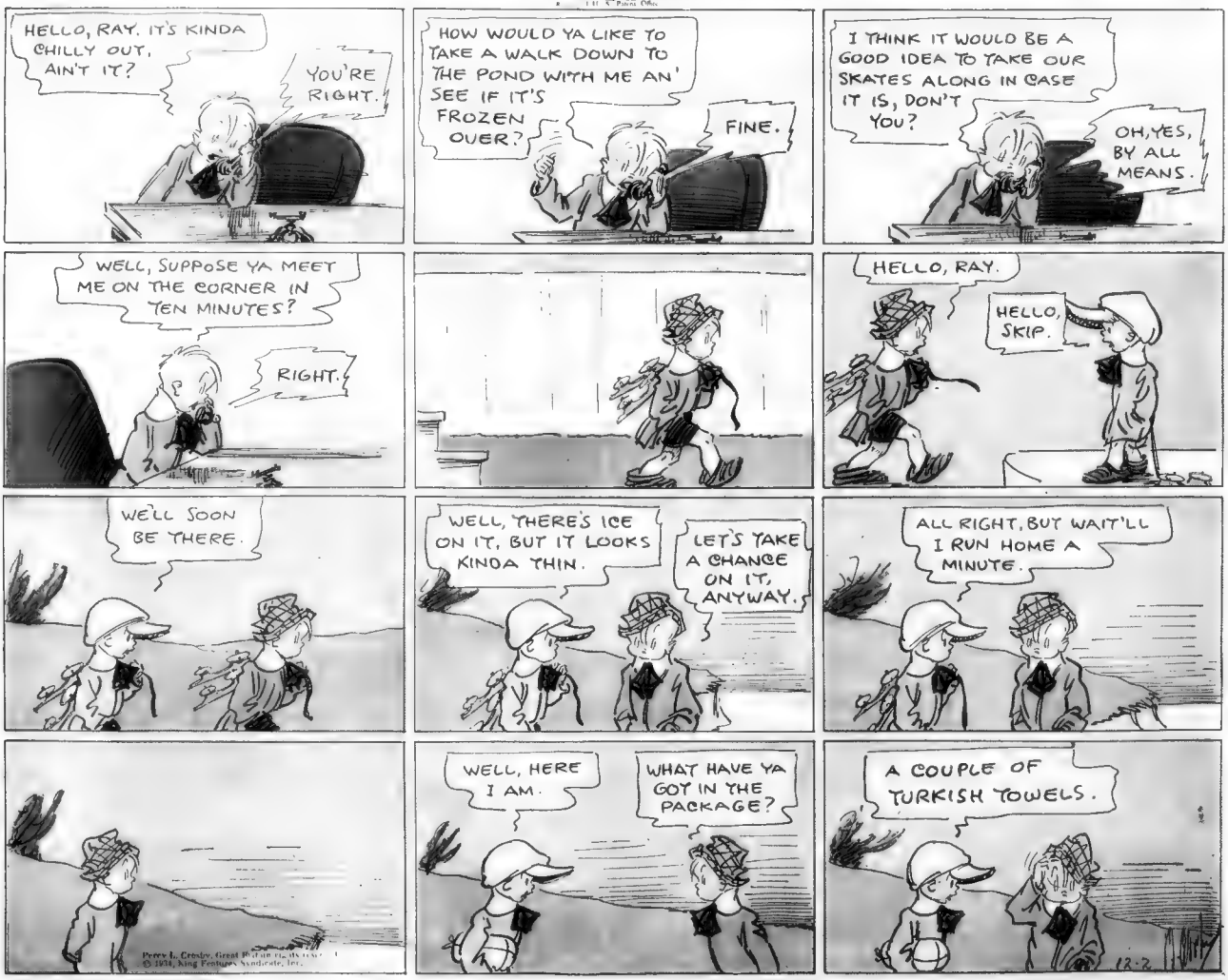
HELLO, RAY. IT'S KINDA CHILLY OUT, AIN'T IT?
YOU'RE RIGHT.
HOW WOULD YA LIKE TO TAKE A WALK DOWN TO THE POND WITH ME AN' SEE IF IT'S FROZEN OVER?
FINE.
I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE OUR SKATES ALONG IN CASE IT IS, DON'T YOU?
OH, YES, BY ALL MEANS.
WELL, SUPPOSE YA MEET ME ON THE CORNER IN TEN MINUTES?
RIGHT.
HELLO, RAY.
HELLO, SKIP.
WE'LL SOON BE THERE.
WELL, THERE'S ICE ON IT, BUT IT LOOKS KINDA THIN.
LET'S TAKE A CHANCE ON IT, ANYWAY.
ALL RIGHT, BUT WAIT'LL I RUN HOME A MINUTE.
WELL, HERE I AM.
WHAT HAVE YA GOT IN THE PACKAGE?
A COUPLE OF TURKISH TOWELS.
12-2
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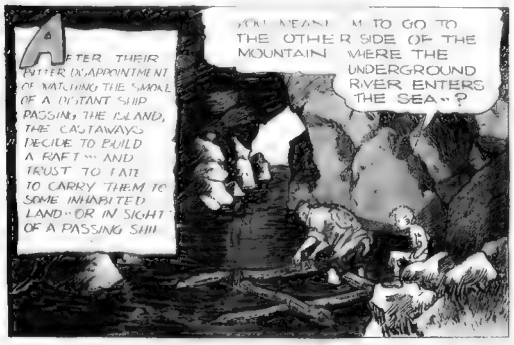
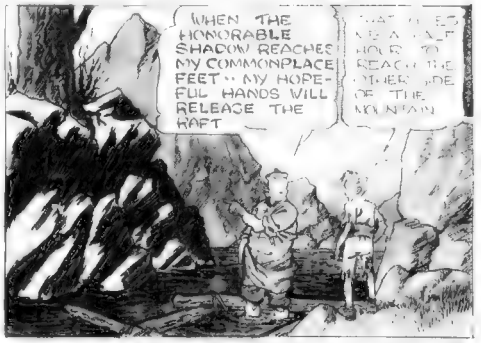
FABLETTES

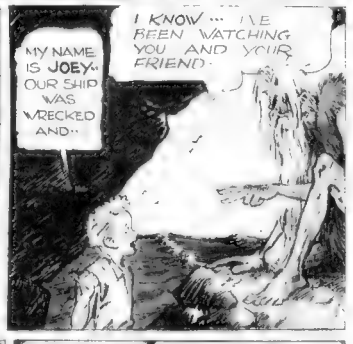
by Brandon Walsh

Little Annie Rooney


AFTER THEIR BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT OF WATCHING THE SMOKE OF A DISTANT SHIP PASSING THE ISLAND, THE CASTAWAYS DECIDE TO BUILD A RAFT... AND TRUST TO FATE TO CARRY THEM TO SOME INHABITED LAND — OR IN SIGHT OF A PASSING SHIP
YOU MEAN — WE TO GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHERE THE UNDERGROUND RIVER ENTERS THE SEA — ?


WHEN THE HONORABLE SHADOW REACHES MY COMMONPLACE FEET — MY HOPEFUL HANDS WILL RELEASE THE RAFT
— AT 3 MILES AN HOUR TO REACH THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

LET NOT RICE GROW BENEATH YOUR RAPIDLY ADVANCING FEET !
DON'T WORRY ! I ONLY HOPE THE RAFT GETS THROUGH — THEN WE'LL BUILD A REAL RAFT !



NEVER MENTION THE WORD CRAZY — I HATE THE WORD — LET US SAY YOU ARE MERELY A BIT MAD — ALL MEN ARE MAD EXCEPT YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS — COME, WE WILL JOIN YOUR FRIEND !
— BUT I —

TWO UNWORTHY SUBJECTS HUMBLY BEG PERMISSION TO RETIRE FROM YOUR ROYAL PRESENCE
YOU MAY GO — WHILE YOUR ROYAL MASTER RETIRES TO THE ROYAL COUCH

GEE, MING IF WE'RE NOT CRAZY — WHY DO WE ACT CRAZY ? YOU DON'T THINK HE'S REALLY A KING ?
IT IS WISELY WRITTEN — FLATTERY IS THE FOOD OF FOOLS — IT IS MY ROCKLIKE OPINION, A WEAK FRIEND IS BETTER THAN A STRONG ENEMY
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND SINK— STARRING

BUNKY

by BILLY DE BECK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

ZZZZ ZZ QUACK QUACK

WHERE AM I ?? OHH— WHAT A PREPOSTEROUS DREAM I HAD !!

FAGIN— COME HERE—

I DREAMED I WAS AN UGLY DUCKLING AN' WERE A FIERCE BULL DOG AN GRANNY BUZZARD SHE WAS A WRETCHED CHICKEN OF SOME KIND OH— IT WAS HORRIBLE

BUNKY—YOUSE ACT LIKE YOUSE WUZ A LITTLE TETCHED IN TH' HEAD

FAGIN—GET AWAY THE BRAT IS **BEWITCHED**— I HAVE A PECULIAR FEELING COMING OVER ME———

GRRR

TELLING DREAMS BEFORE BREAKFAST THEY ALWAYS— **COME TRUE** CLUCK— CLUCK

CUT-CUT CUT CU-DAWK CUT

YIP YIP

SCRATCH

TO BE CONTINUED—

KNEE-HI-KNOODLES

I'M MAKIN' A PICTER OF SANTA CLAUS' GRAN'PA—

MY DEAR CHILD, SANTA CLAUS HAS NO GRAN'PA—

HE WILL HAVE WHEN I GET TROUGH WITH THIS PICTER—

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Barney Google

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SUFFERIN CATS !! SULLY WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN IN THAT OUTFIT ? AN' THOSE DAISIES SAAY ! I THOUGHT YA DIDN'T LIKE IT HERE IN TH MOUNTAINS

BARNEY—I'VE MUST BE DIZZY-HEADED THAR AIN'T NUTHIN WRONG WITH THESE HYAR HILLS - BY GUM

HI, AS COMIN ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES DA-DEE DO

LUCY-BELLE DID'JA SEE SULLY IN THAT HILL BILLY OUTFIT ? ?? I'M A-THINKIN' HE'S A LEETLE TETCHED IN TH' HEAD—

MAIN'T HE TOL' YE, MIST' GOOGLE ? TH' WIDDER SNOW WHO LIVES DOWN IN TH' HOLLER HEV GIVE MIST' SULLY A INVITE TER COME DOWN AN' HEV SUPPER WITH HER—

HO-HO HAW-HAW-HAW SO SULLY'S OUT SPARKIN' WITH SOME OL' HILL BILLY DAME— HO-HO-HO AIN'T THAT RICH ??

BUT PORE MIST' SULLY LOOKED EZ LON'SOME EZ A B'AR IN A HOLLER LOG— MR. G, AN' TH' WIDDER SNOW HAIN'T SEED NO MAN-FOLKS FER NIGH ON SEVEN YEAR NOW AN I THUNK———

HAW-HAW— I'LL TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GITS DOWN TO TH WIDDER'S SHACK - LUCY—

BUT, MIST' GOOGLE, TH WIDDER AIR EZ PURTY A GAL EZ EVER RID DOWN A CREEK— I SHORE HOPE MIST' SULLY DON'T GIT RILED UP AT ME FUR TELLIN YOU-UNS—

BOY, OH, BOY——— IS LUCY-BELLE DUMB— SENDIN' SULLY DOWN TO MEET SOME OL' WIDDER WHO'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HIS GRANDMA— ?

GOSH—THIS IS A HECK OF A WALK— BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT TO GET POOR SULLY OUTTA JAM LIKE THIS— BOY—HE'LL BE THANKIN' ME FOR TH' REST OF HIS LIFE—

WELL—I GUESS THIS IS TH' SHACK— I'LL JUS' GO AN' TELL TH' OL' GAL THAT SULLY'S WIFE AN' HIS TEN KIDS ARE CRYIN' FOR HIM TO COME HOME— SNIF-SNIF— I SMELL SUMP'N COOKIN'—

BY CRACKY—MISS SNOW, THESE HYAR VITTLES AIR TH' FINEST WHUT'S EVER SOT ON MY STUMMICK. I SHORE DO THANKY FUR ASKIN' ME OVER FUR A SPELL—

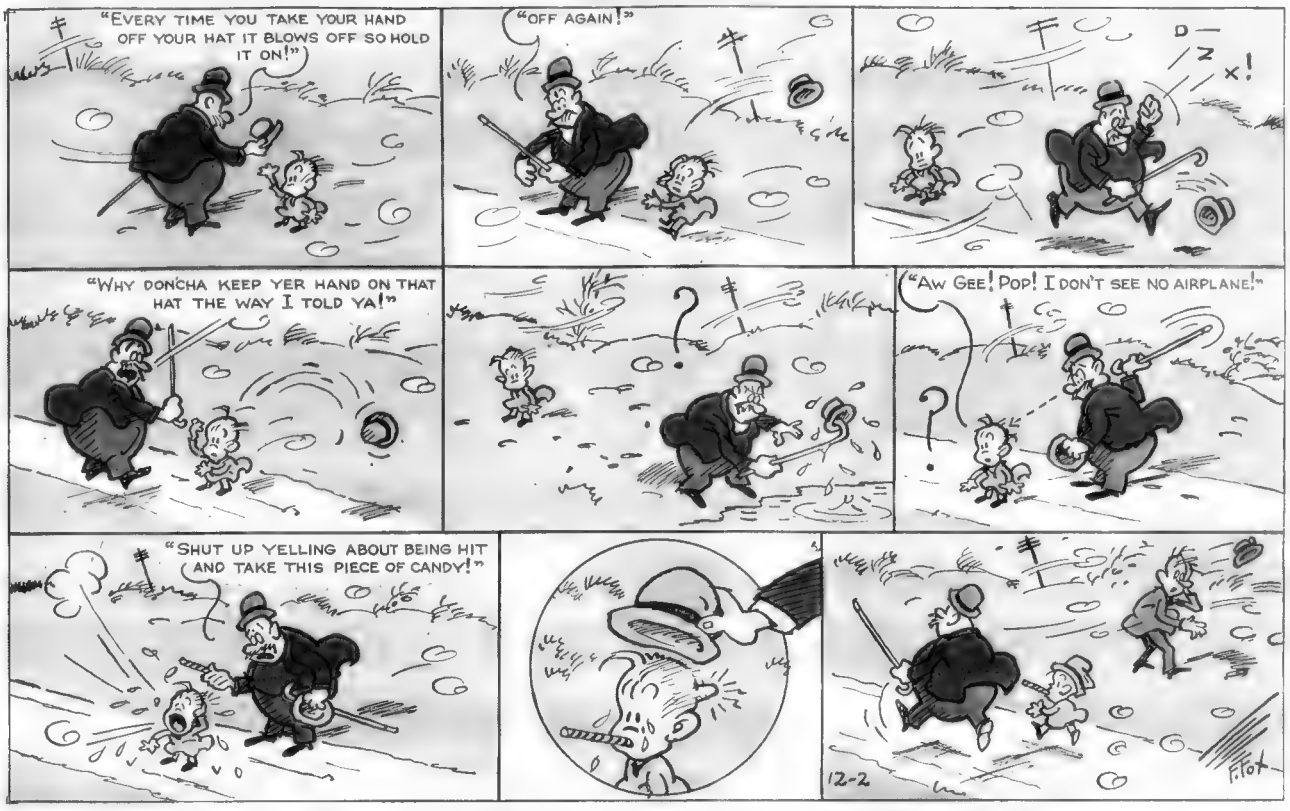
HIT' SHORE AIR GOOD TER HEV YE, MIST' SULLY— YE SHOULD DRAP IN MORE OFTEN—

WAH

DEC-2 DE BECK

TOONERVILLE FOLKS

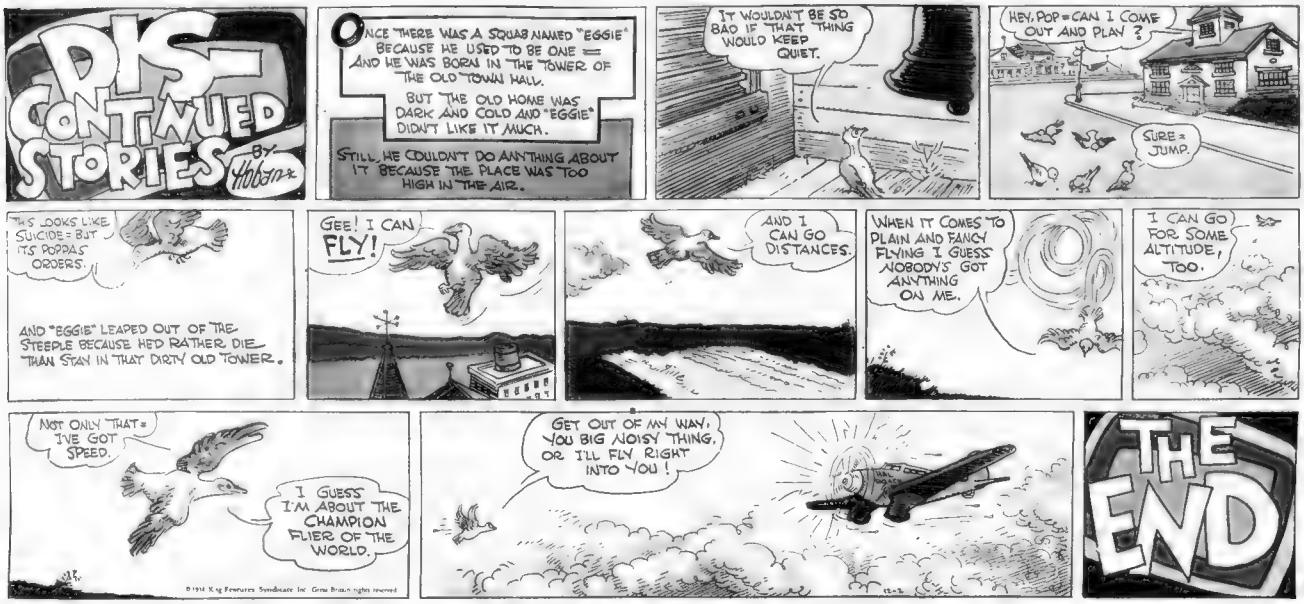
Registered U. S. Patent Office


"EVERY TIME YOU TAKE YOUR HAND OFF YOUR HAT IT BLOWS OFF SO HOLD IT ON!"
"OFF AGAIN!"
D—
Z
X!
"WHY DONCHA KEEP YER HAND ON THAT HAT THE WAY I TOLD YA!"
"AW GEE! POP! I DON'T SEE NO AIRPLANE!"
"SHUT UP YELLING ABOUT BEING HIT AND TAKE THIS PIECE OF CANDY!"
12-2
F. Fiot

THE NEBBS

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

I'D LIKE TO GET A TURKEY BUT THEY'RE SO EXPENSIVE— WITH THE LITTLE ALLOWANCE YOU GIVE ME IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE TURKEY WILL EVER BE ON OUR BILL OF FARE
IF YOU WEREN'T ONE OF THOSE PHONE BUYERS AND WOULD GO OUT WITH A BASKET AND DO YOUR SHOPPING YOUR ALLOWANCE WOULDN'T SEEM SO SMALL
IS THAT SO? I'D LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY RUN THIS PLACE MORE ECONOMICALLY THAN I DO— A NICKEL NEVER LEAVES MY PURSE BUT WHAT A SIGH GOES WITH IT
I'LL GO OUT AND GET A TURKEY. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO A LITTLE ECONOMIC SHOPPING.
THE TROUBLE IS THESE WOMEN DO PHONE SHOPPING— "HOW MUCH IS THIS AND IS IT NICE?" AS THOUGH A FELLOW IS GOING TO TELL THEM HIS THINGS ARE NOT NICE
SAY, THAT'S A NICE TURKEY! YOU'LL HAVE TO STRETCH THE STOVE TO GET IT IN THE OVEN —WHERE DID YOU BUY IT?
I DIDN'T BUY IT. I WON IT AT A RAFFLE— THEN I FIND OUT THAT MY WIFE HAS ALREADY BOUGHT ONE— I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS ONE
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO— I'LL GIVE YOU $2.00 FOR IT WITHOUT EVEN HAVING IT WEIGHED
YOU'VE GOT A TURKEY, MISTER— THE ANGELS SENT YOU TO ME
GOSH, WHAT A HEAVY TURKEY THIS IS AND FROM THE HEAD I JUDGE IT'S YOUNG BUT MY CONSCIENCE KIND OF BOTHERS ME FOR ROBBING THAT POOR GUY
THERE YOU ARE, LADY PITIFUL, HERE'S A TURKEY AND FOR ONLY TWO BUCKS
12-2
THAT'S A FINE TURKEY BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF COOKING TO SOFTEN IT UP!
W. O. Carlson


DIS CONTINUED STORIES BY Hoban
ONCE THERE WAS A SQUAB NAMED "EGGIE" BECAUSE HE USED TO BE ONE — AND HE WAS BORN IN THE TOWER OF THE OLD TOWN HALL.
BUT THE OLD HOME WAS DARK AND COLD AND "EGGIE" DIDN'T LIKE IT MUCH.
STILL HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT BECAUSE THE PLACE WAS TOO HIGH IN THE AIR.
IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF THAT THING WOULD KEEP QUIET.
HEY, POP — CAN I COME OUT AND PLAY?
SURE — JUMP.
THIS LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE — BUT IT'S POPPA'S ORDERS.
AND "EGGIE" LEAPED OUT OF THE STEEPLE BECAUSE HE'D RATHER DIE THAN STAY IN THAT DIRTY OLD TOWER.
GEE! I CAN FLY!
AND I CAN GO DISTANCES.
WHEN IT COMES TO PLAIN AND FANCY FLYING I GUESS NOBODY'S GOT ANYTHING ON ME.
I CAN GO FOR SOME ALTITUDE, TOO.
NOT ONLY THAT — I'VE GOT SPEED.
I GUESS I'M ABOUT THE CHAMPION FLIER OF THE WORLD.
GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU BIG NOISY THING, OR I'LL FLY RIGHT INTO YOU!
THE END

Needlenose Noonan

I SAY YES!
I SAY NO!
YES-NO-NO-YES-YES-NO!
POST FEW BILLS
POST PRACTICALLY NO BILLS
THIS ARGUMENT CAN BE SETTLED BY TOSSING A DOLLAR.
SUITS ME — WHERE'S THE DOLLAR?
YOU'VE GOT TO FURNISH THE DOLLAR — THAT'S ONE THING I AIN'T GOT.
IF I HAD A DOLLAR I WOULDN'T TALK TO YOU!
LET US HAVE PEACE, GENTS — I HAVE A DOLLAR.
DOLIO
POLICE STATION GO SLOW
BEING CHASED BY TWO GUNS AND FOUND OUT I HAD A DOLLAR!
IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO CHASE A COP!
OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN-COPPER.
NO FOOLIN' AROUND HERE
WE DIDN'T MEAN MUCH HARM.
UP THE STREET WITH YOU GUYS — AND SHAME ON YOU.
WHAT'S THE COMPLETE DOPE ON THIS RUMPUS?
I WAS TRYING TO STOP AN ARGUMENT.
OKAY — TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE DOLLAR.
I STILL HAVE IT.
GONE TO LUNCH

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!
by JIMMY MURPHY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
IT JUST DAWNED ON ME THAT THE REASON I FEEL TIRED ALL THE TIME IS BECAUSE I DON'T GET ENOUGH EXERCISE!
EVERYBODY NEEDS EXERCISE, AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A FELLOW HAS BEEN SICK IN BED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS--- HE'S TOO WEAK TO STAND UP BECAUSE HIS MUSCLES HAVEN'T BEEN EXERCISED!
TOOTS AND CASPER'S COMIC CUT-OUTS EVERY WEEK!
SYRIAN
JUGO-SLAVIA
HERE'S ONE BABY WHO'S GONNA KEEP IN TRIM FROM NOW ON!
YESSIREE, BOY! I'M GONNA TAKE BETTER CARE OF MY HEALTH IN THE FUTURE--- OOPS!
CRASH--
?
GOSH, MAMA--- I ACCIDENTLY HIT AGAINST THIS VASE WHILE I WAS EXERCISING---
HEAVENS! MY HEIRLOOM! THAT VASE HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR SIX GENERATIONS!
OH, YOU CLUMSY SCOUNDREL!
SOCK
WELL, EXERCISING MAY BE GOOD FOR SOME PEOPLE, BUT IT DIDN'T HELP MY HEALTH ANY!
12-2.
JIMMY MURPHY
HERE IS MRS. DANIEL HOOFER AND TWO NIFTY COSTUMES FOR HER!
SOPHIE HOOFER
JIMMY MURPHY
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Toots and Casper

Registered U. S. Patent Office

1ST WHERE HE COMES--- THE MAN OF MYSTERY, SHUFFLING HIS WAY OUT OF THE LOCAL RAILROAD YARDS AFTER RIDING THE RAILS FROM PRAIRIE JUNCTION ON A FREIGHT TRAIN---
1
CAN I TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR 'PHONE BOOK?
HELP YOURSELF, BUDDY!
2
I FOUND OUT THAT ELLEN FERGUSON IS MARRIED TO A GUY NAMED ABNER, AND THEY'RE STOPPING IN THIS TOWN WITH SOME PEOPLE NAMED CASPER---AH-H! HERE'S CASPER'S ADDRESS AND 'PHONE NUMBER I'LL MARK IT DOWN----
3
OF COURSE, I CAN KEEP A SECRET, ABNER! YOU KNOW THAT WITHOUT ASKING ME! ANYTHING YOU TELL ME WON'T GO ANY FURTHER — THAN IF YOU PUBLISHED IT IN A NEWS-PAPER!
I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING IF YOU'LL KEEP IT TO YOURSELF, CASPER!
4
JUMPING JIMINY! WHAT A SPARKLER! I OUGHTA PUT ON SMOKED GLASSES TO LOOK AT THAT GLITTERING STONE--- ARE YOU TRYING TO BLIND ME, ABNER?
IT'S A PRESENT I'M GONNA GIVE ELLEN ON CHRISTMAS, CASPER, BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL HER ABOUT IT---- I WANT IT TO BE A SURPRISE!
5
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME MY BLUSHING BRIDE WAS COMING HOME!
SAY, FROM THE WAY SHE'S BEEN SHOPPING LATELY YOU OUGHT TO CALL HER YOUR "BREEZY BRIDE" BECAUSE SHE'S SURE BLOWING YOU GOOD! AH-H--- HERE COME THE GIRLS NOW!
6
I SAID I WISH CASPER WOULD LET ME BUY THAT BLUE COAT--- ELLEN, YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!
FORGIVE ME, TOOTS---I WAS THINKING OF ABNER--- I'M SO HAPPY I CAN'T KEEP MY MIND ON ANYTHING BUT HIM---
7
YOU DO LOVE HIM, DON'T YOU, DEAR?
LOVE HIM? GEE, TOOTS! I NEVER KNEW IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR A PERSON TO EVER CARE AS MUCH FOR ANYONE AS I CARE FOR HIM! HE MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME----
8
THERE'S THE NUMBER---- THAT'S CASPER'S HOUSE--- IT'S WHERE ELLEN IS STOPPING--- I WANT TO GET THE LAY OF THE LAND FIRST--- SH-H-H!--- SOMEONE IS COMING----
9
GEE, ELLEN! IT TAKES TIME TO BUY ANY-THING FOR A MAN--- WE WERE ALL DAY PICKING OUT THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT YOU BOUGHT FOR ABNER!
TOOTS, DON'T MENTION THE PRESENT TO ABNER! I WANT TO SURPRISE HIM ON CHRISTMAS!
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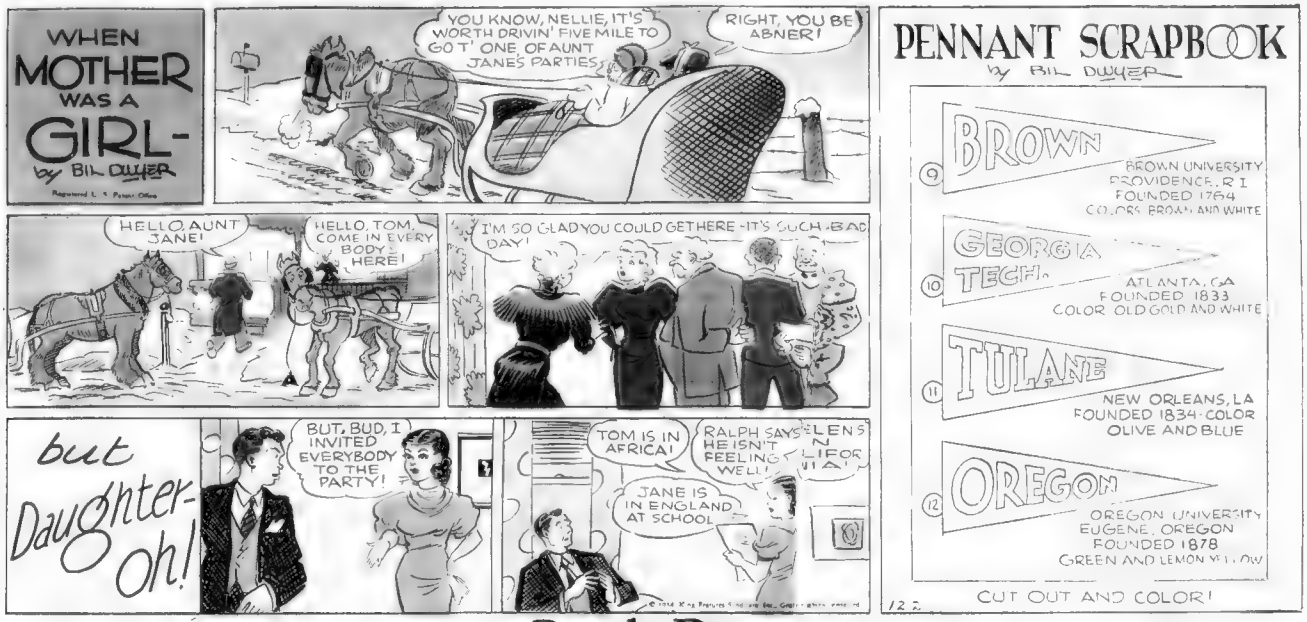
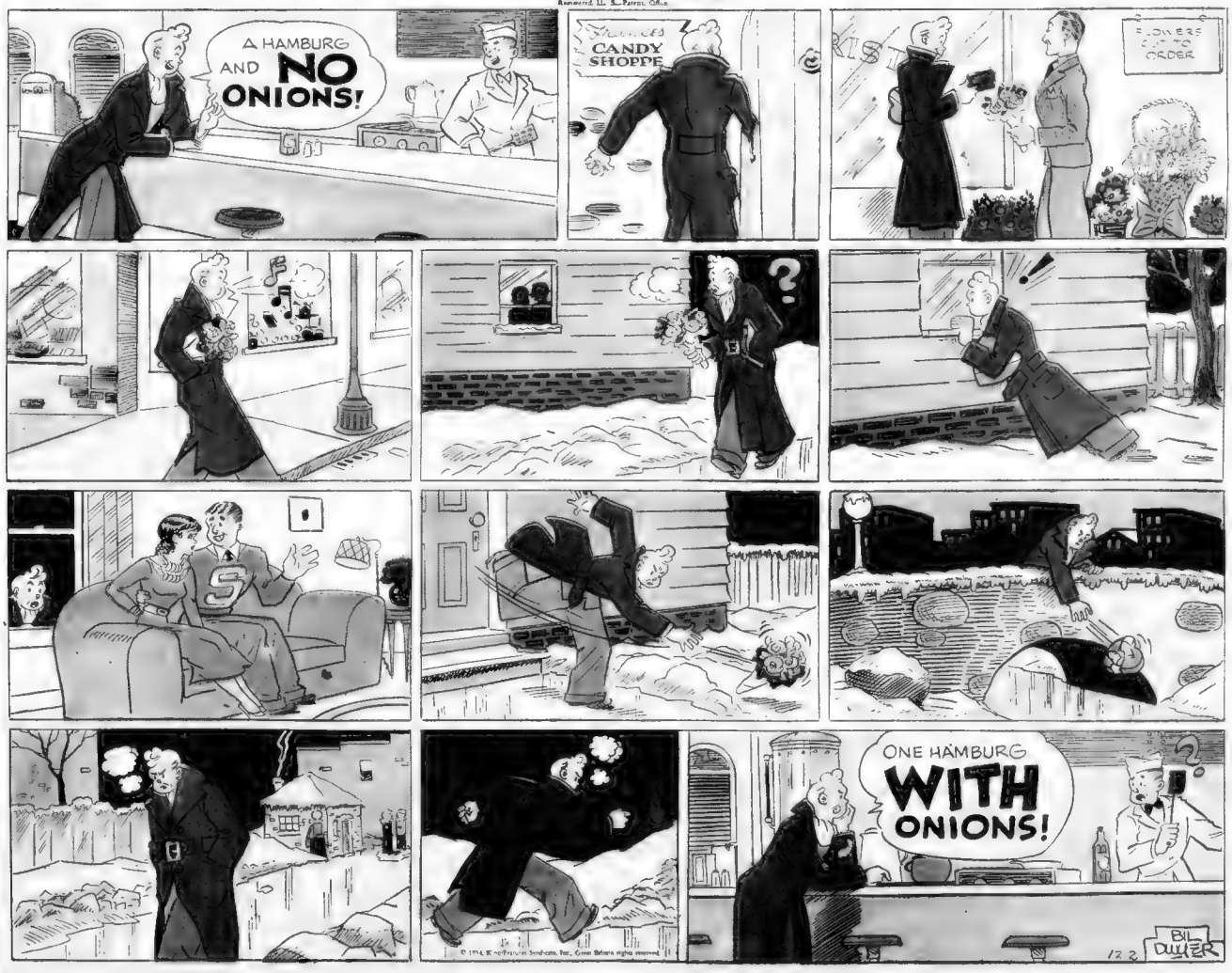
10
CASPER, I FEEL NEGLECTED! ABNER GIVES ELLEN KISSES BY THE DOZEN AND YOU ONLY KISSED ME ONCE!
AH-H, BUT ONE OF MY KISSES GOES A LONG WAYS, TOOTS, AND THAT MAKES IT EVEN!
11
THAT'S HER--- THAT WAS ELLEN! ALL DRESSED TO KILL AND PUTTIN ON AIRS, BUT I'LL SOON TAKE THAT OUT OF HER--- SHE THINKS SHE'S RID OF ME BUT SHE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN---- THEY DON'T GET RID OF SLIM FERGUSON AS EASY AS ALL THAT!
12
12-2.
JIMMY MURPHY
YES, IT'S SLIM FERGUSON!
ELLEN'S FIRST HUSBAND---
THE MAN WHO CAUSED HER SO MANY HEARTACHES IN THE PAST---
THE MAN WHO, SHE THOUGHT, HAD PERISHED AT SEA YEARS AGO---
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

Pete the Tramp

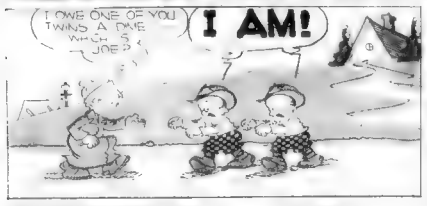
COME ON! THAT BENCH IS NO FLOP HOUSE - GET OUT OF THAT!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
AN' YCANT SLEEP AGAINST THAT RUBBISH CAN EITHER!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
AND IF I CATCH YOU SLEEPING ON THE GROUNDS OF THIS PARK AGAIN, ILL RUN YEZ IN!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
G!!! ??+×
!!?
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
1934 King Features Syndicate Inc. Great Britain rights reserved 12-2
C.D.RUSSELL

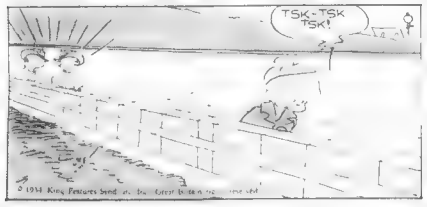

WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL-
by BIL DWYER
YOU KNOW, NELLIE, IT'S WORTH DRIVIN' FIVE MILE TO GO T' ONE OF AUNT JANE'S PARTIES!
RIGHT, YOU BE ABNER!
HELLO, AUNT JANE!
HELLO, TOM, COME IN EVERY BODY'S HERE!
I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD GET HERE - IT'S SUCH A BAD DAY!
but Daughter- oh!
BUT, BUD, I INVITED EVERYBODY TO THE PARTY!
TOM IS IN AFRICA!
RALPH SAYS HE ISN'T FEELING WELL!
JANE IS IN ENGLAND AT SCHOOL
PENNANT SCRAPBOOK
by BIL DWYER
9 BROWN
BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE, R I
FOUNDED 1764
COLORS BROWN AND WHITE
10 GEORGIA TECH.
ATLANTA, GA
FOUNDED 1833
COLOR OLD GOLD AND WHITE
11 TULANE
NEW ORLEANS, LA
FOUNDED 1834 - COLOR
OLIVE AND BLUE
12 OREGON
OREGON UNIVERSITY
EUGENE, OREGON
FOUNDED 1878
GREEN AND LEMON YELLOW
CUT OUT AND COLOR!

Dumb Dora


A HAMBURG AND NO ONIONS!
Frances CANDY SHOPPE
FLOWERS SENT TO ORDER
?
!
ONE HAMBURG WITH ONIONS!
BIL DWYER

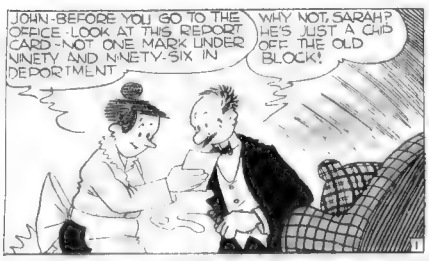
NICODEMUS O'MALLEY by Ad. CARTER



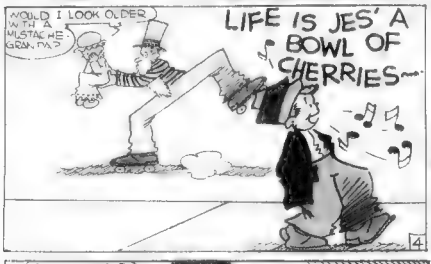


DREAM LAND

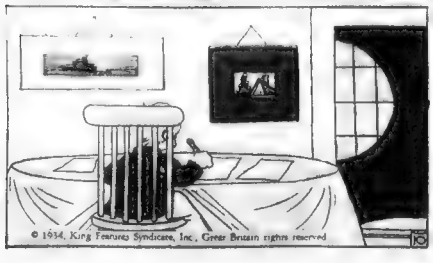
Just-Kids

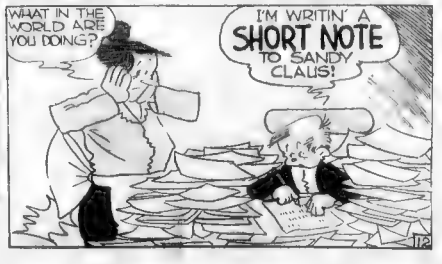

JOHN-BEFORE YOU GO TO THE OFFICE-LOOK AT THIS REPORT CARD-NOT ONE MARK UNDER NINETY AND NINETY-SIX IN DEPORTMENT
WHY NOT, SARAH? HE'S JUST A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!
1

I FILLED THE COAL HOD AN' I SWEP' UP THE CELLAR - AN' IS THERE ANYTHIN' ELSE YUH WANT ME TO DO - LIKE RUNNIN' THE CARPET-SWEEPER OR SOMPIN'?
NO, THANK YOU - MY APPLE DUMPLING HAS BEEN A VERY, VERY GOOD BOY LATELY AND I'M PROUD OF YOU!
3



GOOD MORNING -MY BOY
GOOD MORNIN, MR B'JANNER -- I SEEN TWO LITTLE FELLERS FIGHTIN' DOWN THE STREET AN' ONE FELLER GIVE THE OTHER FELLER A KICK IN THE PANTS! IMAGINE SECH ROWDYISM!
6



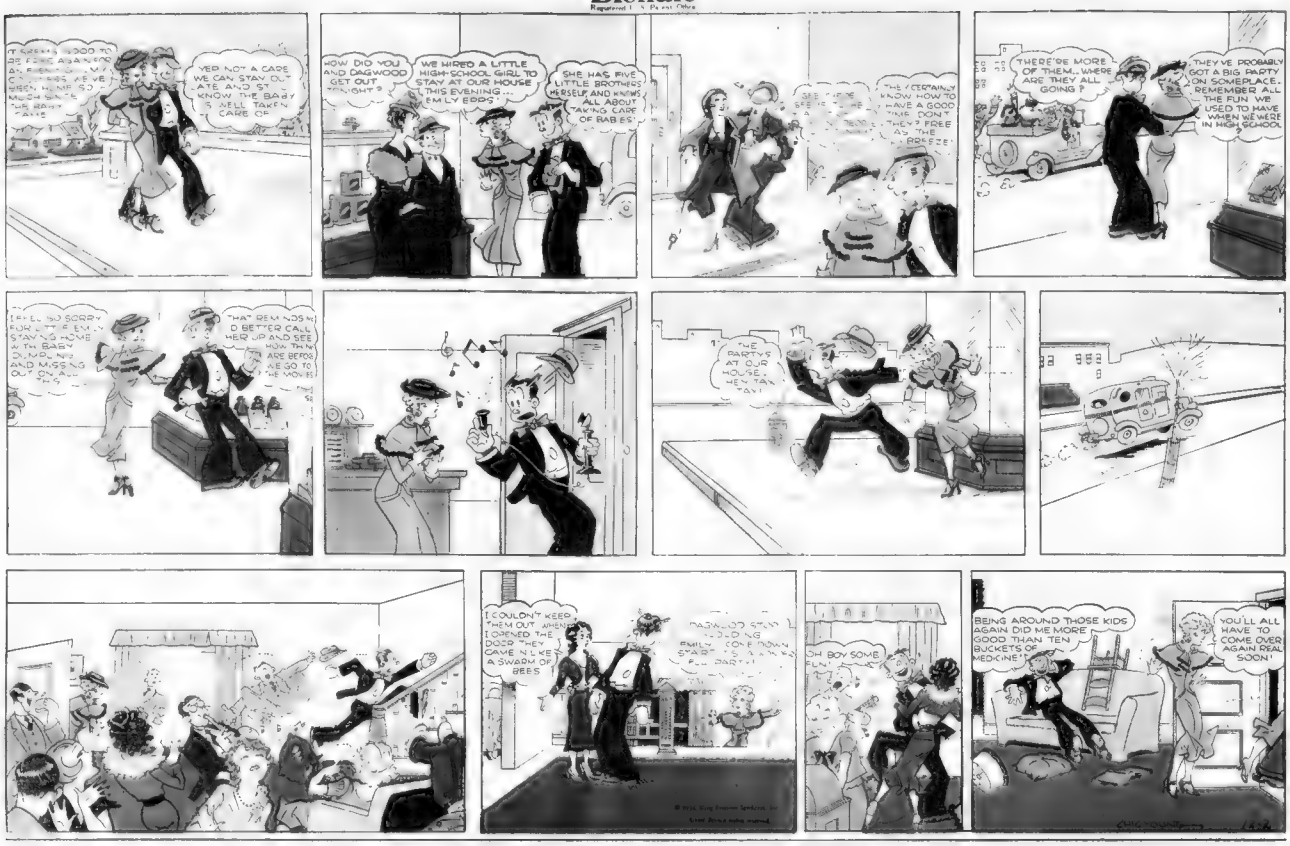


DIXIE AND FLOSSIE—The Stolen Suitcase

NEW YORK CHORUS GIRLS MISSING
Hollywood Cal. Miss Dixie Darling, New York chorus beauty and her companion Miss Flossie Featherbee were reported missing from train No. 231 as it arrived here at 2:17 P.M. from New York. Both girls had to remain tickets to Hollywood. Mr. Lee Lux, handsome New York producer also disappeared from the train and it is feared that all three have been
WELL, I'LL BE RED-HEADED! THAT'S THE SAME TWO DAMES WE SAW WITH THE GREEN SUITCASE
IT'S FULL OF JEWELS, I BET! I'LL DISGUISE AS AN INDIAN GUIDE---
SAY, DIXIE, I HIRED THIS INDIAN GUIDE TO HELP US DODGE JACK LEE IF HE FOLLOWS US! SMART, HEH?
BUT, DIXIE, WHY SHOULD A BRIGHT GIRL LIKE ME BE LONESOME? WHY DON'T MEN FALL FOR ME THE WAY JACK LEE'S GOAL FOR YOU?
FLOSSIE, I THINK WHAT I'VE GOT IN THIS CREEK TRAIL IS THE ANSWER! — IT'S BETTER WORTH MORE THAN MONEY TO ME
MEANWHILE PRODUCER JACK LEE THINKS THINGS OVER
SOME SAP I AM... LETTING DIXIE GO OFF ALONE IN THE DESERT WITH THAT INDIAN... SOMETHING ABOUT HIM I DIDN'T LIKE...
HONEY, IT'S LUX TOILET SOAP I CARRY IN THAT SUITCASE! IT GUARDS AGAINST UGLY COSMETIC SKIN. PIPE THE LATHER—EVEN IN THIS DESERT WATER! GOOD ACTIVE LATHER THAT GETS STALE MAKE-UP OUT...
JACK LEE! YOU HAVE A NERVE FOLLOWING US! IF YOU THINK WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT NEW YORK SHOW--
AND HE'S STOLEN YOUR SUITCASE!
I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU! I SUSPECTED THAT INDIAN GUIDE OF YOURS—AND I WAS RIGHT! HE'S GONE!
IF THAT'S WHAT'S MADE YOU SO BEAUTIFUL, I'LL GET IT BACK IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! YOU KNOW I'D GO THROUGH FIRE FOR YOU, DIXIE
ALL MY NICEST CLOTHES WERE IN THAT SUITCASE, BUT IT'S THE LUX TOILET SOAP I CARE ABOUT MOST! YOU SEE, LUX TOILET SOAP'S WHAT KEEPS THE SCREEN STARS LOVELY-LOOKING
JUMPING CATFISH! IT ISN'T FAIR THAT DIXIE SHOULD GET ALL THE MEN
ISN'T FLOSSIE SILLY? SHE LETS STALE MAKE-UP CHOKE HER PORES ... CAUSE UGLY COSMETIC SKIN. I DON'T TAKE CHANCES! I GET ALL THE STALE MAKE-UP OUT WITH LUX TOILET SOAP -- THE WAY THE SCREEN STARS DO. IT KEEPS SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
Fay Wray
COLUMBIA STAR
MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST A PEACHES-AND-CREAM COMPLEXION! SO DON'T RISK UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN. I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE, BUT I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. THEN I KNOW I'M SAFE!
LUX Toilet Soap
COMING—
MORE ADVENTURES OF DIXIE DARLING, THE GIRL WITH THE LOVELY LUX TOILET SOAP COMPLEXION, ON HER WAY TO WIN FAME AND ROMANCE IN HOLLYWOOD

Peggy Lux and the Dancer who Eloped

MIMI'S LOVELY, ISN'T SHE? I'LL BET THEY NEED POLICE WHEN SHE GOES HOME
NO, SHE'S REALLY AWFULLY LONESOME. LOOK, THERE'S THE DUKE LEAVING ALREADY— HE USED TO COME EVERY NIGHT JUST TO SEE HER
PEGGY, I CAN'T BEAR IT— THE DUKE IS LIKE ALL THE REST— HE CAME OFTEN TO SEE ME DANCE— WE MET ONCE— NOW IT'S ALL OVER
MIMI, COME HOME WITH ME TONIGHT — I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO HELP YOU
THREE WEEKS LATER
MARRY US NOW!
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
IT'S LIKE A DREAM BEING ALONE HERE WITH YOU— LET'S NOT TELL ANY ONE FOR DAYS AND DAYS
LOOK, THERE'S A MESSAGE FOR US— IT'S DICK SAYING PEGGY'S IN TROUBLE BECAUSE OF ME
THEY'VE GOT PEGGY IN THERE ACCUSING HER OF ALL SORTS OF MAGIC BECAUSE YOU DISAPPEARED
YOU KNOW, THEY'RE ALMOST RIGHT— BUT IT WAS A LUCKY KIND OF MAGIC PEGGY SHOWED ME! I'LL TELL THE JUDGE
YOU SEE, YOUR HONOR, PEGGY LUX TOLD ME WHY THE DUKE NEVER ASKED TO SEE ME AGAIN. I WAS CARELESS ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT LUX
THAT'S ALL I DID, JUDGE! JUST TOLD MIMI TO LUX UNDERTHINGS AFTER EACH WEARING— LUX TAKES PERSPIRATION ODOR ALL AWAY, YET IT KEEPS UNDERTHINGS JUST LIKE NEW
MISS PEGGY, YOU ARE FREE AND THE COURT WISHES IT COULD SENTENCE ALL GIRLS TO USE LUX EVERY DAY
GIVE US THE MAGIC LUX
IT WILL HELP US WIN ROMANCE
WE WANT, LUX!
I WILL GET YOU LUX, GIRLS. IT WILL HELP KEEP YOU EXQUISITELY DAINTY -- YOU'RE SURE TO WIN POPULARITY AND ROMANCE!
GIRLS, don't take chances!
Perspiration odor kills romance. We all perspire, and underthings absorb the odor. But it's easy to avoid offending—Lux underthings after every wearing. Avoid cake-soap rubbing—soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.
Removes perspiration odor... Saves colors
LUX

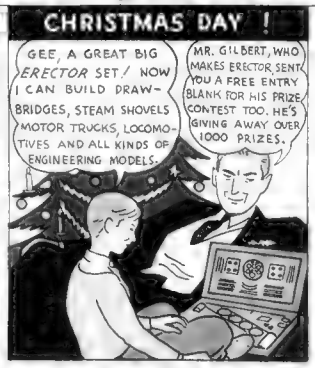

IT SEEMS GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN FOR ALL OF US
YEP NOT A CARE WE CAN STAY OUT ATE AND SO KNOW THE BABY IS WELL TAKEN CARE OF
HOW DID YOU AND DAGWOOD GET OUT TONIGHT?
WE HIRED A LITTLE HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL TO STAY AT OUR HOUSE THIS EVENING ... I'M LY EDDS
SHE HAS FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS HERSELF AND KNOWS ALL ABOUT TAKING CARE OF BABIES
THERE'RE MORE OF THEM... WHERE ARE THEY ALL GOING?
THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT A BIG PARTY ON SOMEPLACE. REMEMBER ALL THE FUN WE USED TO HAVE WHEN WE WERE IN HIGH SCHOOL
THAT REMINDS ME I'D BETTER CALL HER UP AND SEE HOW THEY ARE BEFORE WE GO TO THE MOVIES
THE PARTY'S AT OUR HOUSE, HEY TAXI!
I COULDN'T KEEP THEM OUT WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR THEY CAME IN LIKE A SWARM OF BEES
DAGWOOD STOP LOOKING CONFIDENTIAL
OH BOY SOME FUN!
BEING AROUND THOSE KIDS AGAIN DID ME MORE GOOD THAN TEN BUCKETS OF MEDICINE!
YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO COME OVER AGAIN REAL SOON!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE A. C. GILBERT CO.

MURRAY GETS A FREE CHEVROLET

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A BRAND NEW CAR—A BICYCLE, A MOVIE CAMERA—OR OVER 1000 OTHER PRIZES!

THE WEEK BEFORE XMAS - A YEAR AGO
LOOK DAD, HERE ARE THE ERECTOR SETS THE ENGINEER ON THE RADIO WAS TALKING ABOUT. I'D RATHER HAVE AN ERECTOR FOR CHRISTMAS THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD.
WELL, WELL SEE —
TOYS


CHRISTMAS DAY!
GEE, A GREAT BIG ERECTOR SET! NOW I CAN BUILD DRAW-BRIDGES, STEAM SHOVELS MOTOR TRUCKS, LOCOMOTIVES AND ALL KINDS OF ENGINEERING MODELS.
MR. GILBERT, WHO MAKES ERECTOR, SENT YOU A FREE ENTRY BLANK FOR HIS PRIZE CONTEST TOO. HE'S GIVING AWAY OVER 1000 PRIZES.

OH BOY, LOOK AT THAT B.G ROAD-MAKING MACHINE MURRAY MADE
AND WATCH HOW THAT ERECTOR ELECTRIC MOTOR MAKES IT GO.
I'M GOING TO ENTER THIS IN MR GILBERTS PRIZE CONTEST. MAYBE I'LL WIN ONE OF THOSE PRIZES HE'S GIVING AWAY.

THE DAY THE PRIZES WERE AWARDED.
FOR HIS SPLENDID MODEL OF A ROAD-MAKING MACHINE, I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING TO MURRAY THIS CHEVROLET AUTOMOBILE.
IT WAS FUN BUILDING MY ERECTOR MODEL— AND NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE FUN DRIVING MY BRAND-NEW CHEVVY.

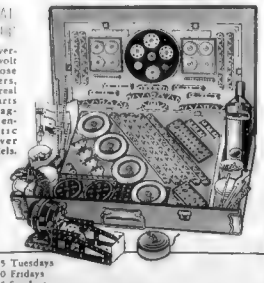
HOW MURRAY WON A FREE CHEVROLET IS A TRUE STORY. OVER 1000 BOYS WON VALUABLE PRIZES IN MY *ERECTOR* PRIZE CONTEST LAST YEAR. YOU CAN DO THE SAME. BECAUSE NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER PRIZE CONTEST—WITH BETTER PRIZES THAN EVER. FIRST PRIZE IS A 1935 CHEVROLET AUTO. THEN THERE ARE BYCYCLES, MOVIE CAMERAS, A TOTAL OF 1001 THRILLING PRIZES. SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW AND I'LL MAIL YOU *FREE* AN ENTRY BLANK FOR MY PRIZE CONTEST AND MY BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT THE AMAZING THINGS YOU CAN BUILD WITH MY NEW ERECTOR. YOU MAY BE THE VERY BOY TO WIN ONE OF MY BIG PRIZES. SO... DON'T WAIT! MAIL THE COUPON TO ME RIGHT NOW!

YOUR FRIEND, A. C. Gilbert
PRESIDENT

To get an Erector this Christmas is to get in on the most exciting fun in the world. Just listen to this!

With the new Erector you can build a giant steam shovel—with a real electric motor in it—and make it work just like the ones you see on the highways. You can construct motor trucks, fire engines—aeroplanes, locomotives. Put them together—piece by piece—with your own hands. You can build drawbridges that actually open and close—a towering ship crane such as used in Uncle Sam's Navy Yards—a mighty hoisting engine—and dozens of other thrilling engineering marvels... Then you can hook up the powerful Erector electric motor and make them hum with action.

UNIVERSAL CRANE WITH LIFT MAGNET
Built with 7½ set



Contains the powerful Gilbert 110-volt motor, all-purpose gear box, girders, gears and other real engineering parts for building magnetic crane, fire engine, automatic elevator and over 160 action models.

Erector Sets start at $1.00. Be sure to see the Famous No. 4—the "Super-6" Erector—and the Sensational No. 7.

ERECTOR

FREE CLIP THIS COUPON

It's easy to win a prize in the great Erector Prize Contest. So do these two things now. First mail the coupon below. That will bring you the big illustrated Erector "Look-'em-over" Book and your entry blank for the prize contest. Second, go to the nearest toy store and pick out the Erector you want. Take your Dad along. He'll want to share in the fun.

Mr. A. C. Gilbert, President
The A. C. Gilbert Company, 414, Erector Square
New Haven, Conn.
Send me the big colored Erector "Look-'em-over" Book and entry blank for the Erector prize contest—both *free*.

Name. . . . . .
Address. . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . .

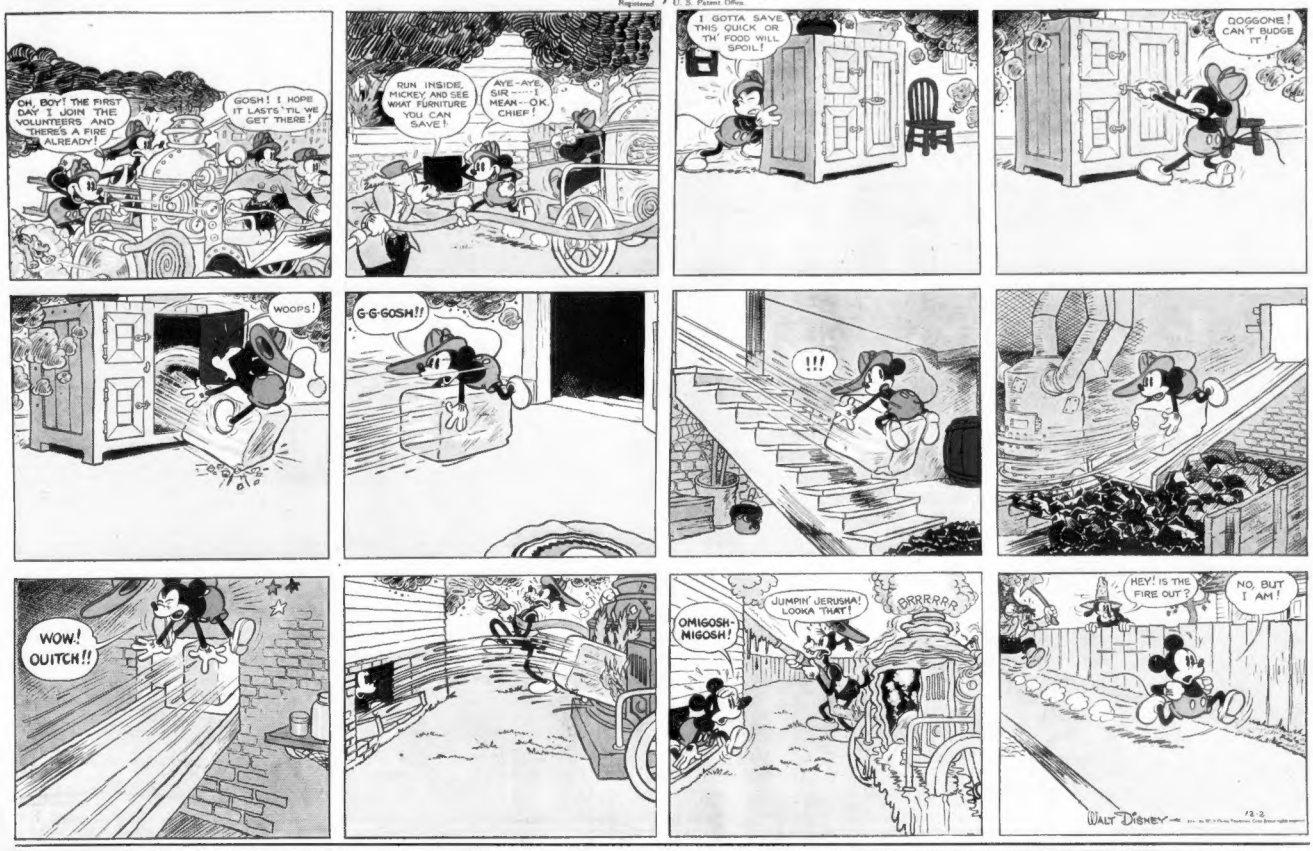
TUNE IN!

"THRILLS OF TOMORROW" Follow "Spike" Butler's hair-raising adventures. NBC-WEAF Network Fridays 6:00 P. M.

Also WEEI 5:15 Tuesdays
WEBR 5:30 Fridays
WSB 5:15 Fridays
WBEN 5:45 Tuesdays
WTAM 5:30 Fridays
WTIC 12:45 Sundays

Mickey Mouse

Registered U. S. Patent Office.


OH, BOY! THE FIRST DAY I JOIN THE VOLUNTEERS AND THERE'S A FIRE ALREADY!
GOSH! I HOPE IT LASTS 'TIL WE GET THERE!
RUN INSIDE, MICKEY AND SEE WHAT FURNITURE YOU CAN SAVE!
AYE-AYE, SIR——I MEAN—OK, CHIEF!
I GOTTA SAVE THIS QUICK OR TH' FOOD WILL SPOIL!
DOGGONE! CAN'T BUDGE IT!
WOOPS!
G-G-GOSH!!
!!!
WOW! OUITCH!!
OMIGOSH-MIGOSH!
JUMPIN' JERUSHA! LOOKA THAT!
BRRRRRR
HEY! IS THE FIRE OUT?
NO, BUT I AM!
WALT DISNEY

Mr. COFFEE-NERVES makes a sudden exit

AN ADVERTISEMENT of GENERAL FOODS

JOHN DEAR, JUNIOR WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'LL FIX HIS SLED.
ALWAYS ASKING ME TO FIX SOMETHING! WHAT IS THIS ANYHOW—A HOME OR A REPAIR SHOP?
SHE TREATS YOU LIKE A HIRED MAN! THE MINUTE YOU SIT DOWN, SHE THINKS UP THINGS FOR YOU TO DO!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
WHY, JOHN... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING WHERE I CAN GET A LITTLE REST!
TELL HER YOU WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER... THAT ALWAYS BURNS HER UP!
HELLO, HELEN... WHY, YOU'RE CRYING. WHAT'S WRONG?
IT'S—IT'S JOHN, DAD. I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT HIM. HE'S GETTING TOO CROSS TO LIVE WITH!
SO—THAT, SON OF MINE IS GETTING CANTANKEROUS, IS HE? LET ME TALK TO HIM ALONE WHEN HE COMES HOME.
HI, THERE, JOHN. COME OVER HERE AND SIT DOWN. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
WELL—THERE'S YOUR FATHER. I SUPPOSE YOUR WIFE'S BEEN WHINING TO HIM!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
IT ISN'T LIKE YOU TO BE BAD-TEMPERED, JOHN. WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU AREN'T GROWING TIRED OF HELEN, ARE YOU? SHE'S A FINE WIFE, SON.
I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER, DAD BUT I'M SO TIRED ALL THE TIME. I DON'T SLEEP WELL, AND I HAVE HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO ANNOY ME.
PAY'S! TELL THE OLD BOY TO STOP MEDDLING IN YOUR AFFAIRS!
SON, YOU KNOW THERE REALLY IS SUCH A THING AS COFFEE-NERVES. MAYBE THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE. I'LL BET A DOCTOR WOULD TELL YOU TO CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM INSTEAD.
SAY DAD, MAYBE THAT'S AN IDEA—I'LL TRY IT!
LICKED AGAIN! CURSE THAT INTERFERING OLD MAN. WHEN POSTUM COMES IN, I GO OUT!
30 DAYS LATER...
HELLO, HELEN—HOW'S THAT SON OF MINE?
HE'S OUT COASTING WITH JUNIOR. AND YOU'D NEVER KNOW HIM. HE SLEEPS LIKE A TOP, AND HIS INDIGESTION AND HEADACHES ARE GONE, OH DO, SWITCHING FROM COFFEE TO POSTUM HAS MADE A NEW MAN OF HIM.

"GRAND-DADDY, why was coffee to blame for making Daddy cross?"

"Why . . . the caffein in coffee affected him the way it does so many grown-ups. It robbed him of sleep, caused headaches and indigestion . . . and made him cross and irritable."

"But why did changing to POSTUM make such a difference in him?"

"POSTUM contains no caffein . . . so it gave his system a chance to throw off the ill effects of the drug. His indigestion, headaches and nervousness went away . . . and he could sleep soundly again!"

* * *

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you, try POSTUM for 30 days. It's delicious, and may be a real help. Economical, too. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of POSTUM—FREE! Fill in and mail the coupon below.

© 1934, G. F. CORP.

All children love milk...this way!

If they turn up their noses at plain milk...give them Postum-made-with-hot-milk. It's a wholesome, nourishing drink that changes plain milk into a delicious, fragrant, steaming beverage . . . golden-brown and "grown-up" looking.

GENERAL FOODS, BATTLE CREEK, MICH. H. N. C. 12-2-34

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Fill in completely—print name and address

(Offer expires July 1, 1935)

Way Out West

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

A WEEK OF BOTTLE-FEEDING AND PLENTY OF PETTING HAS MADE DON'S LITTLE MOUNTAIN LION CUB QUITE TAME. DON MADE HIM A COLLAR OUT OF AN OLD BELT AND HE LEADS ABOUT LIKE A PUPPY.

TODAY THE WHOLE OUTFIT HAS GONE TO PUSH A BIG BUNCH OF CATTLE DOWN TO WINTER PASTURE AND DON HAS LEFT HIS PET TIED TO A TREE.

PFT! PFT!

?

?

?

PFT!

PFT! YOWR!

WOOF!

?!?

?

NOW GET BACK THERE, WITH YOUR BROTHER!

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT TO FIGHT THOSE LION CHILDREN?

JIMMINY GEE, BOY! WHAT'S HAPPENED? YOU LOOK JUS' LIKE YOU'D BEEN IN A FIGHT!!

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VIC FORSYTHE

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF

NESTLÉ'S NEST

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

HERE'S YOUR ORDER, JIMMY - FIVE NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE BARS TO TAKE OUT AND TWO CUPS OF NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE TO TAKE IN - IS DOTTIE PEEVED AT YOU?

YEAH - MY HOTCHA HONEY HAS TURNED MY PICTURE TO TH' WALL AGAIN - AN' SHE'S GOIN' SKATIN' WITH BIMBO - AN' I NEED PLENTY OF PEP'N ENERGY TO OUTSKATE THAT SKATE!

OH, LOOK AT JIMMY! THAT BOY SURE CAN CUT A PIECE OF CAKE ON THE ICE!

AW - YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET - WAIT'LL I OPEN MY BOX OF TRICKS!

?

ONE FOOT UP AND THE OTHER DOWN - OUGHTA MAKE JIMMY LOOK LIKE A CLOWN -

THEN I'LL DO A LITTLE WHIRL - JUST TO PLEASE A LITTLE GIRL -

!

HO-HO-HO! HAW-HAW!

NOW BIMBO'LL HAVE TO GO TO BED BECAUSE HE FELL AN' BUMPED HIS HEAD!

OH, BIMBO - YOU POOR BOY! LET DOTTIE KISS IT AND MAKE IT ALL BETTER - AND WE'LL PAY NO ATTENTION TO PEOPLE WHO LAUGH AT OTHERS' MISFORTUNES -

AWRIGHT FOR YOU, DOTTIE! NOW I'LL EAT ALL THESE NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE BARS ALL BY MYSELF!

SMACK!

5¢ CONTAINS MORE FOOD ENERGY THAN 3 EGGS OR A QUARTER POUND OF STEAK — AND TASTES GRAND. MILK OR WITH ALMONDS - THE BIGGEST TREAT 5¢ WILL BUY.

MILK CHOCOLATE NESTLÉ'S 5¢ NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

WITH ALMONDS 5¢ NESTLÉ'S ALMOND MILK CHOCOLATE

FOR ECONOMY— BUY THE HALF-POUND BAR

DRINK NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE. IT HAS THAT SAME DELICIOUS CREAMY TASTE YOU FIND IN THE BARS — AT YOUR FAVORITE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Tim Tyler's Luck

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE-SMOKE! —FROM A CAMPFIRE!
WONDER IF SPUD AND MR BANTON SEE IT, TOO
TIM IS GUARDING THE OVERTURNED SUPPLY WAGON
THE CROOKS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE WITH OUR TEAM! I'D BETTER RIDE TO THE SPLIT ROCK TO MEET SPUD —
HM—NOT HERE! GUESS HE'S GONED TIM AT THE WAGON—
SPUD! TIM!
THAT'S STRANGE—NEITHER ONE OF THE LADS IS IN SIGHT
PLOTTIN' TO GET US-EH?
AND OUR NEXT MOVE WILL FINISH 'EM OFF SURE, BURKE
WE'VE GOT THEIR TEAM AND WE'LL GET BANTON NEXT—THE TWO KIDS WITH HIM WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE
—THEN WE'LL PUSH ON INTO KALLINGALAND AND RELIEVE CHIEF KARAKO OF HIS BLACK DIAMONDS
BUT WE CAN'T GO ON UNTIL BANTON'S OUTFIT IS PUT OUT OF THE WAY, HAGGLE—!
LUCKY I'VE GOT MY HORSE HIDDEN BACK IN HERE
—AH'LL CAN'T LOSE ANY TIME GETTIN' BACK TO MR BANTON AN' TIM TO TELL WHAT I'VE LEARNED—!
WHAT'S UP, BURKE? I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING
THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THAT FOLIAGE YONDER
HEY-HAGGLE! COME HERE—QUICK—LOOK WHAT IT IS! — DON'T TRY TO RUN OFF, KID!
IF I HADN'T OVERHEARD THEIR PLOT, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE—
THERE'S TU' SKIPPER NOW—GOSH—HE'S ALL EXCITED—
SPUD, WHERE'S TIM? HAVE YOU SEEN HIM
NO, SIR! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE'S DISAPPEARED
AN' HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN THEIR CAMPFIRE SMOKE TOO, MR BANTON AND STARTED OUT TO INVESTIGATE IT—
BUT I HAD GIVEN THE LAD STRICT ORDERS TO STAY WITH THE SUPPLY WAGON TO GUARD IT—!
TO BE CONTINUED—NEXT WEEK
12 2

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TOM MIX -AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE RALSTON PURINA COMPANY
LOOK, JIMMY! RUSTLERS STEALIN' THE WIDOW JONES' CATTLE!
QUICK, JANE! RIDE FOR TOM MIX. I'LL FOLLOW 'EM AND MARK THE TRAIL
—AND THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER
IF THEY GET TO MEXICO, WRANGLER — THEY'RE SAFE! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM! LET'S GO!
WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE HARD, TOM!
C'MON JANE, CLIMB ON TONY!
MY HORSE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS, TOM. GOOD OLD TONY!
HERE'S WHERE I LEFT JIMMY
LOOK! HE'S BRANDED THIS ROCK TO SHOW US THE WAY!
TOM MIX' OWN T-M BAR BRAND IS THE MOST FAMOUS BRAND IN THE WORLD
IT'S A LUCKY THING JIMMY BRANDED HIS TRAIL
LOOK TOM— THERE'S JIMMY NOW!
TO BORDER
YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT, TOM, THEY'RE CROSSIN' THE RIVER INTO MEXICO
A STRAIGHT SHOOTER NEVER USES HIS GUNS UNLESS HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON IT. TONY AND I ARE GOING AFTER 'EM!
TOM AND TONY ARE THE ONLY PAIR IN THE WORLD WHO WOULD TAKE A CHANCE LIKE THAT
HOLY SMOKES—HE'S A SWIMMING FOOL!
BANG
IT'S TOM MIX!
I'VE GOT YOU RUSTLERS—STRAIGHT SHOOTERS ALWAYS WIN. LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE. IT PAYS TO SHOOT STRAIGHT
GREAT WORK TOM. YOU AND JIMMY AND JANE HAVE SAVED THE WIDOW'S CATTLE
IF JIMMY HADN'T BRANDED THE WAY WE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT 'EM
W. D. NEEDE
June in TOM MIX RADIO PROGRAM!
ACTION! ADVENTURE! Cowboy Presents FREE!
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays... 5:15 P. M. Red Network
NBC
BOYS! — GIRLS!
I'LL GIVE YOU MY FAMOUS T-M BAR BRANDING IRON LIKE JIMMY USED, FREE FOR ONE RALSTON BOX TOP. MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY. HURRY!
MOTHERS! Be sure to read this:
In a recent survey
84 out of 100 Child Specialists
94 out of 100 Hospital Dietitians
92 out of 100 School Teachers
said they preferred a hot whole wheat cereal, enriched with extra vitamin B—for growing children.
Ralston is Made of Whole Wheat.
Ralston is Double-Rich in Vitamin B.
That's why it can do more than ordinary cereals to Build Strong Bodies—Keep Appetites Eager—Make Cheeks Rosy—Provide Abundant Energy—Build Resistance to Colds and Disease.
Try Ralston! See how appetites improve. See how even "finicky" and choosey eaters thrive on this double-rich wheat cereal. And remember, Ralston is a hot cereal that children love because it tastes so good. Cooks in 5 minutes. Costs less than 1c per serving.
Ralston WHEAT CEREAL Whole Wheat
THIS DANDY BRANDING IRON . . . FREE
For One Ralston Box Top
INK PAD
BRANDING IRON
You can have for your own personal use a metal branding iron just like the one I use on my ranch, only smaller. You can use it to stamp my famous T-M Bar brand in ink on anything—books, writing paper, etc. Send for yours today. Hurry!
Tom Mix
TOM MIX, 1174 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Tom: I enclose 1 RALSTON Box Top. Please send me your Branding Iron and Cowboy Premium Catalog.
Name
Address
City State
(This offer expires February 1, 1935)
If you have no coupon you can get Tom's present anyway. Just write "Branding Iron" on a Ralston Box Top and send it to Tom with your name and address.

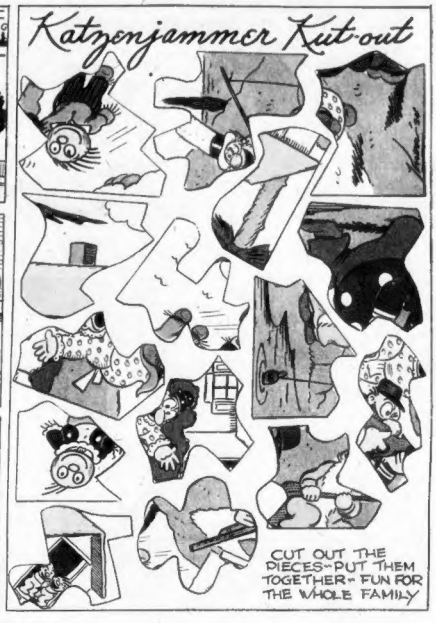
DINGLE-HOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH

BY KNERR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

AFTER BULL BLACK, THE BANDIT WAS SAFELY LODGED IN JAIL, --- THE PIRATE SHIP TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE MARINE PATROL CUTTER AND THE $150,000 RETURNED TO THE BANK, --- DINGY RECEIVED THE $5000 REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BANDIT! THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK DROVE DINGY, ADOLPH AND LITTLE TADDY HOME IN HIS BIG CAR! --- AND NOW ---

VELL, HERE VE ISS HOME, TADDY! UND DER FOIST TINGS VOT VE GOT TO DO ISS TO TAKE A BATH!
IS THIS WHERE YOU LIVE, POOCHIE? GEE! AIN'T IT SWELL?
WURF!



The Katzenjammer Kids

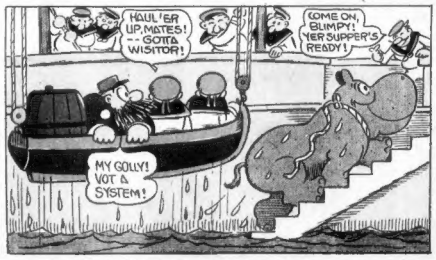
Registered U. S. Patent Office

THE SKIPPER SENT US AFTER MORE O' YER SPRING WATER! IT FIXES UP HIS ROOMATUSM!
LISTEN!--- MRS. K. LOCKED UP ALL DER BOOTS! TAKE ME OUDT TO YOUR SHIP UND I GIF YOU FIFTY BUCKS!
FIFTY BUCKS IS FIFTY BUCKS! BUT IF THE OLD MAN KICKS YU OFF, IT AIN'T OUR FUNERAL!

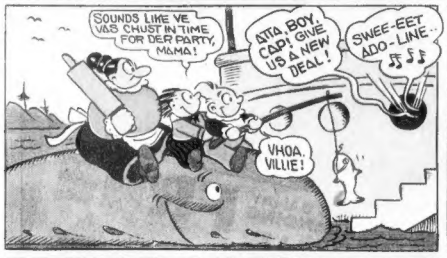
COULDN'T YOU STEP ON DER GAS A LIDDLE FASTER? IF MAMA GETS VISE, IT GIFS CURTAINS!
FER FIFTY BUCKS, STRANGER, WE'D KICK THE PINS FROM UNDER A TRAFFIC COP!
GET A MOVE ON, BLIMPO! THE GENT'S IN A HURRY!

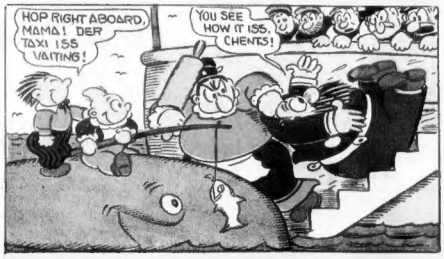
OH, MAMA! DER CAPTAIN ISS OUDTSNEAKING AGAIN! --- HE ISS GOING OUDT TO DOT SHIP MIT BLIMPO, DER MASCOT!
COME ON, MAMA! MAYBE VILLIE DER WHALE COULD HELP US!
VOT?

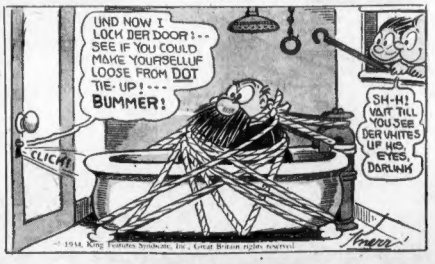
HOW DOES FRITZ KNOW HOW TO TALK WHALE TALK?
MIT A HOSE UND A FUMMEL UND A BUCKET UF FISH, IT'S EASY!
BLUBBLE-UBBLE-GLUB-GLUBBLE! --COME, VILLIE!



WAL, POP ME FER A WEASEL! IF IT AIN'T ME OL' SHIPMATE, OUT FROM BORNEO IN '24 ON THE OL' MINNIE LOU! AN' ME JIST PININ' FER A GOOD GAME O' PINOCHLE!
DUM-GOOZLE MY HIDE! IF IF AIN'T OL' BILL BOGGLE! VELL! VELL! VELL!






UND NOW I LOCK DER DOOR! --- SEE IF YOU COULD MAKE YOURSELLUF LOOSE FROM DOT TIE-UP! --- BUMMER!
SH-H! VAIT TILL YOU SEE DER VHITES UF HIS EYES, DARLINK
SLICH!